POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST MARCH 9 • 1963 20c

Rising new star

PETER O'TOOLE
as LAWRENCE of ARABIA

Fiction by LOUIS AUCHINCLOSS
and WILLIAM SAROYAN

CRIME TOWN USA *Youngstown, Ohio* / THE REVOLT OF EUROPE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PASADENA CALIF
363 GROVE ST
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIB

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POLAROID ANNOUNCES COLOR

You can now take color pictures with the Polaroid Land Camera.

Snap the shutter and 50 seconds later you peel out a finished color print.

The color is real, delicate, rich. The details are sharp. The picture is grainless.

To give you a color print in less than a minute (instead of the 1½ hours it takes in the laboratory), we practically had to invent color photography all over again. That gave us a chance to aim for the ideal qualities in a color film.

People look like people

What do people want from the pictures they take, we asked ourselves. A green dress, a blue sky, a blaze of flowers captured vividly? That goes without saying. But mostly, people take pictures of people. Could we reproduce the most elusive colors of all: the delicate tones of the human skin? It wasn't easy, but we did it.

With Polacolor Film, skin tones are warm, luminous. Now you can capture on film even the delicate pink and ivory of a little girl's skin.

And you can do it whether your subject is in bright sunlight or the soft light of a hazy day.

Several hundred inventions

For years, people have been asking, "When will Polaroid bring out color?" Actually, it was a tremendously complex job that required not one, but several *hundred* inventions. It took 15 years; work on color was started even before the black-and-white film was on the market.

Just imagine some of the problems that had to be solved.

It takes 22 steps to develop ordinary color film. First the negative: develop, stop, harden, wash, bleach, wash, fix, wash, remove water droplets, dry. Then the positive: develop, stop, fix, wash, bleach, wash, fix, wash, harden, wash, buff, dry. One hour and 33 minutes in the laboratory, not even counting the drying time.

How do you compress all this into 50 seconds and into a narrow space in the back of a dry camera? That was the question.

A completely new color process

To do it, we had to come up with a completely new color process, essentially unlike any that had ever existed before.

What's different about the Polacolor system? Just about everything.

In conventional color film, for instance, the dyes are actually manufactured in the developing process, after exposure. In Polacolor Film, the dyes are right in the film, waiting to be released.

The key to this new film is an entirely new kind of molecule in which a developer is linked to a dye. By controlling the movement of the developer portion of the molecule, we determine which dyes stay in the negative and which reach the print to make your picture.

Even after years of learning how to synthesize these molecules, it took 6 weeks to create just one of them. And we had to go through this process 2500 times before we found the 3 molecules that would work perfectly together to produce the colors we wanted.

An 8-story factory only half a hair high

The resulting negative is rather like an 8-story factory made up of layers of these developers linked to dyes plus other layers which record the color message. Yet all 8 layers occupy a space less than half the thickness of a human hair.

What goes on when you take a picture?

In the fraction of a second the shutter is open, the negative records and stores all the information it needs to reproduce the scene accurately in color.

When you draw the film through the camera by pulling the tab, a developing jelly spreads through all the layers of the negative and the molecular factory is set in motion.

The negative starts escalating its color message up through the layers. Many millions of the linked developer and dye molecules are held back at exactly the right place in the negative. Many millions more are allowed to pass through all the layers to the print. All you have to do is count off the seconds while this incredibly complicated process puts the right dyes in the right place in the right quantities at the right time, with remarkable precision.

In the final seconds, the surface of the print turns from alkaline to acid, and the dyes become imbedded in a layer of plastic that protects them and keeps them stable.

You draw out a finished print, sharp in detail and faithful to the most delicate shadings of color.

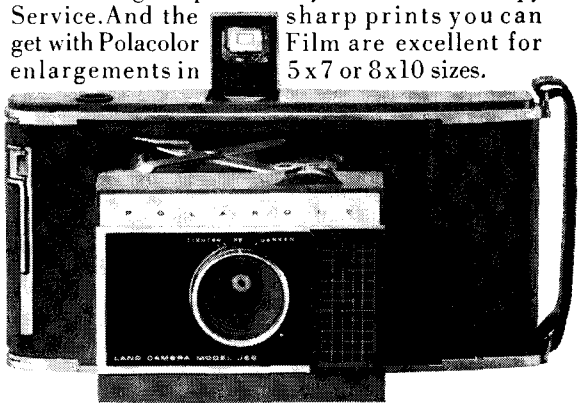
The whole process takes just 50 seconds. And the camera and film do all the technical work. You just sit back and admire your picture.

No coating

Moments after it has been lifted from the camera, the surface of the picture hardens to a tough, luminous, lasting finish. The colors are protected from scratches and fingerprints. You don't even have to coat the picture (as you do the black-and-white prints).

Copies and enlargements

You can get copies directly from Polaroid Copy Service. And the sharp prints you can get with Polacolor Film are excellent for enlargements in 5x7 or 8x10 sizes.



Fits existing cameras

Polacolor Film is designed to be used in all Polaroid Land Cameras, going back to the first one we ever made. (One exception: the Models 80, 80A and 80B need factory conversion. Details are available from Customer Service, Polaroid Corporation, Cambridge 39, Mass.)

How soon?

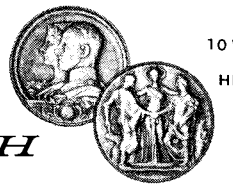
Polacolor Film is being released regionally. It's already on sale in some areas. At the outset there simply won't be enough to go around and we have to ask you to be patient. There are more than four million Polaroid Land Camera owners to satisfy. Production is being stepped up as fast as possible and we believe that by early summer there'll be enough for everyone. You'll have plenty of notice from your local newspaper and your camera dealer when it's available in your area.

Meanwhile, if you would like to know more about the film, drop a card to: Color, Polaroid Corporation, Cambridge 39, Mass., and we'll send you a free booklet. "POLAROID" AND "POLACOLOR"®

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LONGINES

THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH



10 WORLD'S FAIR GRAND PRIZES · 28 GOLD MEDALS
HIGHEST OBSERVATORY HONORS FOR ACCURACY
OFFICIAL TIMEPIECE FOR LEADING SPORTS AND
CONTEST ASSOCIATIONS ALL OVER THE WORLD

*Longines "Grand Prize" Automatics from $89.50** Left to right: GP 1300* for sport or dress wear • GP 1518, solid 14K gold case, florentine finish, 18K hour markers • GP 1371, with automatic calendar, 18K gold hour markers • GP 2752 *(top right)* solid 14K gold case, dial with 4 matched diamonds GP 1580 *(bottom right)* with automatic calendar, solid 18K gold case, 18K hour markers.

AUTOMATICALLY YOURS -- THESE MAGNIFICENT LONGINES GRAND PRIZE WATCHES

All The Facts Of Time... the hour, the minute, the second, even the date, are automatically yours with these Longines *Grand Prize* Automatics, the newest version of The World's Most Honored Watch. In their own right these new self-winding watches are worthy of all the accolades and distinctions which have been showered on Longines watches for almost a century. A Longines *Grand Prize* Automatic will fulfill its time-keeping functions faultlessly for an adult lifetime.

The Longines Credo: "Every Longines watch, whatever its type, for whatever its purpose, today, as for almost a century, is manufactured to be the finest of its kind and worthy in every respect to be called *The World's Most Honored Watch.*" This daring statement means exactly what it says. It is your promise of quality, performance and complete satisfaction. It means that if your watch is a Longines, it is a watch of the world's finest quality, a world standard of excellence.

When You Pay The Price Of A Longines: When you pay the price of a Longines, be sure that you get a Longines, The World's Most Honored Watch. Whether you buy a watch for yourself or someone you love, see the new 1963 Longines collection. Your favorite jeweler can sell you the Longines watch of your choice. If asked to accept a substitute, please write us. We will see that you are served. Style folders on request. Longines-Wittnauer, Fifth Avenue, New York 36, N.Y.

Prices plus Federal Tax. Longines watches are also available in Canada.

LONGINES-WITTNAUER WATCH COMPANY

LEADING MAKER OF WATCHES OF THE HIGHEST CHARACTER FOR ALMOST A CENTURY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

MATTHEW J. CULLIGAN, *President*

CLAY BLAIR JR., *Editor-in-Chief*

Editor-at-Large:
ROBERT SHERROD

Managing Editor:
DAVIS THOMAS

Executive Editor:
DON A. SCHANCHE

Assistant Managing Editors:
WILLIAM A. EMERSON JR.
HANK WALKER

Washington Editor:
STEWART ALSOP

Art Director:
ASGER JERRILD

Art Editor:
FRANK KILKER

Chief of Copy:
JOHN HUNT

Senior Editors:
JOHN BIRD
WESLEY PRICE
ROBERT L. JOHNSON JR.
WILLIAM K. GOOLRICK
GERALD ASTOR
OTTO FRIEDRICH
DON McKINNEY
JOHN MONG
JEFF BROWN
ROGER KAHN

Contributing Editors:
BEVERLY SMITH JR., *Special Assignments*
STEVEN M. SPENCER, *Science*
HAROLD H. MARTIN, *Special Assignments*
JOHN KOBLER, *Special Assignments*
BILL DAVIDSON, *Special Assignments*
PETER MAAS, *Special Assignments*
ROUL TUNLEY, *Special Assignments*
BEN H. BAGDIKIAN, *Special Assignments*
ROBERT K. MASSIE, *Special Assignments*
RICHARD ARMSTRONG, *Special Assignments*
JAMES ATWATER, *Special Assignments*
JOHN SKOW, *Special Assignments*
LEWIS H. LAPHAM, *Special Assignments*
WILLIAM R. SHELTON, *Special Assignments*
GILBERT MILLSTEIN, *Special Assignments*

Assistant to the Editor:
MORTON D. HULL

Associate Editors:
RICHARD L. LEHMAN
THOMAS B. CONGDON JR.
BENTON R. PATTERSON
JOHN R. WELLS
ZEN YONKOVIG
DAVID A. LYLE
MARSHALL LUMSDEN
WILLIAM TROMBLEY
JEANETTE SARKISIAN
WILLIAM EWALD
DON GOLD
THOMAS O'TOOLE
DON OBERDORFER
NANCY MAHONEY
TREVOR ARMBRISTER
MacLENNAN FARRELL

Assistant Editors:
VIVIAN CROAKE WARD
HAROLD P. HOSTETLER
LINCOLN HAYNES
THOMAS R. MARVEL
SALLY A. REUKAUF
ROGER VAUGHAN
ANDRÉE L. ABECASSIS

Editorial Assistants:
GLADYS ANN MÜLLER
JANE DENIS SMITH
ELIZABETH R. DEMPSTER
LIA SMITS
JUDY GUROVITZ
DAVID MOLLER
RONALD MEYERSON
STEPHEN PERRY

Publisher:
C. L. MacNELLY

© 1963 The Curtis Publishing Company in U.S. and Great Britain. All rights reserved. Title reg. U.S. Patent Office and foreign countries. Published weekly except alternate weeks during July and August and at year-end; forty-five issues per year. Second-Class postage paid at Phila., Pa., and at additional mailing offices. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada. **Subscription Prices:** U.S. and Possessions, 1 Yr., $5.95; longer terms $5.00 each additional year. Canada add $1.00 per year. Pan American Countries, 1 Yr., $8.45. All other countries, 1 Yr., $10.95. **Unconditional Guaranty.** We agree, upon request direct from subscribers to the Philadelphia office, to refund the full amount paid for any copies of Curtis publications not previously mailed. **The Curtis Publishing Company.** Matthew J. Culligan, President; J. M. Clifford, Executive Vice Pres.; Mary Curtis Zimbalist, Sr. Vice Pres.; Cary W. Bok, Sr. Vice Pres.; Ford F. Robinson, Sr. Vice Pres. and Manager, Business Department; Clay Blair Jr., Vice Pres. and Editorial Director; G. B. McCombs, Vice Pres. and Director of Circulation; James W. Ley, Vice Pres., Curtis Magazine Division; Calvin A. Nichols, Secretary-Treasurer; Jesse L. Ballew, Vice Pres. and Advertising Director of The Saturday Evening Post. The Company also publishes Ladies' Home Journal, Jack and Jill, Holiday and The American Home. **The Saturday Evening Post** editorial offices are located at 666 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N.Y.

Changing Your Address?

Don't Forget Your Post

The Post Office will not forward copies unless you pay extra postage and we cannot replace lost copies. SO PLEASE . . . at least six weeks before the first issue to go to the new address, send us your new address, including postal zone, your old address and a label from a back copy. With SERVICE ADJUSTMENT requests send us latest mailing labels, including those from duplicate copies.

POST Subscription Service, Philadelphia 5, Pa.

Postmaster: Send form 3579 to Subscription Service Division, The Saturday Evening Post, Philadelphia 5, Pa.

In This Issue

Volume 236, Number 9

Articles

The McNamara Monarchy *(Speaking Out)* . . . *By Hanson W. Baldwin* 8
The Revolt of Europe . . . . . *By Eldon Griffiths* 13
O'Toole of Arabia . . . . . *By Trevor Armbrister* 22
"Lawrence" Inspires the Arab Look . . . . . *By Jeanette A. Sarkisian* 30
Den Mother to the Clubwomen . . . . . *By Betsy Fancher* 60
The Unsound and the Fury . . . . . *By H. Allen Smith* 62
The Return of Branch Rickey . . . . . *By Frank Graham Jr.* 66
Crime Town USA . . . . . *By John Kobler* 71

Fiction

The Power of Appointment . . . . . *By Louis Auchincloss* 34
No Visitors Till Noon . . . . . *By Dorothy Baker* 46
Me . . . . . *By William Saroyan* 54

Departments

Letters 4
Post Scripts 64
Hazel 68
Editorials 76

A New Europe has thrust itself into the world as age-old rivalries give way to a new spirit of internationalism. While many Europeans may have been shocked by de Gaulle's veto of British entry into the Common Market, many were gratified that a European voice should echo so reverberatingly in Washington. Whatever else the nations of postwar Europe may have in common, they share a resentment of the power which America wields over their destinies. To take the measure of this burgeoning Europeanism, veteran correspondent **Eldon Griffiths** toured the Continent as well as the backwaters of his native England. This week he gives his report on a Western Europe which looms as a third force in the continuing struggle between Soviet Russia and the American-led independent nations of the world.

Other Bylines. Peter O'Toole's acting brilliance and offstage shenanigans have made him a figure nearly as large as Lawrence of Arabia, hero of O'Toole's current film. **Trevor Armbrister's** portrait renders him life-size. . . . *Post* women's editor **Jeanette Sarkisian** arranged that the photographs of *Lawrence of Arabia*-inspired fashions should appear to have been made on the burning sands of Araby. In actuality everyone was shivering; the windows of the photographer's studio had to be thrown open to 10-degree weather when a smoke generator went haywire. . . . When free-lancer **Betsy Fancher,** an administrator at Agnes Scott College, began work on her women's-club article she expected to find clubwomen exactly like those in Helen Hokinson's famous cartoons. But she assures us they aren't really like that at all. . . . **H. Allen Smith** is one of America's most popular humorists. . . . **Frank Graham Jr.,** son of the celebrated sports columnist, gained his early experience in baseball when Branch Rickey hired him to work for the Brooklyn Dodgers. After a stint as a publicist for the team, he went on to newspaper work and free-lancing. . . . **John Kobler** and photographer **Art Shay** went to Youngstown, Ohio, together to get their story of that crime-racked city. Shay credits Kobler with being a better writer than getaway-car driver. With Kobler at the wheel of their rented car, Shay snapped pictures of Youngstown hoodlums; Kobler was to speed away after Shay got the shots he wanted and before anyone might try to stop them. On one occasion when Shay said, "Go," Kobler hit the brakes instead of the gas. Shay passed several anxious moments until Kobler finally found the accelerator.

The Cover photograph of Peter O'Toole, wrestling mightily to save one of his troops from quicksand, was taken by **Mark Kauffman** during the recent filming of *Lawrence of Arabia* in Jordan.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

all it takes to

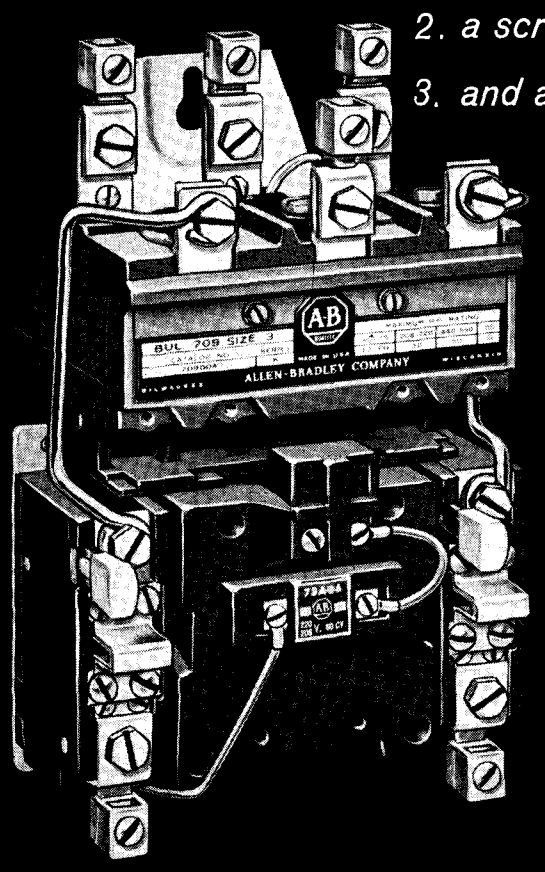
prove the simplicity

of any **Bulletin 709 Series K starter**

1. a blindfold

2. a screwdriver

3. and about 4 minutes



A-B QUALITY

Bulletin 709 Size 3
Rated 30 hp, 220 v;
50 hp, 440-550 v

Even blindfolded—it takes less than 4 minutes to disassemble any Bulletin 709 starter . . . less than 5 minutes to reassemble—in perfect operating condition. And, because all removable parts are keyed, it's impossible to reassemble the starter incorrectly!

■ Actually, there's nothing very remarkable about the above "timing"—there are only six basic parts to any rating of the Bulletin 709 Series K line of starters. With such simplicity, just imagine the causes of trouble that have been "designed" out of the starter. Naturally, the starter has been made more trouble free!

While simple design *is* synonymous with long, trouble free life, all Bulletin 709 Series K starters include many more "plus values." The pressure cast coil is unaffected by harmful atmospheres—the equivalent of a hard hammer blow is necessary to cause mechanical damage. The weld-resistant, cadmium oxide silver contacts remain in perfect operating condition until completely worn away. Two manual reset solderpot overload relays are standard—three relays can be supplied. These relays are trip-free *and* tamperproof. They'll remain true and reliable in their operation—even where atmospheric conditions are bad or when the relays have not been called upon to operate for years.

But—there is much more to the Bulletin 709 Series K story in which you should be interested. Please have the nearest exclusive Allen-Bradley electrical distributor demonstrate these starters to you—or, please write for Publication 6100. Allen-Bradley Co., 1200 S. Third Street, Milwaukee 4, Wisconsin. In Canada: Allen-Bradley Canada Ltd., Galt, Ontario.

ALLEN-BRADLEY

Member of NEMA

QUALITY MOTOR CONTROL

LETTERS

Russian Prison Camp

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations on yet another fiction scoop—ONE DAY IN THE LIFE OF IVAN DENISOVICH [by Alexander Solzhenitsyn, Feb. 9].

Solzhenitsyn's simple biting prose captured the squalor and privation of prison-camp life so vividly that I felt that I too was sharing his suffering along with the countless others.

One day I'm sure that Solzhenitsyn's name will be linked with that of Tolstoi and Dostoevski as a master of Russian prose.

It seems that the *Post* now has the unique role of providing its readers not only with important world news stories but also important world fiction. Keep it up.

ELIZABETH CAMPBELL
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

This was one of the better fiction articles which has appeared in the *Post*. I can't help but believe that this is a true picture of the treatment of the Russian people in prisoner camps. I thought it was very descriptive and gripping.

BETTY VAN DYKE
Fort Worth, Tex.

Dear Sirs:

The novel of the life of Ivan Denisovich makes one's heart ache to think of man's inhumanity to man.

MRS. JAMES SMEAD
Canton, Ohio

The Lone Millionaire

Dear Sirs:

There is nothing wrong with Howard Hughes [HE BATTLES FOR AN EMPIRE, by James R. Phelan, Feb. 9]. Modern standards have become so warped that you are criticizing this man as an eccentric because he prefers to work and produce results instead of ballyhoo; because he respects the privacy of his marriage; because he has the courage to be himself even if that is different from the masses. This man is so sane that he isn't even recognized as normal.

MRS. GLEN CUTLER
Kalamazoo, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

Hughes's technical foresight is exemplified by the XR-11 photo-reconnaissance aircraft pictured on page 15, in which Hughes later cracked up while on a test flight. This aircraft, developed in the latter stages of World War II, was to its era what the C-V F8U-IP and Lockheed U-2 were to the Cuban crisis of October, 1962; i.e., extremely valuable.

H. H. HODGES
Titusville, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

Men like Hughes built this country. Thank God for equality, but thank God for the exceptional; the bulldog tenacity that cannot say "never."

MRS. GEORGE DRILLING JR.
Houston, Tex.

Congressional Reform

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Drummond's article in the February 9th issue of the *Post* [CONGRESS MUST REFORM] is the best thing you have offered in a long time.

The Congress, as designed by the architects of the Constitution, has deteriorated into a group of mediocre politicians whose dominant and often only interest is in prolonging tenure in office, for which we, the electorate, are responsible. When we really want good government and are willing to work for it, we will have it.

T. A. GUILD
Maitland, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

May I suggest that you send each of our congressmen a copy of the February 9 issue. Refer them to the first sentence of the last paragraph of CONGRESS MUST REFORM ("Congress cannot keep up with its space-age duties in a flivver.") and ask if they have any constructive comments or proposals. The replies should make interesting copy.

G. LEWIS ODDY
Coopersburg, Pa.

The Rotarian Spirit

Dear Sirs:

I want to stand up to say that I certainly appreciate the fine article in your issue of February 9 on Rotary [THE WONDERFUL, WIDE, BACKSLAPPING WORLD OF ROTARY, by John Bird]. It is a fine description of the aims and accomplishments of Rotary, and in my opinion Rotary lives up to the compliments.

W. W. ELLIS
Collierville, Tenn

Dear Sirs:

The article by Mr. Bird in the recent *Post* about Rotary was most informative and interesting, but he failed to mention the underlying reason for its great appeal and phenomenal growth in such a short time. Moslems, Hindus, Protestants, Jews, Catholics meet in fellowship on an equal and friendly basis.

RALPH L. BAGGS
New Fairfield, Conn.

Easier Reading

Dear Sirs:

The relationship between illiteracy and unemployment and delinquency mentioned in the editorial in your issue of February 9 [UNEMPLOYMENT AND THE READING PROBLEM] points to its own solution: Make it mandatory for those who are in trouble of any sort, and who do not read adequately, to learn to read! I strongly suspect that if reading were made illegal, we would soon have the highest literacy rate in our history—especially among our "problem illiterates!"

MRS. C. R. HIGGINS
Elizabeth, Colo.

Dear Sirs:

If our language were written phonetically, by the time a child was in the second grade he could read anything he could understand. Why couldn't we have our alphabet changed so that our language could be written as it sounds? In 1918 the Russians made this change. Are we less adaptable than they?

THELMA WELCH
Beech Grove, Ark.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"IS THIS A TIME FOR NEEDLESS TAX SPENDING?"

"All of us keep hearing about the billions of tax dollars needed for defense and space exploration—jobs the federal government has to do. That kind of spending is okay by us.

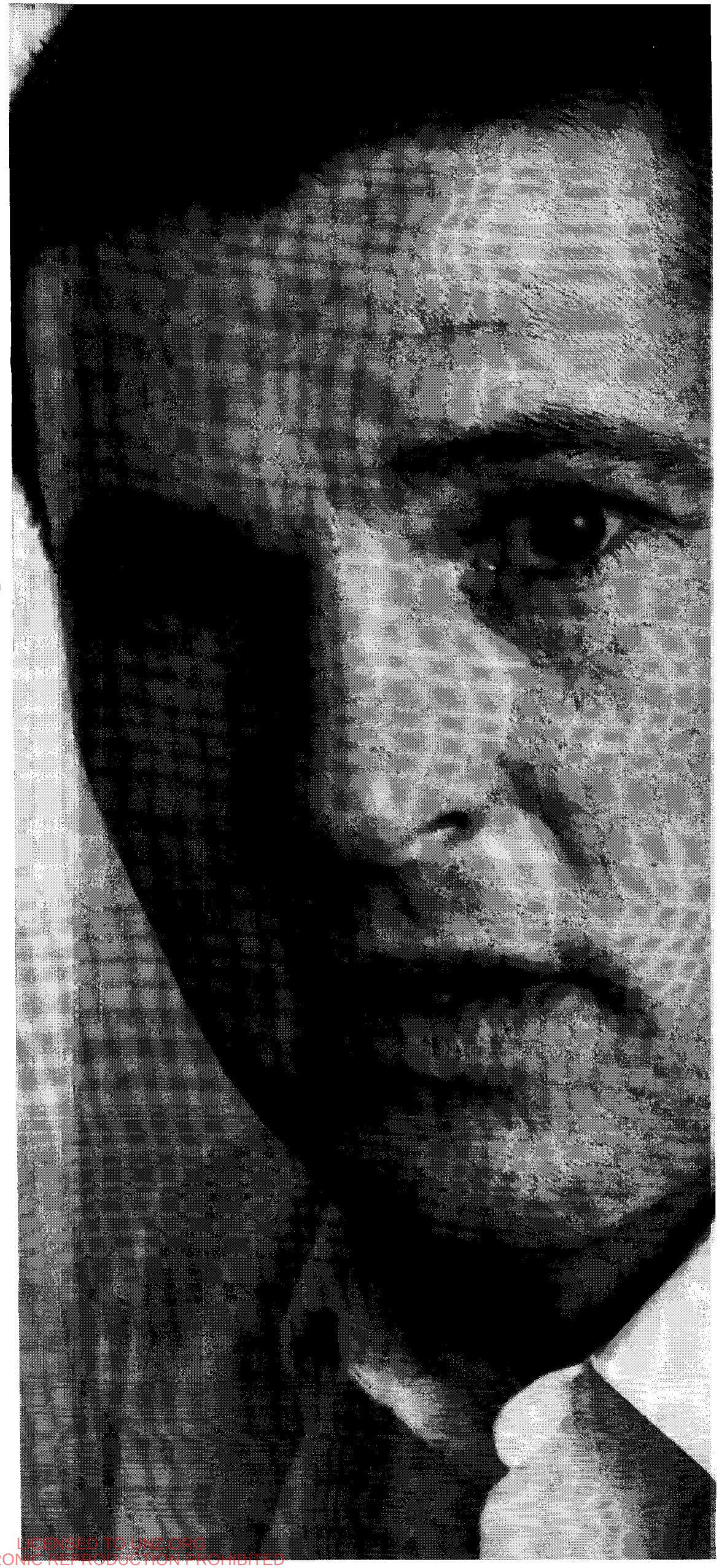
"But what about the tax spending some people want for more federal government power systems?

"When you figure that electric companies like mine can make all the added power America is ever going to need, you see that government spending just isn't needed there.

"I think the federal government should stay out of the electric power business. That way they can save our tax dollars—not spend them.

"Don't you agree?"

BILL GOODMAN
Union Electric Co.
St. Louis, Missouri

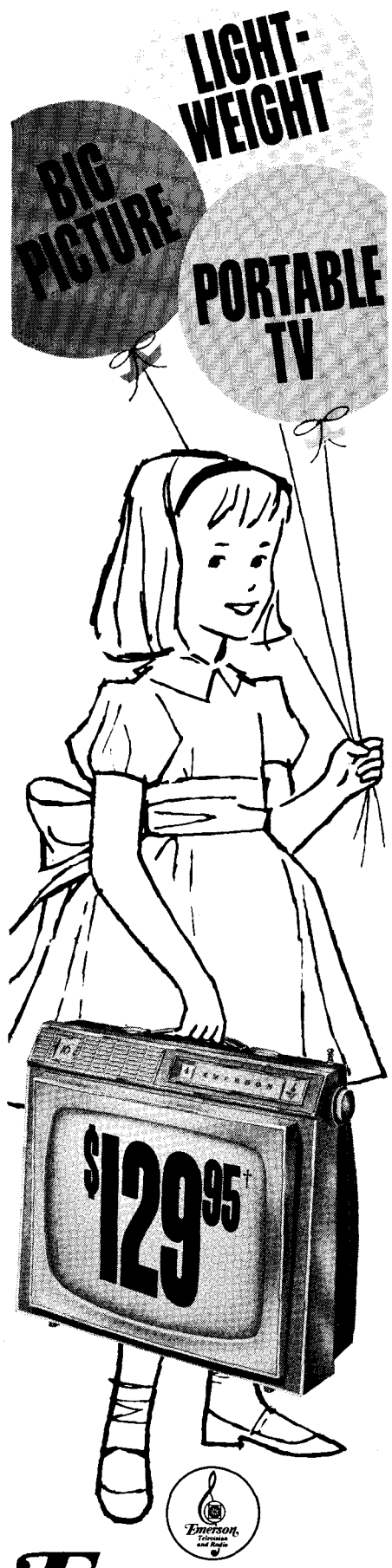


INVESTOR-OWNED ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANIES

. . . More than 300 companies across the nation

Sponsors' names on request through this magazine

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Emerson

MODEL 1840—16"* TRUE LIGHTWEIGHT PORTABLE

■ Full Power Super Distance Chassis ■ Automatic Amplified Gain Control for steadier picture ■ Scratch-proof bonded glass safety lens 16"* picture tube ■ Top front-projected FM sound ■ One-knob control with top front illuminated channel indicator ■ Personal listening jack for private listening ■ Hideaway telescopic antenna ■ Decorator cabinet high-impact molded front and back. Any way you look at it, Emerson is America's best buy in true lightweight portable TV. *125 sq. in viewable area. †Suggested list. Slightly higher in some areas.

AT YOUR LOCAL EMERSON DEALER

Emerson 680 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK MANUFACTURERS OF: RADIOS TELEVISION, STEREO HI-FI, STEREO FM, TAPE RECORDERS PHONORADIOS, AIR CONDITIONERS & HEALTH APPLIANCES

LETTERS

Ski Boom

Dear Sirs:

In reference to the ski features in the February 9 issue of your magazine [THE RAGE TO SKI by John Zimmerman and SOCIAL CLIMBING ON THE SLOPES by Gay Talese]: The written word falls short of any explanation of what skiing is. The photographs by Zimmerman are truth and beauty—Gay Talese gives us misunderstanding and prejudice. New Year's weekend observations anywhere might give one a less than normal perspective.

MRS. JAMES H. LIVERS
Klamath Falls, Oreg.

Dear Sirs:

Your excellent tongue-in-cheek article [SOCIAL CLIMBING ON THE SLOPES] makes, I hope, a deliberate omission of us family-type skiers who carry our lunches, dole out our lift money to the kids and wife, stuff a candy bar in our pockets and make do with what we've got. I'll bet you'll find we make up about 95% of the mob, ski fairly well, and have, in the case of those of us of advanced years, been doing it since the '30's. The one place I've skied where people *really* jetted in—Alyeska, just outside Anchorage, Alaska—was filled with partially broke types like myself, and I never had such a ball—or such good skiing—in all my life.

DICK KIRK
Baltimore, Md.

Toasts to the Post

Dear Sirs:

In the past few years my husband and I became increasingly dissatisfied with your magazine. Recently we agreed to drop it at the end of our present subscription.

Scarcely had we made this decision when wonderful things started happening to the *Post*. There was the novel by Paul Gallico, then came William Saroyan, Graham Greene and Joan Williams all in one issue; then Irwin Shaw; and Philip Wylie; plus some very readable articles—real *Post* articles, not refugees from a movie fan book.

We are delighted. Fortunately our subscription does not expire until 1964. If you can keep up just half this pace, we will continue to be a *Post* family.

MRS. JOHN WHITTENBURG
Stamford, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

There have been many issues of the *Post* I've enjoyed for perhaps only an article or so—that is until recently. I'm now raving with joy and enthusiasm over the last three or four copies. What a beautiful magazine!

MRS. F. P. BOHLE
Evanston, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

You have really improved the magazine as far as I am concerned.

At last we have an editor who has the courage to print controversial subjects. Writing about current events and interesting people is always good reading. Keep it up.

MRS. THOMAS BENSINGER
Orlando, Fla.

COMING...in next week's Post

INTEGRATION SUCCESS
South Carolina's triumph

Paris fashions go pretty
Six pages in color

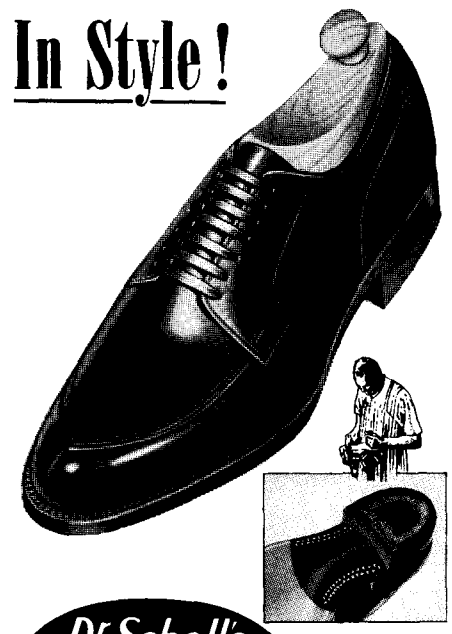
TELEVISION'S
Walter *(Mitty)* Cronkite

THE SACRED SKULL
a new story by Pearl S. Buck

Post Picture Credits *Reading across pages, then down:*

8–Leo Stashin. • 13–Van Der Veen (Pix). • 14–Pictorial Parade (Paris Match). • 15–Dalmas (Pix). • 16–Wide World. 17–Pictorial Parade (Paris Match). • 18–Dalmas (Pix). • 19–Wide World; 2 by Dalmas (Pix). • 20–Camera Press (Pix). • 21–Ray Fisher (Miami Herald). • 22–Mark Kauffman. • 23–Columbia Pictures. • 24, 25, 26–Mark Kauffman. 30, 31–Gleb Derujinsky. • 33–Jim Marshall; Nancy Sirkis; Edwards Studio. • 35–Neil Boyle. • 46, 47–Joe DeMers. 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59–Murray Tinkelman. • 60, 61–Robert Phillips. • 66, 67–Robert Huntzinger. • 71, 72, 73, 75–Arthur Shay.

Comfort Your Feet In Style!



Dr. Scholl's COPEG® SHOES

Only shoe of its kind in the world—with hand-pegged arch that never lets you down!

Here's style so handsome no one would guess these fine shoes have so much built-in comfort! COPEGS are the smartest-looking shoes on the street — yet their exclusive hand-pegged, hand-built arch gives your feet firm support that makes walking a real pleasure.

Dr. Scholl's COPEG Shoes are made of choicest soft kid or calfskin, sizes 5½ to 16; AAA to EEE. Expertly fitted in Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort® Shops. Also select Shoe and Department Stores. If they are not available locally, write for catalog to:
Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Dept. 38P3, Chicago 10, Ill.

headache? take aspirin

TENSION?
take
COMPŌZ®

You won't put up with a headache . . . why put up with simple nervous tension? It can be exhausting. Compōz is a sedative for the temporary *relief* of simple nervous tension. It helps calm you to feel relaxed, face responsibility. Compōz, taken as directed, does for tension what aspirin does for headache—and it's just as easy to buy at your favorite drug department. No prescription needed. Distributed by Jeffrey Martin Laboratories, Inc., Union, N. J.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"IS THIS A TIME FOR NEEDLESS TAX SPENDING?"

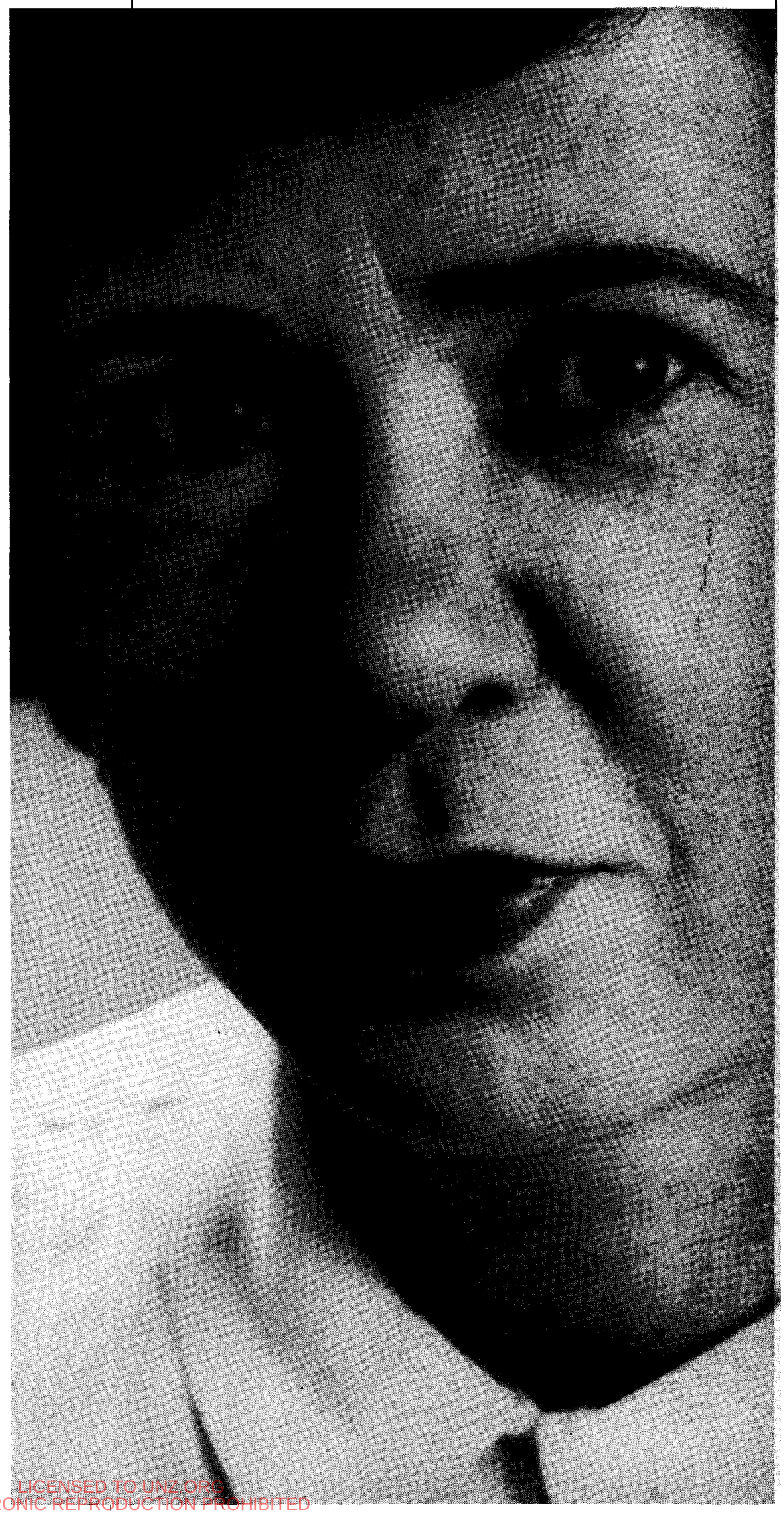
"There's so much our taxes are really needed for these days—our country's defense, and important things like that.

"So I hate to see the federal government spend our taxes when they don't have to. I can't understand why some people keep trying to get the government to spend more and more for federal government power systems, for instance.

"Electric companies like the one I work for can supply all the additional electricity America will ever need. So there's not the slightest need for the government to be spending our tax money that way.

"Doesn't that make sense to you?"

Miss Pauline Shermar
West Penn Power Co.
Greensburg, Pennsylvania



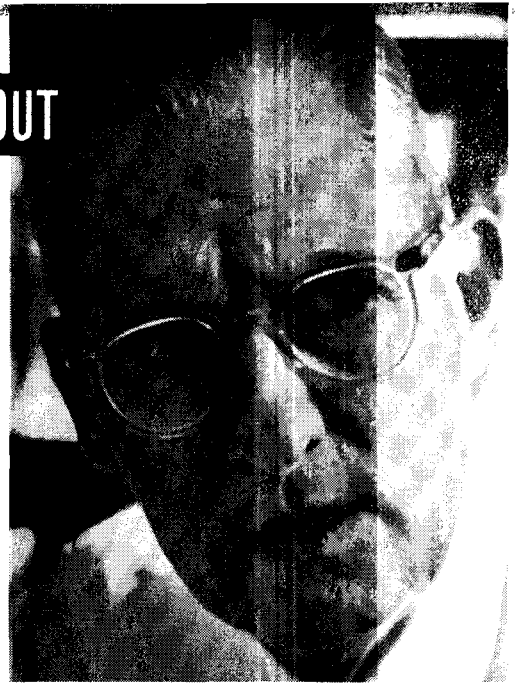
INVESTOR-OWNED ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANIES

. . . More than 300 companies across the nation

Sponsors' names on request through this magazine

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SPEAKING OUT



Hanson W. Baldwin is one of the world's foremost military-affairs writers. He is the military editor of The New York Times, where he has worked since 1929. In 1944 he won a Pulitzer Prize for his reporting on the war in the Pacific. Mr. Baldwin graduated from Annapolis in 1924.

THE McNAMARA MONARCHY

by Hanson W. Baldwin

A military-affairs expert charges that one-man rule in the Pentagon weakens our armed forces.

The "unification" of the armed services sponsored by Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara poses some subtle and insidious dangers—creeping dangers that are political, military and administrative. And they could present, in their ultimate form, almost as great a threat to a secure and free nation as the attempted military coup, envisaged in the recent novel *Seven Days in May*.

For the kind of "unification" being practiced and preached today has ominous overtones. It is dangerous to the nation's political system of checks and balances, dangerous to the continued development of sound military advice and effective military leadership, dangerous to managerial and administrative efficiency.

Mr. McNamara is, first and foremost, trying to make the armed services speak "with one voice" and attempting to reduce greatly or eliminate altogether interservice competition.

He has established tremendous Defense Department "superagencies," such as the Defense Intelligence Agency, which has taken over most of the intelligence functions formerly performed by the individual services.

This centralization of intelligence has made service dissent on intelligence more difficult, and it has facilitated the molding of intelligence estimates to preconceived policies. In the Cuban situation the primary reason for delay was the insistence of the Kremlinologists that it "won't happen here," that Mr. Khrushchev would not take the risk. There's not much doubt that intelligence was influenced by this atmosphere of certainty. In fact, this centralization facilitates top political and policy control of military intelligence. And this is politically dangerous—domestically and internationally.

But this is only one area where Mr. McNamara is attempting to have the Pentagon "speak with one voice." The Defense Supply Agency, a huge superagency, is procuring so-called common items for all the services. A Defense Communications Agency is being groomed for further expansion into a "National Communications Agency" which might well place virtually all of the Government's long-line communications systems under military control. Budgeting, the selection of weapons systems, contracting, personnel standards, uniforms, codes of justice, administrative procedures—all are now tailored to the pattern set by the Secretary of Defense.

Objections or dissent, even to Congress, are discouraged, muted or, when possible, stifled. Mr. McNamara has pressured the Joint Chiefs of Staff to sign written statements testifying to Congress that the Administration's defense budget is adequate. He has censored, deleted and altered statements to Congress by the chiefs of the services and their secretaries. He has downgraded, ignored, bypassed or overruled the advice of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Gen. Maxwell D. Taylor, the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs, is a known advocate of the abolition of the Joint Chiefs of Staff system. He favors a single voice.

"Progress" means peril

Mr. McNamara has not yet succeeded in forcing all the services to speak, officially or unofficially, with one public voice. But he has come much closer to it than anyone before him, and he is still trying. And the progress he has made carries its own political dangers.

For 175 years of our history, separate Army and Navy Departments (and then an Air Force) provided a natural interservice system of checks and balances. The services did *not* speak with one voice, and politically this was a desirable safeguard. They balanced each other, and their secretaries provided contrasting viewpoints at Cabinet level. Now only the Secretary of Defense is a Cabinet officer; the service secretaries as well as the uniformed chiefs of the services are submerged in an immense Pentagon hierarchy.

The latest reorganization of the state-controlled National Guard, still opposed by some governors, may ultimately extend Washington's power over the Guard. Such developments represent dangerous weakening of our traditional military checks and balances.

Equally threatening to the nation's future is the concentration of politico-military power, not merely in Washington but in one department. It places more and more power over the military-industrial complex in the hands of a few men in the executive branch of government. The dollar volumes of military contracts amount to more than $20 billion annually, with billions more in backlog orders outstanding. The individual services no longer have the final power to contract. The rewarding or cancellation of contracts—which may make or break companies and affect thousands of workers—is now ultimately controlled by a very few men in the top echelons of the Defense Department.

Perhaps the greatest military danger in this centralization and unification is that it overrides the voice of professional experience and substitutes a military party line, a single strategic concept. The opinions of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, unless they happen to coincide with Mr. McNamara's, are usually given short shrift. Managerial techniques, computer analyses, cost-effectiveness yardsticks—rather than judgments learned on the battlefield—dominate decisions on strategy, weapons choices, even force levels.

Alternatives, variations, disagreements are the breath of life in any organization; imposed solutions, inflexible strategies, a "party line" from which no deviation is permitted could mean disaster. Mr. McNamara's policies are ostensibly intended to provide alternatives and increase flexibility, but there are many who feel they are having exactly the opposite effect. As *Air Force* magazine noted in its January, 1963, issue, the decision of the Secretary of Defense to phase out the manned bomber will mean that by 1970 the nation will be almost entirely dependent upon missiles for strategic nuclear delivery.

"We will have substituted rigidity for flexibility," states the magazine. "There will be fewer, rather than more, options for a future President to exercise."

The "one voice" unification trend in the Pentagon presents another potential danger: the development of future generations of officers who will be essentially military yes-men and conformists. They may be wizards of the new techniques of operational analyses and computer calculations, but without the moral courage or leadership qualifications required by the battlefield.

Compromises on weapons

The single-voice concept is also enforcing—in the name of conformity and standardization—undesirable compromises in weapons systems. Technical competition between the services is being discouraged despite the lessons of the past. The air-cooled and liquid-cooled aircraft engines which ultimately gave us air supremacy in World War II were a direct result of differing Army and Navy technical concepts and interservice competition. In the Cuban crisis of last fall, a Navy camera used in low-level reconnaissance flights over Cuban missile sites proved to be far superior to a camera used by the Air Force low-level flights. The Air Force planes were hastily re-equipped with the Navy camera.

Yet, ever since Mr. McNamara took office his slide-rule statisticians have been pressuring both industry and the services into designing and producing a single, all-purpose aircraft supposedly capable of doing the varied jobs of all the services. The objective is economy, but the indications are that the attempts to force all into a single mold, may ultimately cost more—in combat-effectiveness, if not in dollars. The so-called TFX tactical fighter has been delayed for two years while the Defense Department tried to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How the wise investor acquires stocks & bonds

(and what the beginner may do wrong)

There are many ways to go about investing in stock.

But there is probably only one way that's thoroughly sensible.

Begin with your own goals. You may want to own stock primarily to have extra income from dividends. Or your main interest may be in stock that seems to have good possibilities for growth in value. If safety is your goal, you may be more interested in high quality bonds.

The beginner sometimes takes a hazardous route. The veteran usually takes a wiser one.

Beginner: Hears about a "good thing" from his wife's uncle and off he goes. It's important, he feels, to buy the stock immediately—before other people in on the "tip" lift the price out of sight.

Veteran: Selects investments carefully. Goes after facts. Such as what does the company sell? What is its recent record? What dividend has it been paying? How much is it likely to earn per share? Anything new?

To get this — and other — information he probably asks the help of his Member Firm broker. Then he weighs the risk, well aware that a stock is only as good as the company. That stock and bond prices—like all others—go both down and up. That dividends or interest may be omitted.

Beginner: Invests all the money he can dig up from whatever sources.

Veteran: Apportions his income carefully. Makes sure living expenses come first. Has made provision for any emergency that might bring sudden large expenses. Considers how much of the rest he might reasonably invest.

Beginner: Is unaware of the real differences between brokers.

Veteran: Realizes that no broker knows everything or is infallible in his judgment. But he also knows that if he selects a Member Firm of the New York Stock Exchange he will have available to him useful experience and knowledge from a firm subject to the regulations of the Exchange. And that the firm's Registered Representatives have had to meet Exchange qualifications for knowledge of the securities business. So keeping his goals in mind, the investor chooses, with the ready help of his Member Firm broker, securities that appear most likely to take him where he wants to go.

Veterans and beginners, both, often like the idea of investing systematically with as little as $40 every three months (up to $1000 a month) through the Monthly Investment Plan. Send the coupon below for a free copy of "DIVIDENDS OVER THE YEARS," which describes the Plan and contains much additional valuable information.

Own your share of American business

Members New York Stock Exchange

For offices of Members nearest you,
look under "New York Stock Exchange" in the stock broker section of the Yellow Pages.

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET. Mail to a Member Firm of the New York Stock Exchange, or to the New York Stock Exchange, Dept. 3-H, P.O. Box 1070, New York 1, N.Y.

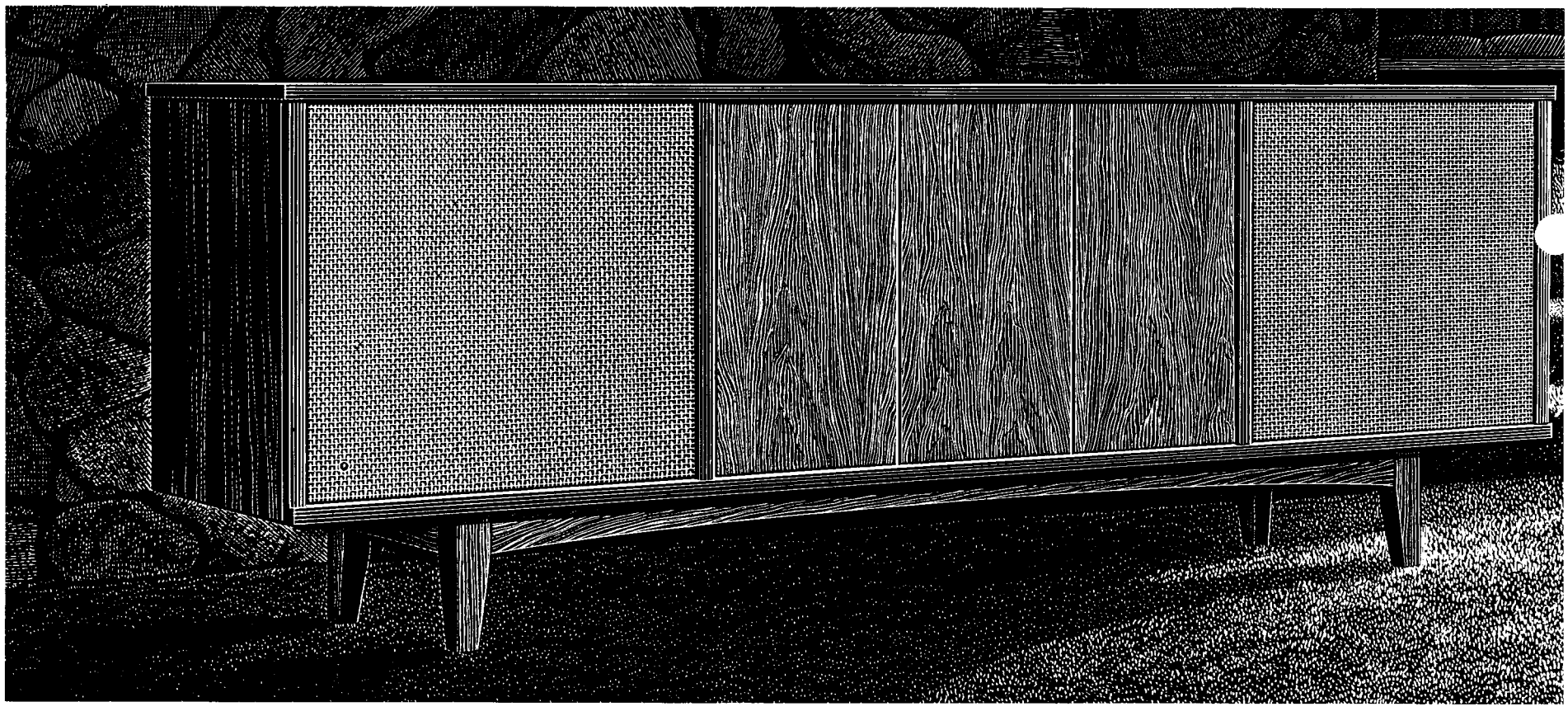
Please send me, free, "DIVIDENDS OVER THE YEARS, a basic guide for common stock investment."

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

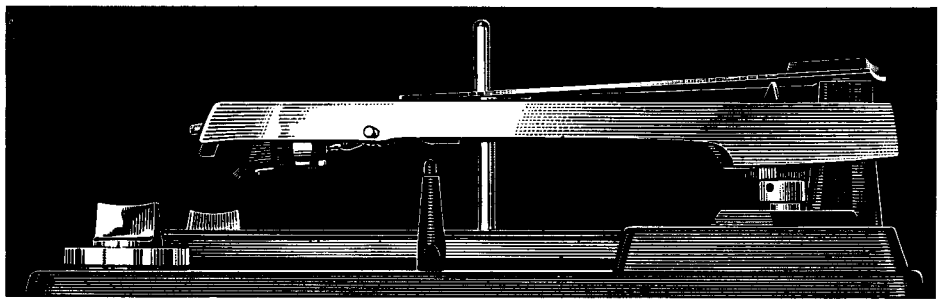
_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Don't buy a new Stereo until you see and hear this

Read why this amazing Admiral 2-gram Tone Arm with Floating Cartridge is the one with precisely the right touch



It floats! Drop it! Slide it! Jar it! It can't mar or scratch your records! Precision engineered to give you Stereo fidelity never possible before

You haven't heard anything until you've heard your records—even the old ones—played on an Admiral Stereo with this amazing new Floating Cartridge Tone Arm.

Suddenly the music comes alive! You're there in the concert hall. You hear music from the right...music from the left...music in the center through Admiral's famous "Phantom 3rd Channel."

New Sound Realism

This is it! This is the realism, the depth, the separation that only Admiral delivers.

And it all starts with this new Admiral Floating Cartridge.

This revolutionary new cartridge has the lightest needle touch of any home stereo instrument! It actually floats in the record groove, with a mere 2-grams of needle pressure, just 1/14 of an ounce! Virtually no record wear...no sound distortion! Your records can last a lifetime. Yes, up to 3,000 plays!

Admiral even eliminates the problem of dirt on your records with a nylon brush right on the tone arm that continuously wipes the record grooves clean.

Tone Arm isn't all that's new

To give records proper balanced support...to help eliminate distortion, Admiral has created the all new Custom Eleven Automatic Changer. It's patented! It has a big, high inertia *11" turntable* dynamically balanced to assure smooth, constant rotation.

Unified FM Stereo Radio, too

Admiral builds in FM Stereo Multiplex and unifies it with the AM/FM tuner into one compact, precision unit to eliminate distortion and interference, even in fringe and difficult reception areas. Here's FM Stereo from radio at its finest!

You'll find Admiral Stereo easier to tune, too.

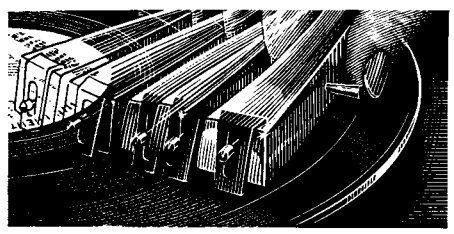
There's a new automatic Beacon Light to tell you when the station you're listening to is broadcasting in Stereo. There's Automatic Frequency Control (AFC) to keep FM reception drift-free...actually locks in the station.

Matched and Balanced System

Two amplifiers with power to spare are carefully balanced and matched to insure the most precise response from six quality speakers: Two 12" cone-type woofers with heavy Alnico magnets, four 3½" tweeters.

Admiral's precision Master Audio Control Center lets you create the sound you like best. It has the same important features you'll find in professional studios.

Precisely the right touch
Admiral's new Tone Arm with Floating Cartridge exerts lightest needle pressure of any home phonograph! Actually floats.



Can't mar or scratch records
Virtually no record wear...no sound distortion! Now your records can last a lifetime, up to 3,000 plays.

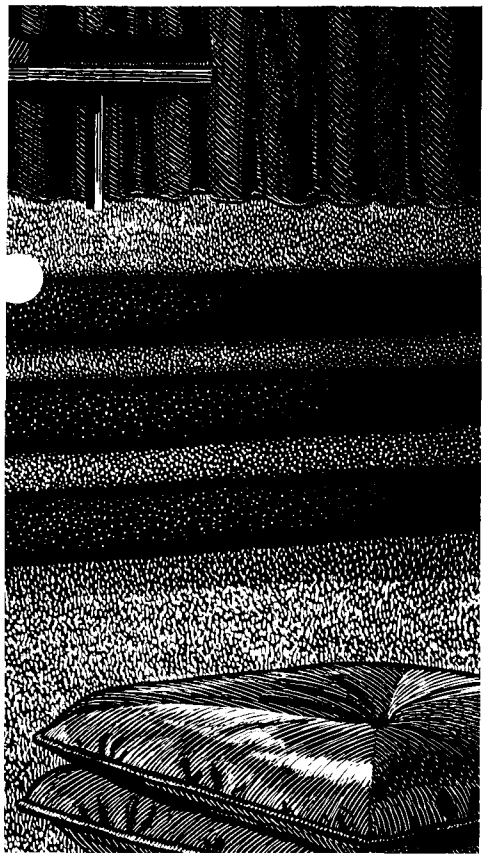
ADMIRAL®

STEREO HI-FIDELITY

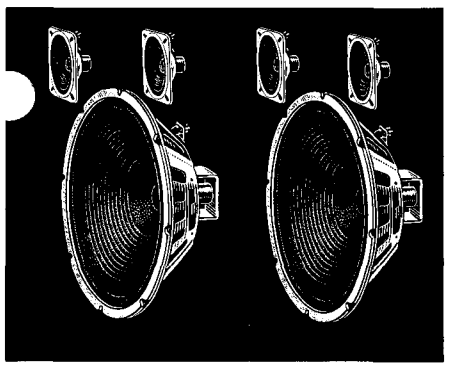
Sold in 110 countries. Admiral, Chicago.
Canadian Admiral—Port Credit, Ontario.

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price, optional with dealer...slightly higher South and West. Prices and specifications subject to change without notice.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Bryn Mawr, Model Y4941A—72″ long, 26″ high, 16″ deep. Handcrafted from selected woods, genuine Walnut veneer. $299.95.*



Six-speaker Stereo sound system
Admiral gives you six speakers for the world's finest Stereo sound reproduction. Two 12″ cone-type woofers with heavy Alnico magnets, four 3½″ tweeters.

Handcrafted cabinets Selected woods

Like a fine piano, the sound of Admiral Stereo is enriched by the use of fine wood cabinets. They are handcrafted from woods *specially* selected to give you the natural look of luxury, genuine veneers and hardwood solids. No wood imitations. No wood substitutes.

See the Admiral collection of Contemporary, Danish Modern, Early American, or French Provincial styled Stereos...in genuine Walnut, Cherrywood, Mahogany, or Maple.

This all new Stereophonic instrument, The Bryn Mawr shown above, with AM/FM/FM Stereo Multiplex Radio, can be yours now for only $299.95.* Other quality Admiral Stereo Consoles from $99.95 to $695.00.

See and hear them at your Admiral dealer now!

SPEAKING OUT

force a design for a fighter that could perform equally well from carrier decks and land airfields. The final result—though officially described as a "standard" airplane—is actually two variants, both of them probably compromised in effectiveness by enforced conformities. The obvious danger of this approach is the production of a series of hybrid weapons rather than the kind of equipment the men who do the fighting and dying would like to have.

Finally, what about *administrative* efficiency; what has Mr. McNamara's brand of unification done to the Pentagon? Not only policy formulation, but operations and administration are directed from the office of the Secretary of Defense.

A program called the Five Year Force Structure and Financial Management Program, dubbed "The Book" in the Pentagon, attempts to chart and elaborate nearly every detail of weapons systems and force structures required by the armed forces for the next five years. Any significant change in this plan requires an elaborate process of justification, review and approval all along the line from lowest to highest echelons. Contracting, budgeting, progress on weapons systems—even lawn-cutting—is programmed and controlled in detail from various echelons of the Secretary's office.

The reporting and analytical system required has resulted in a tremendous burgeoning of paper work and great increase in numbers and rank of both civilian and military personnel assigned to echelons above the fighting services in the Department of Defense. But there has been no commensurate reduction, as yet, in administrative personnel and their workloads in the services.

When Mr. McNamara took office, he set out, as the *Army-Navy-Air Force Journal and Register* put it, "Courageously and confidently to streamline top-echelon Department of Defense Management." Instead he has added more to top-overhead—the apex of the Defense pyramid—than any Secretary before him. There were 15 Presidential appointees of Assistant Secretary of Defense rank or higher in January, 1961; there are 15 today, though responsibilities and functions have been rearranged. There were 11 Deputy Assistant Secretaries of Defense two years ago; there are 26 today.

The Joint Chiefs of Staff is limited by law—a law approved by a Congress wary of the development of a "Greater General Staff"—to 400 officers. But the restriction has been evaded by assigning at least 250 other officers to an amorphous division, called the Organization of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. The total military personnel assigned to the Joint Chiefs of Staff today is about five to six times as large as it was a decade ago. Yet one of the tentative plans discussed in the Pentagon contemplates a further considerable increase in the Joint Staff and the Organization of the Joint Chiefs.

There has been a steady increase in the numbers of top-ranking, high-salaried personnel—particularly Civil Service top grades—assigned to the Office of the Secretary, the Department of Defense and the Pentagon. As of June 30, 1959, there were 3,009 civilians in the GS-14 to 18 brackets (the top salaried brackets); last June there were 3,950. Moreover, their salaries had gone up from a minimum of $11,355 to a top of $17,500 in 1959 to a minimum of $12,845 and a top of $20,000 in 1962.

This top-heavy system has obvious built-in delay factors, and, as the record of the McNamara administration shows, it is far harder to start a new project or weapons system than it is to cancel or curtail an old one. In the first 18 months of the McNamara regime, no major new weapons system was started. Even today the Defense Department can find no "military requirement" for man in space, and it has curtailed, eliminated or held back such important development projects as a future manned-bomber system (the RS-70), the Skybolt air-to-ground missile and the Nike-Zeus antiballistic-missile system.

Though Mr. McNamara has centralized to a far greater degree than any other Secretary, he alone is by no means responsible for the trend toward a monolithic Department of Defense. It has been going on ever since the war.

Congress shares blame

Concentration of power in the hands of the Secretary of Defense has been hastened by the loosening of Congressional control over the Pentagon. The power to raise and maintain armies and navies, conveyed to the legislative branch by the Constitution, has been watered down as a result of the sheer immensity and size of the Defense Department, the tremendous increase in executive power, and the weaknesses and mistakes of Congress itself. In the Senate and the House, intercommittee jealousies and the small size of the staffs of these committees—which have not matched, in any way, the growth in size of the armed services—have hampered examinations and control. And Congress, by loose legislation, conferred upon the President and the Secretary of Defense such immense power to reorganize the Pentagon that it has, in the view of some legislators, virtually abandoned its former power to check, control and approve every detail of defense policy and organization.

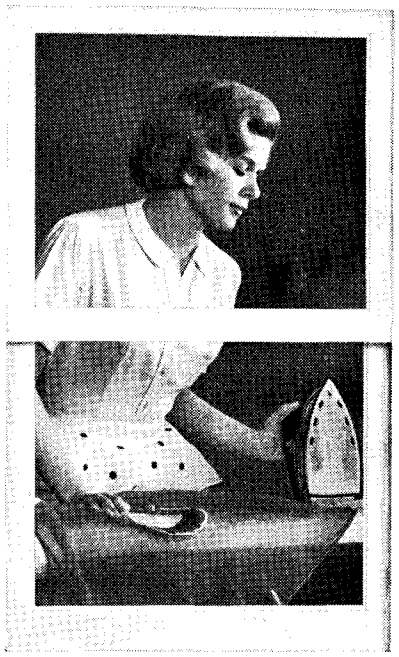
The process of centralization in the Pentagon has gone so far there is very considerable doubt that the service departments can remain separate at all.

Both Adm. Arleigh A. Burke, retired Chief of Naval Operations, and Gen. Lyman L. Lemnitzer, former Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, now NATO Supreme Allied Commander, Europe, have publicly opposed a single chief-of-staff system, and have endorsed the separate service "techniques of land warfare, naval warfare and air warfare." Former Secretary of the Navy, later Secretary of Defense, Thomas S. Gates has warned against centralization and has said that to "submerge . . . honest differences of [service] opinion and free expression . . . in any monolithic system would be a fatal mistake."

Gen. Matthew B. Ridgway, U.S. Army (Ret.), spoke in 1960 against reduction of "everything to its lowest denominator, one service, one uniform . . . to the dead level of mediocrity, Jacks of all trades, masters of none, a group of 'Yes' men always in unanimous agreement—what an insidiously dangerous philosophy."

If the Pentagon ever does speak with one voice, if the nation's armed forces do come, as the trend now indicates, to represent a monolithic military-political point of view, both *freedom* and *security* will be in jeopardy through the slow erosion of democracy into a garrison state and the stagnant conformity that leads to combat ineffectiveness. THE END

Don't let stomach upset



...upset your day

Get liquid-quick relief

TAKE...

MILES PRODUCTS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The world is a challenge...met b

An Indonesian bolts a steering wheel into place.

An Argentinian bores an engine block.

In Australia, a dealer sells a car.

From Sweden to New Zealand, from Switzerland to South Africa, in every part of the globe, Chrysler Corporation meets the challenge of world-wide marketing. With manufacturing and assembly installations in major world markets. With more than 1700 distributors and direct dealers overseas. With 6400 dealers at home (increasing at the rate of one a day). With a volume of over $3,000,000,000 worth of products sold over 120 nations throughout the world – cars, trucks conditioning and heating equipment, chemical produc machine parts, marine and industrial engines.

In the United States, in addition to being a major produc of cars and trucks, Chrysler Corporation is also a princip participant in the nation's space program. As a prime contr tor in the Redstone, Jupiter and Saturn projects, Chrysl points to a highly successful 10-year record, and expects

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SEE "EMPIRE" IN COLOR, NBC-TV, TUESDAYS

Chrysler in more than 120 countries

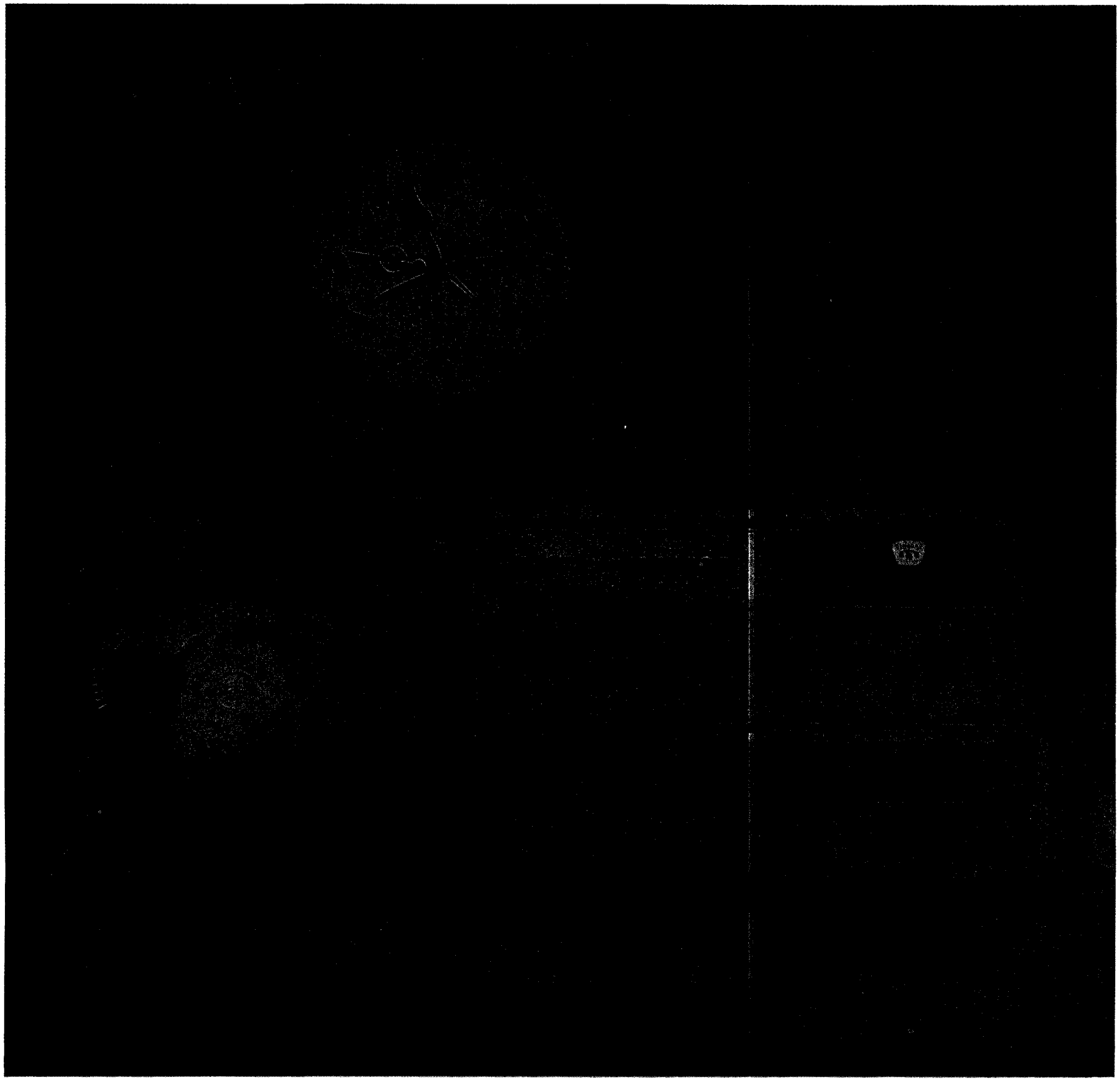
play a major role in American space ventures during the next cade. And in the defense area, Chrysler supplies large numbers of military trucks, and makes all main combat tanks purchased by the U.S. Army.

The world is still another aspect of the many challenges met by Chrysler Corporation in the course of its highly diversified activities as the twelfth largest industrial business in America, with understandable confidence in its own growth and the future of this country.

PLYMOUTH • VALIANT • CHRYSLER • IMPERIAL • DODGE • DODGE DART
DODGE TRUCKS • SIMCA • DEFENSE AND SPACE PRODUCTS
PARTS DIVISION • AMPLEX • AIRTEMP • CHEMICAL DIVISION
MARINE DIVISION • INDUSTRIAL PRODUCTS DIVISION

CHRYSLER CORPORATION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Ask your phone company for a demonstration of this automatic telephone answering set

TAKES PHONE CALLS AROUND THE CLOCK

This ingenious telephone attachment answers all calls that come in when you're out. Another product of GT&E research, the ELECTRONIC SECRETARY® Telephone Answering Set speaks to the caller, records his message on tape for playback on your return. It will also take over-the-phone sales orders and call reports after office hours. This new convenience in modern business communications from GT&E is now available on a modest rental basis through your phone company.

GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS

730 THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK 17

GT&E SUBSIDIARIES · General Telephone Operating Companies in 32 states · General Telephone & Electronics Laboratories · General Telephone & Electronics International · General Telephone Directory Co. · Automatic Electric · Lenkurt Electric · Sylvania Electric Products

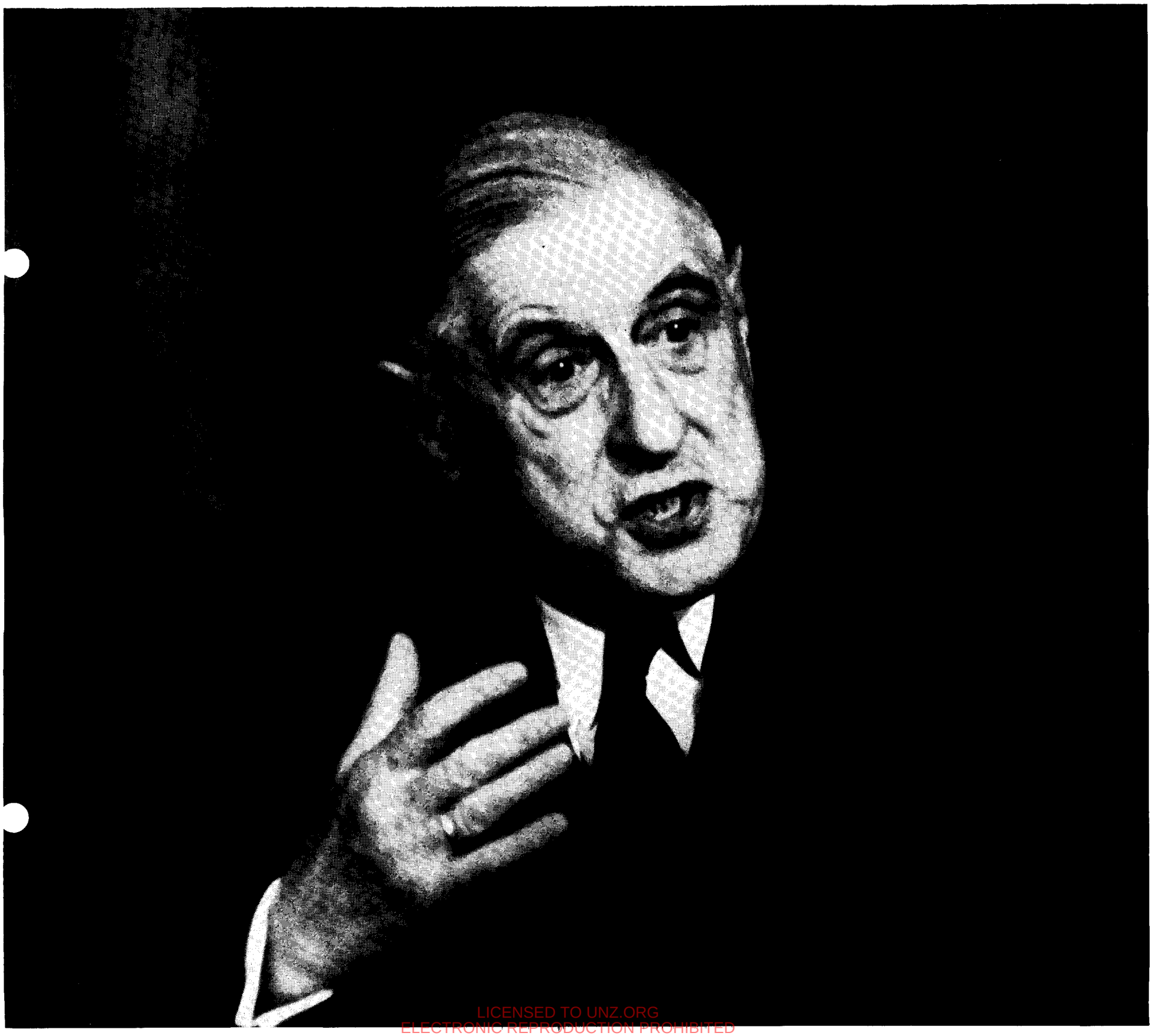
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED BY Benj. Franklin

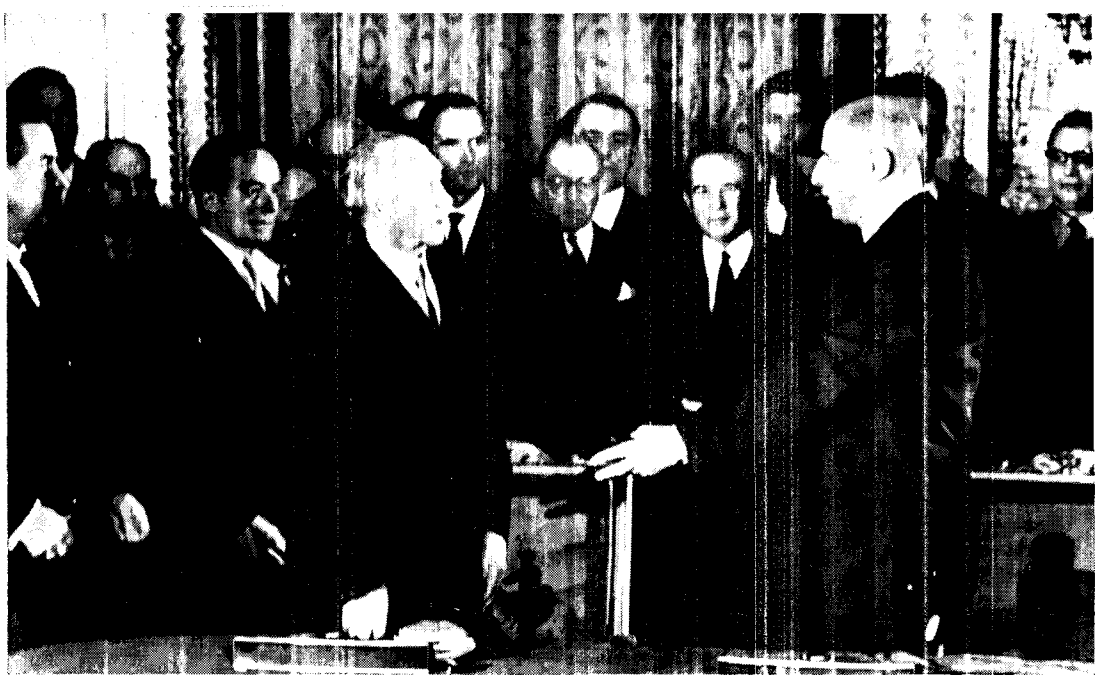
By ELDON GRIFFITHS

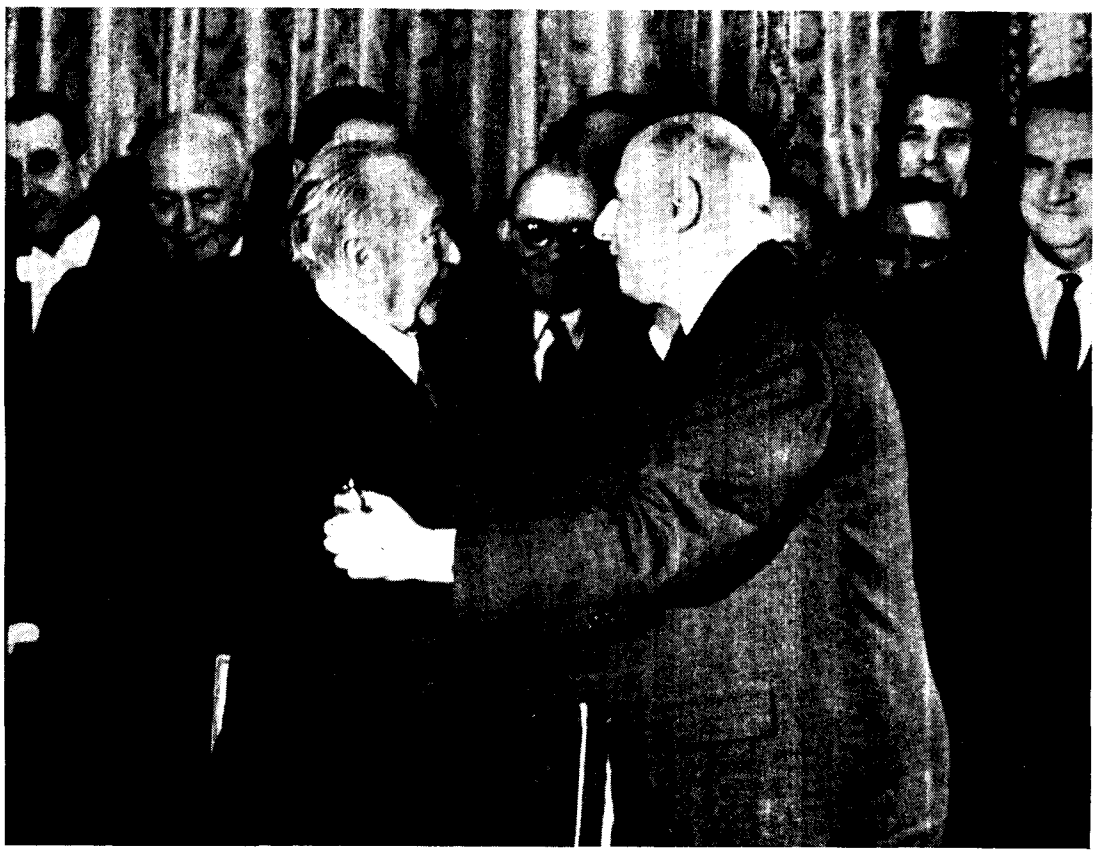
THE REVOLT OF EUROPE

Charles de Gaulle is challenging U.S. leadership, and he is not acting alone.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





With an embrace and a treaty, de Gaulle and Germany's Adenauer pledge to "end 400 years of quarrels."

THE REVOLT OF EUROPE

One by one the ambassadors came flying home at the special request of President Kennedy. Red Dowling came from Bonn, and his embassy took the unusual step of issuing an announcement that he was going to Washington for "urgent talks." David Bruce came from London after conferring three times in two days with Prime Minister Harold Macmillan. The only man missing was Charles Bohlen, nursing an eye ailment in France. Mr. Kennedy had cabled Bohlen that he was not surprised at his affliction "in view of what you have been seeing in recent days."

What Bohlen had seen—and what caused the President to send for his envoys—was the spectacle of General de Gaulle announcing his grand design for the future of Europe. Almost singlehandedly the French president had thrown U.S. policy into disarray, brutally excluding Britain from the European Common Market and virtually turning his back on the NATO alliance. De Gaulle had not only challenged but openly derided Kennedy's leadership. In effect he had appointed himself as the spokesman of a European revolt against America.

This revolt of the Europeans is important to every American. Already it is affecting wheat farmers in Nebraska and hog raisers in Indiana, threatening to close the market for their goods; soon the revolt may be felt by every businessman or worker concerned with export sales—or meeting competition from abroad. It is also bound to affect the life-and-death issue of the nuclear bomb—for at the heart of Europe's revolt lies the question of who shall control the military power of the atom.

European resentment over U.S. ascendancy in the Western alliance has been brewing since the middle '50's, but few Americans were aware of it until de Gaulle came to power five years ago. Yet de Gaulle had prophesied a challenge to Washington in a work that most high officials in the State Department claim to have read with avidity, his three-volume war memoirs. There de Gaulle predicted that the 1960's would see the role of Europe "growing greater, while that of America diminishes." The "states along the Rhine, the Alps, and the Pyrenees," he wrote, "must form a political bloc that will be one of the world's three great powers, an arbiter, if necessary, between the Soviet and the Anglo-American camps." Once in office, de Gaulle proclaimed these lofty visions as French policy. He went out campaigning for them, not only in every nook and cranny of France but during visits to Germany too. And as they heard this imperious old man proclaiming that the time had come for the Americans to "recede," leaving the "Slavs, Germans, Gauls and Latins" to work out Europe's destiny, many Germans, as well as Frenchmen, felt their hearts leap up with new pride.

In Washington and London the first instinct was to dismiss de Gaulle's conceptions with a tolerant smile and such phrases as "*folie de grandeur*." Few U.S. diplomats believed he really meant them, and almost none allowed for the fact that millions of Europeans appeared to share his views. That was why the U.S. Government was thrown

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Who the hell," demanded one British M.P., "does de Gaulle think he is?"

into consternation last January 14 when the French president translated his philosophy into drastic action.

It was a striking moment. The curtains of the Salle des Fêtes in the Elysée Palace were majestically swept aside. The Garde Républicaine, brass buttons sparkling against their blue-black tunics, sprang to attention as a tall, soldierly figure strode to the podium and faced a gathering of 800 newsmen. A hoarse voice announced, "*Monsieur le Président de la République.*"

General de Gaulle had stage-managed his appearance magnificently. For weeks the rumors had been flying across Europe—yet no one, not even his cabinet ministers, knew exactly what de Gaulle would say. Characteristically, he had preserved "*un silence terrible.*"

Now de Gaulle broke his silence with éclat. First he addressed himself to the British, whose negotiators appeared on the point of concluding an agreement to join the Common Market. De Gaulle vetoed their entry. The British, he said, were "insular" and "maritime." Their whole history had predisposed them to look outward to the overseas world of the Commonwealth and America; unlike the continental French and Germans, they were not "true Europeans." Therefore, said de Gaulle, the British cannot join the New Europe until they have divested themselves of their non-European entanglements—in particular, their special relationship with the United States.

As the newsmen scribbled down this momentous news, de Gaulle swept on to his second political adversary. Washington, he charged, is conspiring with Britain to create a "colossal Atlantic community under American leadership which would completely swallow up the European community." Meanwhile, de Gaulle argued, the U.S. is trying to hold on to a monopoly of Western nuclear power. This, plus the fact that President Kennedy was communicating privately with Nikita Khrushchev, confirmed in de Gaulle's mind a danger he prophesied years ago—that "as political conditions change, the two powers that have nuclear monopoly might agree to divide the world." To prevent this, France would continue to "construct and, if necessary, to employ our own atomic power ourselves."

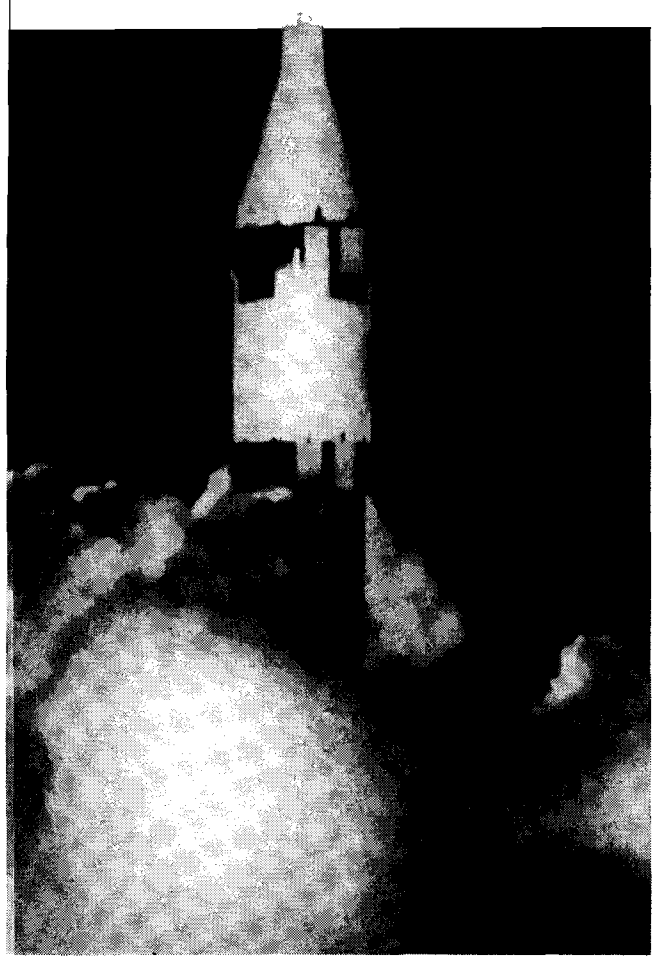
The first reactions to de Gaulle's pronouncements were anger and dismay. France's five partners in the Common Market—West Germany, Italy and the Benelux countries—were aghast at his decision to exclude Britain. Belgian Foreign Minister Paul Henri Spaak, who has given 20 years of his life to the cause of Western unity, was close to tears when he said that de Gaulle was "wrecking the work of a generation." Across the channel Cyril Osborne, a British Tory M.P., asked in bitterness, "Who the hell does de Gaulle think he is? If it had not been for us, France would still be an occupied satellite." Other Britons expressed their annoyance in a spate of de Gaulle stories that flooded the pubs and the clubs. One told of a diplomat visiting the French president and finding him on his knees, praying, "Almighty God, have confidence in me."

The jokes could hardly make up for the bewildered sense of rejection that most Britons felt after de Gaulle had barred them from Europe. And their dismay visibly deepened a week later when French Foreign Minister Maurice Couve de Murville overrode the threats and pleas of France's five partners in the Common Market and finally broke off the 14-month negotiations at Brussels over British entry. "This is bad," said Harold Macmillan. "Bad for Britain, bad for Europe, bad for the free world."

Macmillan's gloom was shared in Washington. President Kennedy pointedly remarked that "neither the U.S. nor Europe could be certain of survival if they acted alone against communism."

De Gaulle, who fought two wars against the Germans, inspects a German honor guard during a recent visit to his former enemies.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Polaris, here beginning a 900-mile flight, is the basic weapon in U.S. strategy for Europe.

The basic issue: Who will

No sooner had he spoken than de Gaulle signed a treaty of alliance with West Germany's 87-year-old Chancellor Konrad Adenauer, who bussed him on both cheeks. The treaty pledged the two most powerful nations in western continental Europe to "join forces" in the development of their technology, military training and education.

No one could deny the two old leaders' exultant claim that this was a historic act, promising to "end four hundred years of quarrels, dispute and warfare." Washington dutifully agreed—but President Kennedy's closest advisers began racking their brains over what the U.S. should do to counter de Gaulle. Meanwhile across the nation businessmen, editors and even housewives began condemning de Gaulle as "dictatorial" and "power-mad."

Much of this criticism is justified. Yet Americans would be making a deadly serious mistake if they assume that the Gaullist roadblock could be dismantled overnight if only *le Grand Charles* would disappear from the scene. The brute fact is that tens of millions of Europeans agree with General de Gaulle. They may dislike his manners and his methods. They worry about his dividing the Western alliance, and they would like to see the British in the New Europe. But a majority of Europeans, including some Britons, secretly relish the thought of de Gaulle's giving the back of his hand to Washington. From Copenhagen to Taranto there is a creeping rebellion against U.S. leadership—and de Gaulle has been quick to exploit it.

Resentment of the top dog is normal, perhaps inevitable. Yet this new European revolt is rooted in something deeper than old-fashioned jealousy. The new Europeans are beginning to feel their new power, and they want to exercise it. They are flexing their new muscles—at America's expense. It is not hard to discover the source of Europe's new assertiveness. Sit, for example, in a businessmen's club on the banks of the Rhine and watch the huge river barges passing as thickly as cars on a superhighway. You cannot escape the sense of surging power. Or wander through the cities of Northern Italy and gaze at the forest of new buildings thrusting up toward the sky. You feel through your pores the "second Renaissance." Across the broad farmlands of Brie and Beauce, French peasants are consolidating their once-tiny farms so as to use new combine harvesters, large as those in Kansas. France expects to be the breadbasket of Europe—and to cut imports from overseas. In the area around Amsterdam, Dutch businessmen are opening new chemical and electronics plants at a rate that led one American to describe Holland as a new "electrotechnical Ruhr." Exports from this pulsating new complex will be shipped from Rotterdam, which is about to pass New York as the largest port in the world. Its fuel will come from Groningen, where European oilmen are starting to tap 1.2 trillion cubic feet of natural gas, part of an immense field believed to lie near and under the North Sea.

These impressions of a "second America" rising in Western Europe are confirmed by the hard statistics. As a whole, including Britain, the 14 European nations have overtaken the United States in steel and coal production; they are rapidly catching up in machinery, chemicals and automobiles (5 million produced last year). In three key areas Europe is far ahead. Its world trade is double that of the U.S.—more than half of the world's total of imports and exports. Its combined financial reserves (gold and hard currency) are more than $26 billion—compared with $16 billion in the U.S. Most important of all, the economies of the European nations, with the exception of Britain and its Scandinavian partners, are growing twice as fast as that of the U.S.—5 percent per year in the Common Market compared with 2.3 percent in the U.S.

There are some signs on the horizon that the European boom may be tapering off. The main point remains—that millions of Europeans, who nowadays are starting to move across one another's frontiers almost as easily as Americans travel from state to state, are beginning to believe that Europe's economic revival entitles it to a bigger say in the Western world. "For twenty years," a prominent Belgian explained, "Europe was flat on its back. During that time the Russians robbed us of half our continent; the Afro-Asians, with American help, dismantled our world empires, and the U.S. took command of the seas and the air, and our fate. Now we are back on our feet. We expect our views to be heard."

U.S. diplomats call this feeling "Europeanism." It is not yet a full-fledged "patriotism," except among the dedicated few, but it does reflect the fact that the new generation of Germans, French, and Italians are laying aside their parents' "national loyalties" in favor of a devotion to Europe as a whole. The continent is evolving a new kind of European man, just as the U.S. developed in the 18th century a uniquely American man. The best-known of these new European men is Jean Monnet, to whom Europe is the "only fatherland." But there are tens of thousands of others, rapidly moving into positions of influence. Max Kohnstamm, the Dutch vice-president of Monnet's powerful Action Committee for a United States of Europe, is a case in point. "I feel about Europe," he says, "the way a man from Michigan feels about the United States." Fernand Spaak, son of the Belgian foreign minister, feels just the same: "I am as excited in my guts about what happens in Italy as I am about what happens in my own country. I would find it very hard to become a pure Belgian again."

Among the younger people of Europe, Spaak's attitude is second nature. The under-30's remember little of the Second World War, and they are traveling, trading and falling in love with little reference to the old frontiers. German auto plants are sprinkled with young Italians. The universities of Italy are full of French and Dutchmen. Every year "new Europeans" in bikinis pack the beaches along the Riviera.

Trying to explain how these youths feel about Europe, Wuva Lewin, a teen-age German boy who lives at the foot of the mountain where the legendary Siegfried slew the dragon, says, "I do not feel particularly German. I am a European." Enrico Breschi, 36, an Italian civil servant, says, "I am a born Roman, but I honestly want to see Brussels or Paris become the capital of our great new Europe." The same goes for Richard Mehrten, a 26-year-old Alsatian with crisp, close-cropped blond hair and rimless glasses. His grandparents were German (1871–1919); his parents, French (1919–1940); he was brought up in a German school (1945–50). "Now," says Mehrten, "I feel myself a European. The label of nationality has worn off."

No barriers at the Rhine

Perhaps the most striking example of the way the young are becoming "European" is the rapprochement of youthful French and Germans.

Returning to Paris from a visit to the Rhineland, Guy Hordoir, a 21-year-old French student, commented, "We still hear among the older generation words like *boche* and *fritz*. To us this seems a reference to a people of long ago." Peter Springer, a young German from Düsseldorf, said, "Paris to my father was 'abroad'; to me it's just eight hours' drive."

Hundreds of similar youngsters are being graduated each year from the new "European schools" set up to teach the new generation to see their national origins in the context of a new Europe. One such school is in the Brussels suburb of Uccle, where 146 young Germans, 165 Belgians, 257 French, 227 Italians, 193 Dutch and 36 Luxembourgers are being taught multilingually to get away from the notion of regarding each other as foreigners. From 6 to 11 the children at Uccle are divided into four mainstreams—French, German, Italian and Dutch. They learn the three "R's" in their native language, but two afternoons a week they all join together for "European hours," in which they sing and dance and play together freely. Thereafter, from 11 to 18, history and geography are taught in the second language. Special "European" textbooks are being written for the schools, and, as one French staff member puts it, "we no longer teach that France was the fountainhead of liberalism and Germany the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

control atomic power?

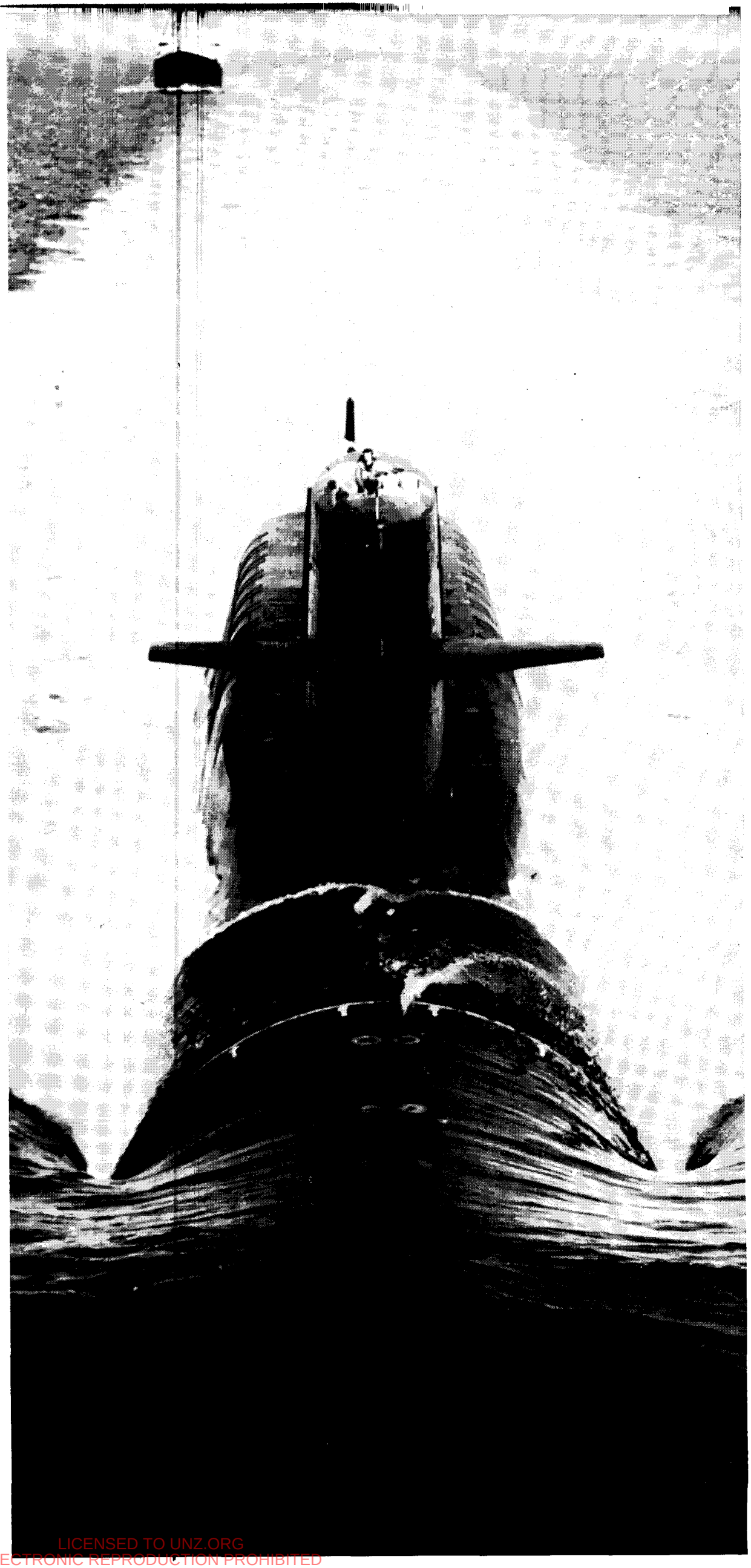
source of militarism and reaction. Each country in Europe has its liberals and its militarists, and a Frenchman in 1815 should have had as bad a conscience as a German in 1918."

So far there are four all-European schools—at Brussels, Luxembourg, Moel (Belgium) and Karlsruhe (Germany). There are a dozen colleges, too, including the European Business Institute (INSEAD) at Fontainebleau, near Paris. Under its director, Oliver Giscard d'Estaing, brother of de Gaulle's finance minister, INSEAD's 199 "participants" are young executives from companies doing business on a Europe-wide basis. "You can't just make a living out of being Euro-minded," is d'Estaing's philosophy; "you have to be a Europe-something—a Euro-businessman, for example."

It is the Euro-businessmen who, more than any other group, are helping to create "Europeanism" and, incidentally, to convince Europeans that anything America can do, Europe can do as well. The prefix "Euro-" appears on every conceivable commodity—from Euro-raincoats and Euro-beer to Euro-Union (a mutual fund) and Euro-vision (the television linkup between a dozen European nations). Prof. Ernesto Manuelli, president of the huge Italian Finsider combine, says, "A pan-European steel industry has come into existence." The European manager of a big U.S. advertising firm adds, "The Common Market forced the creation of pan-European selling. It has also stimulated designers to turn out products with a 'European look' competing, you might say, with the 'American Look.'"

The Euro-businessmen, like the Euro-school graduates and the Euro-bureaucrats who serve the Common Market, are by no means all Gaullists. Many regard de Gaulle as the last great French nationalist and an obstacle to Europeanism. Nor are they anti-American. I have never met one who did not enjoy American music and fashions and whose wife did not long to equip her home with an American-style kitchen. The younger generation of "new Europeans" also tends to admire President Kennedy as a "man who gets things done." Unfortunately for Kennedy, however, many of the things the "new Europeans" intend to "get done" are not at all what Washington wants. They are closer to de Gaulle's views.

The most important clash between the New Europe and the New Frontier involves nuclear power. It is here that the European revolt is at its strongest and most vocal. The "new Europeans" are no longer sure that their ideas on when and where to apply nuclear power will always coincide with those of the U.S. Over Cuba, for example, the U.S. went to the brink of World War III because American national interests were at stake. It thereby risked the destruction of Europe—without consulting the Europeans. By contrast, some Europeans felt it was a matter of vital interest to keep control of the Suez Canal, to win the war in Algeria, to hold onto Katanga. But the U.S. disagreed, and the Europeans, lacking power, had to admit defeat. The lesson that many of them drew from these experiences is that Washington is



The Robert E. Lee, Polaris sub, provides invulnerable force—but de Gaulle wants his own.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lights burn late at the Common Market headquarters in Brussels as Britain stubbornly tries to negotiate entry into the community. France, ignoring its allies, insisted that the talks end.

THE REVOLT OF EUROPE

prepared to apply nuclear power in areas of American concern but not to risk nuclear war for strictly European interests. Their conclusion: Europe must possess nuclear weapons of its own.

Washington is still fighting hard against this European view. It considers any further proliferation of nuclear weapons as unnecessary, wasteful and potentially dangerous. President Kennedy has also discovered how much easier and more effective it is to talk man-to-man with Khrushchev (as he did over Cuba) instead of beating around the bush to get his allies' consent (as he must over Berlin). This direct Russian-American dialogue, which is still continuing, is possible because only Kennedy and Khrushchev possess large-scale nuclear power.

Commenting on this situation, Charles de Gaulle remarked that "monopoly quite naturally appears to those who hold it the best possible system." De Gaulle was apparently hoping that the British, who have a considerable nuclear industry of their own, would help the New Europe to break the American monopoly by pooling the Royal Air Force's bombers with his own tiny *force de frappe* (strike force). And it was only when Macmillan moved away from this idea, at the Nassau conference with Kennedy, accepting U.S. Polaris submarines in place of the defunct Skybolt missile, that de Gaulle, according to his intimates, finally decided to veto British entry into Europe. Macmillan's move, he complained, proved that the British were not really Europeans at all.

Whether this was the real reason or not, de Gaulle has plainly decided that France will play no part in the formation of the multinational NATO atomic force which Kennedy and Macmillan proposed after their meeting. Washington, which feels encouraged by the Germans' and Italians' willingness to go along with this idea, blames de Gaulle's hostility on his personal vanity—but once again U.S. diplomacy may be overlooking the fact that many Europeans give de Gaulle more credit than that. The plain fact is

He voted no: Maurice Couve de Murville, France's foreign minister, cast de Gaulle's veto.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"We're back on our feet. We will be heard."

that many other distinguished strategists, not only in Europe, think the New Frontier's military policy is structurally unsound. Their objections are directed at Defense Secretary Robert McNamara's new "doctrine of controlled response."

Instead of America's hitting back at a Soviet attack with instant and massive nuclear retaliation, the Kennedy Administration plans a more sophisticated approach, emphasizing ground forces. Under this theory, the U.S. and its NATO allies would repulse a Soviet ground attack with conventional Western arms, and a small-scale nuclear attack (using battlefield A-bombs) with similar U.S. atomic weapons. By shifting the emphasis from nuclear to conventional arms, Washington hopes to avoid "instantaneous escalation" to the use of thermonuclear forces that would destroy the world.

From the U.S. point of view this makes perfect sense. But the Europeans—on whom the U.S. is relying for the extra divisions needed to implement its strategy—reject its basic assumptions. A senior British general complains, "McNamara is practically telling the Soviets that the worst they need expect from an attack on West Germany is a conventional counterattack." General Pierre Gallois, one of de Gaulle's confidants, put this even more starkly: "The doctrine of controlled response has destroyed the most essential factor of the U.S. deterrent—its credibility."

Suppose, Gallois argues, that the Kremlin decided to seize Hamburg. No sane Russian government would order such an action—against the 23 NATO divisions now on guard—unless it had previously decided to go all-out and win. The West must, therefore, assume that the Red Army would use every weapon at its command to achieve its objective, including the 1,200 intermediate-range nuclear rockets it has in Western Russia. Against such a force, Gallois believes, it would make little difference whether NATO had 23 conventional divisions or the 30 divisions that the U.S. is demanding. Without nuclear arms of their own, these divisions would be defeated.

Then the only relevant question in the Frenchman's mind is whether the U.S. would actually use its nuclear forces at the risk of all-out war. And despite Washington's repeated assurances to the contrary, Gallois, like many other Europeans, is inclined to doubt this.

He points to the Soviets' construction of Polaris-type submarines and nearly-invulnerable missile bases—irrefutable evidence that Russia, too, is building a "second-strike capability"—meaning the ability to destroy America even if the U.S. hits first. This implies, as Gallois sees it, that the certain cost of any U.S. President's intervening in a European war, by retaliating against Russia, would be the destruction of two thirds of America (as well as most of Russia). What American government, he asks, can possibly make such a policy credible?

I put this question to Adelbert Weinstein, one of Germany's leading strategists. A wounded veteran of the Russian campaign, he answered like a shot, "The New Frontier's nuclear policy is completely incredible to me, and, if we in Europe don't find it believable, why on earth should the Russians?" In reply, I pointed out that 250,000 GI's are stationed in Germany. Surely the U.S. could be counted on to use its nuclear forces to save them from defeat. Weinstein's reply was revealing: "You had a million men in Korea and still you did not dare to use your nuclear weapons. But look what happened to the Koreans. Hundreds of thousands were killed."

Weinstein's conclusion, which is shared by many senior officers in the Bundeswehr, is that "limited wars are impossible in central Europe. The Kremlin must be made to realize that any move against West Germany automatically means World War III." And, if America is no longer willing to give this guaranty, the Europeans must. "It is our survival that is at stake," he said. "We are not prepared to be one of Kennedy's options."

There is some evidence in Washington that President Kennedy understands these European views. That is why he made his offer to share U.S.

In Paris vortex, U.S. envoy Bohlen fell ill.

nuclear power with NATO. Yet even if the "new Europeans," including the French, were to accept the multilateral force, the problem of control would remain. With or without de Gaulle, the New Europe is bound to insist that it be given the right—and the ability—to employ the European elements of such a force at times and places of its own choosing. In short, when Europe's supreme interests are at stake, a European deterrent must be independent of Washington's control.

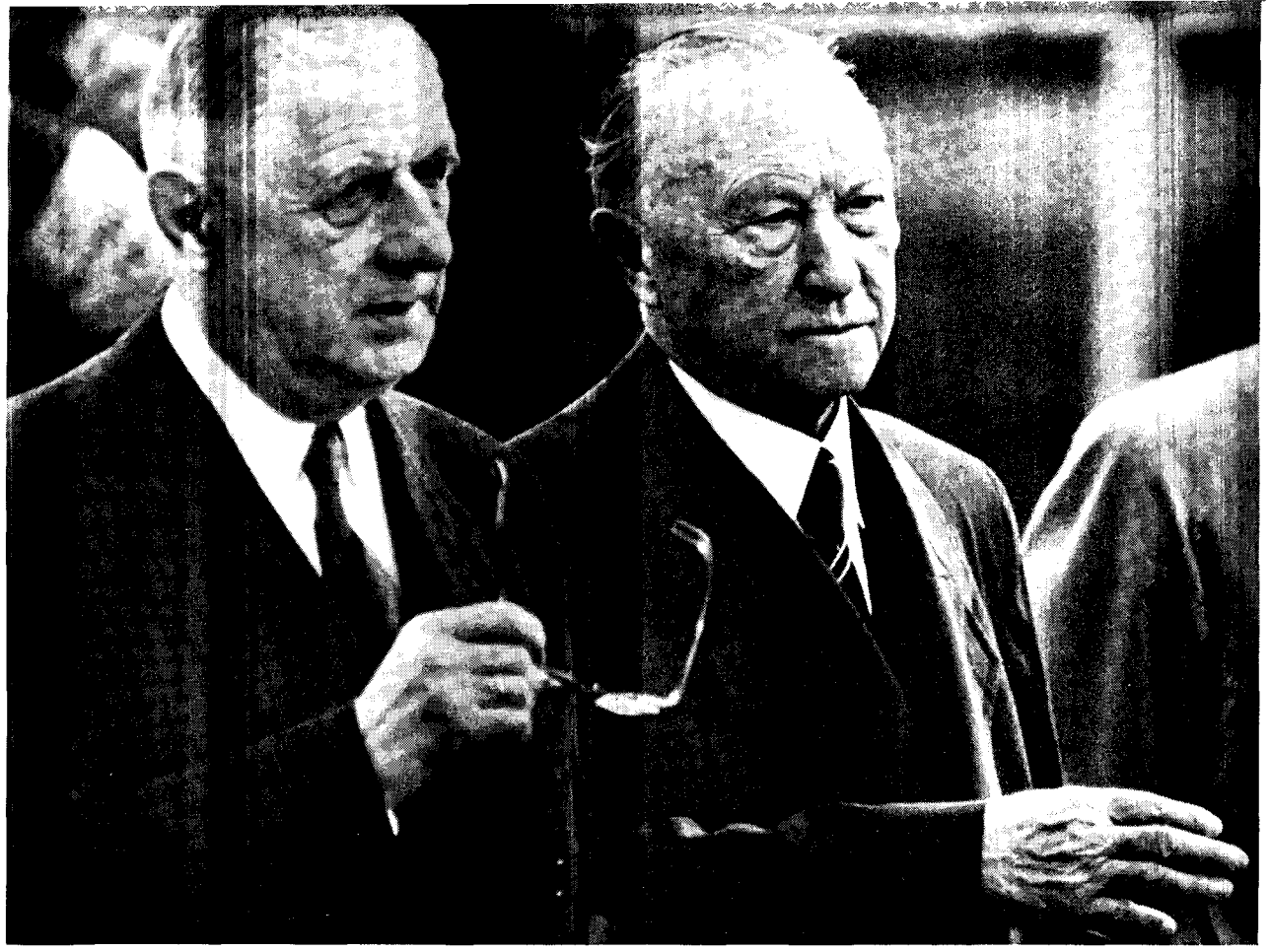
It is unlikely that Congress will accept this condition in the foreseeable future. Until it does, however, Kennedy may find it impossible to achieve any effective military integration with the New Europe. Meanwhile the Europeans will go on asserting their new strength in the economic field. The first place where Americans are apt to feel the effects is in Atlantic trade.

During the "Kennedy round" of tariff negotiations that are scheduled to start between the U.S. and Europe this summer, the Common Market countries are expected to bear down hard on U.S. exports. The U.S. Treasury has already had a taste of the New Europe's toughness. When Secretary Douglas Dillon asked the Europeans for help in Kennedy's pet project, the Alliance for Progress in Latin America, a French banker replied, "Please do not tell us where to spend our money." Much the same thing happened when Secretary of Agriculture Orville Freeman protested against the Common Market's discriminatory tariffs on U.S. frozen poultry (exports to West Germany have dropped from $12 million to $2 million in a month). The Europeans' reply, delivered by French Minister of Agriculture Egar Pisani, was

He voted yes: German Economics Minister Ludwig Erhard, heir to Adenauer, argued vainly for Britain.

He couldn't vote: Lord Privy Seal Edward Heath led British negotiators for over a year. Prime Minister Macmillan called break "bad for Britain, bad for Europe, bad for the free world."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The continental pair: De Gaulle and Adenauer, though mortal, see a unity that will outlive them.

simple: "Europe . . . will not accept proposals that are prejudicial to its interests."

Washington's anger over these repeated brush-offs is tempered by its awareness of the size of its stake in its European trade. American businessmen and farmers sell $6.1 billion worth of goods each year to Europe (including Britain), earning a $2 billion surplus over imports in hard European currencies. But if the French have their way and the New Europe nears self-sufficiency, American farmers stand to lose the whole of their European market for wheat, the bulk of their lard and meat exports, and a substantial portion of their sales of barley and corn.

The U.S. is far from helpless in the face of such an attempt to shut its farm products out of Europe. It could retaliate against the Common Market's high tariffs with reciprocally high U.S. tariffs. It could offer to join with Britain, the Commonwealth and the Scandinavian countries in forming a "free-trade area" which would have such an attraction to the Low Countries that it might crack the Common Market itself. To make up for any loss in its earnings from trade with Europe, the U.S. might also reduce its army in West Germany and rely more heavily on a "continental defense," based on nearly invulnerable Minuteman missiles dispersed in the American heartland and a fleet of Polaris submarines at sea.

There would be no lack of congressional support for such U.S. policies—indeed, they might prove popular. Yet President Kennedy is almost certain to reject them. For economic reasons the U.S. cannot afford to turn its back on the world's fastest growing market (since 1958 U.S. exports to Europe have increased 59 percent). For military reasons it dare not pull back its forces from Europe (though it might perhaps reduce them) in a manner that would tempt the Russians to make a grab for the Ruhr. Above all, the U.S. has—and is always likely to have—an inextricable political commitment in Europe. It simply cannot afford to stand idly by if authoritarian forces, against which Americans have fought two world wars, show signs of taking control of a continent of 600 million, armed with nuclear bombs.

It is equally impossible for the U.S. to remain indifferent to the danger of the Western world's being split three ways—between a Franco-German Europe, a British-Scandinavian free-trade area and the continent of North America. Any such fragmentation would confirm Karl Marx's prophecy that the capitalist world was bound to split apart. It would also destroy any chance of the West's benefiting from the growing split between Russia and Communist China.

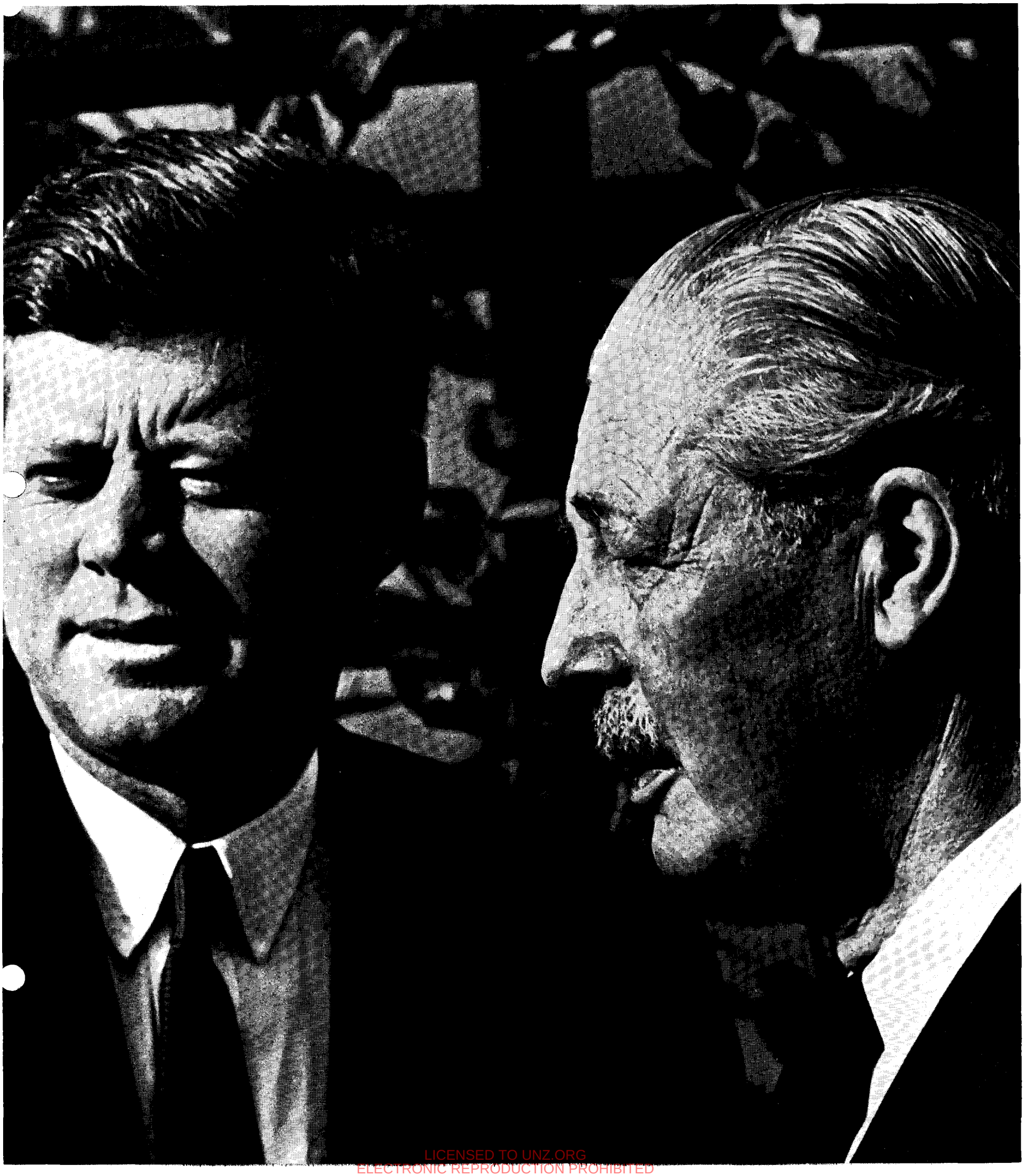
To prevent this, President Kennedy can be expected to use every diplomatic resource of the United States. He is also convinced that the forces of economics and technology—the jet aircraft that have turned the Atlantic into a lake, the atom that threatens every nation alike, the ballistic rockets that soon may land men on the moon—are on the side of those who prefer an open Atlantic partnership to an inward-looking little Europe. But, though the President's Atlantic conceptions may prevail in the long run, it is General de Gaulle who still holds the key to the door through which the U.S. must pass. And though de Gaulle, like all other men, is mortal, he symbolizes a force—Europe's revolt—that will not evaporate when this giant Frenchman leaves the scene.

De Gaulle has exploited and sometimes perverted this revolt, but in doing so he has demonstrated a basic fact in the modern world—that history's wheel is still turning, that the long postwar period of unchallenged American hegemony is drawing to a close. This does not mean that the New Europe is about to elbow America aside. Even if it were to be united there would be no chance of that—and de Gaulle has deeply divided it. What the European revolt does mean is that the President of the United States may no longer be able to control the strategy of the Western world all by himself. THE END

The Atlantic pair: Kennedy and Macmillan share a deep tradition of language, law and loyalty.

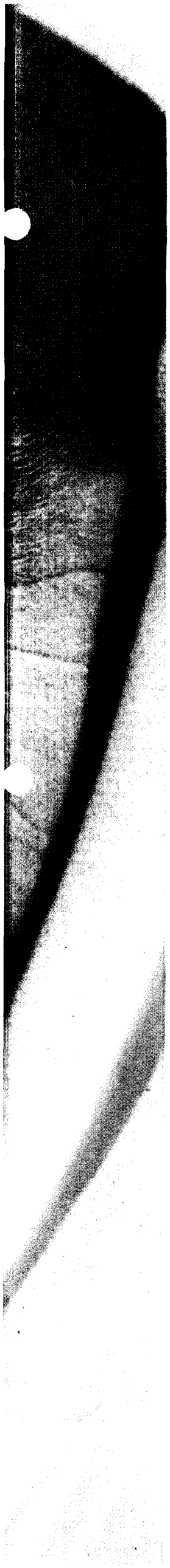
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As history's wheel turns, the era of unquestioned U.S. hegemony is ending.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



O'TOOLE of Arabia

An unknown actor dons the cloak of a legendary hero and an epic is born.

Jebel Tubeiq, a desolate way spot noted principally for its crimson sand dunes and lack of creature comforts, squats in the Jordanian desert some 6,061 miles from Broadway and 45th Street. And yet the two points now are inextricably linked in movie history. It was at Jebel Tubeiq in May, 1961, that filming began on *Lawrence of Arabia*, an epic built around the World War I campaigns of Thomas Edward Lawrence, medievalist, archaeologist, soldier, kingmaker, poet, ascetic and enigma. It was on Broadway that *Lawrence of Arabia* opened in the United States to near-paroxysms of critical acclaim. Whether the movie, since displayed in a score of other major cities, really manages to unravel the inner tangle of the shadowy Lawrence is a matter of some dispute. But there is no doubt that the walloping color film feasts the eye. There is also no doubt that Peter O'Toole, known chiefly up to now for his work in English repertory and for his reputation as an offstage roisterer, emerges as one of the most glistening talents in films. "I had one craving all my life—for the power of self-expression in some imaginative form," Lawrence himself once said. His celluloid memorial, *Lawrence of Arabia*, belatedly fulfills that wish.

On the road to Damascus in "Lawrence of Arabia," a horde of O'Toole's fiery Arab troops charges a column of enemy Turks.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

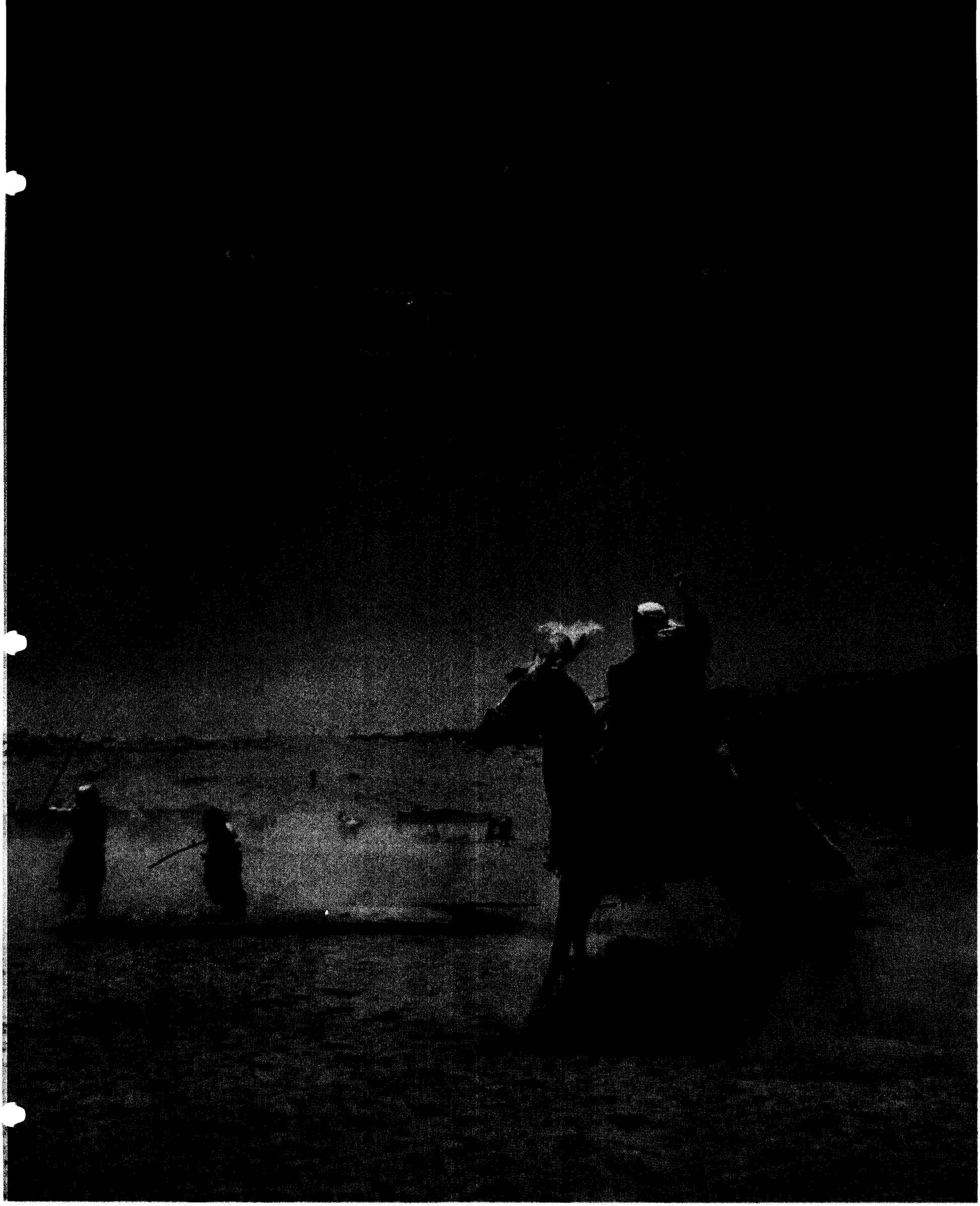
Exhausted O'Toole *collapses after a scene in which he rescues a comrade from desert quicksand.*

O'TOOLE

Not sun nor sand
nor gloom of night
(nor a few saddle sores)
stayed the players
from completion
of appointed roles.

Dressed in British Army garb of World War I, O'Toole trades horselaughs with a camel. The place was dry, uninhabited Jebel Tubeiq.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



In a scene from "Lawrence," a burnoused Arab gestures angrily at an enemy Turkish plane strafing a desert outpost.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

O'TOOLE

OSCAR WINNER?

After conquering the desert and himself, the brash son of a bookie now is touted as a prize talent.

By TREVOR ARMBRISTER

Peter Seamus O'Toole is a cocky, outspoken, thin-shouldered Irishman who hates physical exercise, shuns all forms of discipline and wears green socks for luck—of which he lately has had plenty. He dresses like a construction worker, chews on a thumb and wears a smug expression that is somehow reminiscent of a grown-up Peck's Bad Boy. Until quite recently, few people had ever heard of him.

Yet as this issue went to press, the odds were better than two to one that members of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences would nominate O'Toole for an Oscar as the best male actor of 1962. For weeks the movie-industry grapevine has granted him an excellent chance of winning. If this happens he would become, at 29, the youngest and most unlikely unknown ever to capture filmdom's top award.

The possibility sparks some natural questions, for the august academy—whatever its faults—is seldom prone to flighty behavior. And answers at first seem elusive. O'Toole's new eminence can hardly sprout from the breadth of his film experience, which consists of a mere three pictures. Nor can it stem entirely from his physical appearance: A plastic surgeon straightened his nose a while back; an oculist prescribed glasses after an eye operation. His scruffy, rough-hewn looks are handsome enough but somehow fail to fit the Adonis mold.

O'Toole is colorful in a contradictory way. Off camera he fosters an engaging if not altogether true picture of himself as a brash, irresponsible sort—a latter-day Errol Flynn. On camera he changes pitch, seldom sulks, squeezes every shade of meaning from his lines in a furious, cast-iron desire to excel. "I'm the hardest-working bloody actor I know," he says, and there is little doubt he believes it.

Striking evidence of this is O'Toole's performance in *Lawrence of Arabia*, the $13 million saga of adventure in the desert which opened last December in London, New York and Hollywood—just in time to qualify it, and him, for consideration in this year's Oscar balloting. O'Toole is cast as T. E. Lawrence, the brash, enigmatic British army lieutenant who swaggered into the Jordanian desert in 1916, molded feuding Arab tribes into a cohesive unit and turned them against the Turks—thus helping the Allies speed the end of World War I.

O'Toole's performance is momentous. For three hours and forty-two minutes a clattering entourage of 2,000 camels and 15,000 men sprawls across the wide screen—galloping hell-bent for destiny through haunting stretches of desert. The shimmering sand, whiplashing wind and curdling bloodbath of war backdrop a first-rate cast: Alec Guinness, Jack Hawkins, Claude Rains, José Ferrer, Anthony Quinn and Arthur Kennedy. Yet O'Toole dominates the film. He is on camera for 218 minutes, and he spins off—now with arrogance, now with resignation—a record 648 lines. It is the longest speaking part in the history of movies.

O'Toole came perilously close to missing the part entirely. "At first, when I acquired the rights for *Lawrence*," says Sam Spiegel, the squat, hawk-nosed, immensely gifted producer, "I wanted Brando as my lead. He is a big name, and this is an expensive production."

Brando rejected the offer. He was already signed for *Mutiny on the Bounty*. If Spiegel wanted to wait until he was through with that, then perhaps they could talk. Spiegel next turned to Albert Finney (*Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*), a moody young British actor who, incredibly, also declined the part. Finally David Lean, director of *Lawrence*, suggested O'Toole.

Spiegel was skeptical. True, the young Irishman had drawn rave reviews at the Shakespeare Theater in Stratford-on-Avon for his performances in *The Merchant of Venice*, *The Taming of the Shrew* and *Troilus and Cressida*. But *Lawrence* demanded an actor with skill—and perseverance. And Spiegel had heard of O'Toole's reputation as a braggart and a drinker.

"Sam was against me from the start," O'Toole says, wincing. "He believed those stories. We didn't get along at all. It hardly helped matters when a fifth of whiskey tumbled from my pocket during our first meeting."

Egged on by Lean, however, Spiegel arranged for a screen test. When he saw the results he decided he had found his man.

Surprisingly, O'Toole hedged at the contract offer. He insisted on a clause that allowed him to bring Sian, his wife, to the desert once a month at the producer's expense. Spiegel, who had refused such privileges to other members of the cast, was furious. At length he gave in. "I would have taken this role for nothing," O'Toole admitted later. "And I would have done it without the clause. But I couldn't tell Spiegel that."

Hardly had he signed the contract when he began the arduous task of burrowing into Lawrence's life, seeking clues to his mysterious motivation. He made visits to Lawrence's birthplace in Wales and to Dorsetshire, England, where Lawrence was killed in 1935 in a motorcycle accident. He pored over the 40-odd books written by and about the man and nearly memorized all 661 pages of *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*—Lawrences own account of his desert campaigns—on which the Robert Bolt script is based. Reading was only the beginning. For weeks he talked with men and women who had known Lawrence, both in the desert and, later, in England, where he had returned to seek anonymity in the Royal Air Force.

Yet in one sense, says O'Toole, the talks only complicated matters: "It was impossible to find any two men who could agree on Lawrence."

In January, 1961—four months before shooting was scheduled to start—O'Toole began the third and most demanding phase of his education. He arrived in Jordan, determined to learn the Arabic tongue, familiarize himself with Bedouin dress and master the art of riding a camel. He had trouble almost immediately.

"After a few rides," recalls photographer Mark Kauffman, who camped out with the *Lawrence* entourage, "Peter developed a nasty cyst on his backside. It was bleeding and obviously painful, but he refused to complain."

"I wasn't trying to be heroic," O'Toole explained later. "I just knew that if I told someone, I would have to go to the hospital. And that would have meant four more weeks in the Godforsaken desert."

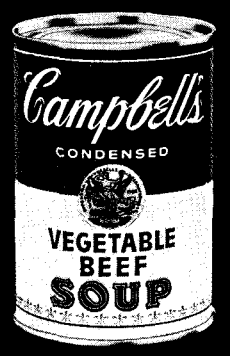
In the beginning the Bedouin seemed hardly hospitable. "I was scared stiff," O'Toole recalls; "they wore guns and daggers and sat for hours without saying a word. I was sure they were planning some untimely end for me. Finally I realized that the Bedouin never speak unless they have something important to say. It was wonderful, like being in a warm bath. For the first time in my life I didn't have to push a conversation."

In May, 1961, filming began at Jebel Tubeiq, a barren, uninhabited speck in the Jordanian desert 150 miles from the nearest oasis. Merely gaining access to Jordan presented problems for several Jewish members of the unit. Spiegel—aware that Jordanian immigration officials often barred Jews from entering—had to enlist the aid of Anthony Nutting, a former British Foreign Office spokesman and close friend of Jordan's King Hussein. And reportedly, letters had to be written explaining that the Jews were really Protestants.

These efforts hardly seemed worth the trouble. The temperature at Jebel Tubeiq hissed above 125 degrees during the day, and the nights grew

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Campbell puts more goodness in ...so he gets more goodness out



There's goodness for you. Juicy, meaty beef. Bright-tasting vegetables. Sturdy beef broth so good you could drink it by itself. Heat it for *your* boys . . . it only takes 4 minutes– **Campbell's Vegetable Beef Soup**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"If I wasn't sure I could deliver the bloody goods, I'd get off the stage."

bitterly cold. Scorpions and horned snakes lurked in the sand. Food was airlifted from Britain. Water, at three dollars per gallon, was hauled across the steaming wastes in giant tank trucks. "Physical discomfort," director Lean had said, "is the price of authenticity."

By this time O'Toole could speak a passable Arabic, ride a camel at 30 miles per hour and don native robes with confidence. And now the Bedouin were calling him "El-Aurens," the same name they had once given Lawrence. Yet few people expected him to plunge into the role with the stamina he showed. "Ordinarily," muses Sian, "he hates physical exercise, but there he was showing great endurance. It was almost as if he had somehow assimilated Lawrence's masochistic pleasure in driving himself to exhaustion."

"Peter broke his back for only one reason," says one member of the cast. "That was David Lean. Somehow word got around that Lean didn't think Peter was tough enough. One time Lean made him run up and down a sand dune 25 times just to see if he could do it without blinking his eyes. Peter was determined to prove he could do it, and he did. That is the mark of a great director, getting a performance like that."

If the role was physically demanding, it was also dangerous. One afternoon, for a scene re-enacting a Lawrence raid on Turkish cavalry, O'Toole led his "raiding party" of 50 Bedouin in a camel charge against 400 other Arabs. The latter, who belonged to a different tribe, resented the Bedouin and resisted more fiercely than necessary. Knocked off his mount, O'Toole fell to the ground and suffered a minor concussion.

Despite such rigors O'Toole retained his sense of humor. One morning after struggling through a difficult scene he lumbered over to ask photographer Kauffman for a cigarette.

"You know, Mark," he gasped, "if someone had just given that bloody Lawrence a cigarette, a bottle of whiskey and a woman 44 years ago, none of us would be in this bloody place today."

At the end of September, 1961, weakened by dysentery, insect bites and loss of weight, Lean's "Mobile Maniacs" returned to England for a rest. The film was half completed: There still remained six months' shooting in Spain, three months' work in Morocco and several weeks of interior filming at home. Yet even at this point rumors of O'Toole's performance were sweeping London, and critics started comparing him—somewhat presumptuously—with Lawrence.

There is some basis for that comparison. Both men have Irish blood; both are ambiguous in manner. Both men went into the desert in their 20's, and both gained acceptance by the Arabs in the same ceremony—when they doffed their Army uniforms and put on the robes and headbands of Arab leaders. But there comparison falters. Physically, Lawrence was a runty five feet four; O'Toole is six feet. Lawrence was a scholar and an introvert. O'Toole, who abandoned school at 13—"the other students were not as brilliant as I was"—is an extrovert. Lawrence loved the desert. O'Toole hated it.

In December, 1961, the crew trekked to the ancient Spanish cities of Seville and Almería, then later moved on to Morocco. By August, 1962, the major portion of the film was in the can. O'Toole came home for good and checked into a rest home in Surrey. As Lawrence he had suffered burns on his feet, temporary loss of the use of two fingers from a camel bite, a sprained neck, an injured leg, a dislocated spine and several minor concussions.

He got little rest. Producers flooded him with scripts. Warner Brothers dangled the role of Henry Higgins in *My Fair Lady;* Richard Brooks suggested he do *Lord Jim.* It was a strange twist of fate for a young man who, only months before, had not even been able to pay his rent. For prior to *Lawrence* the acting career of Peter O'Toole was hardly a study in profit-making.

Mustered out of the Royal Navy in 1954 after a two-year stint on a submarine, he had come to London with less than five dollars in his pockets. Unshaven, wearing sneakers and a splotched green corduroy suit, he burst into the venerable Royal Academy of Dramatic Art and demanded an immediate audition. Somewhat taken aback, examiners gave him oral and written tests and later concluded that his performance merited a scholarship.

Graduated from R.A.D.A. two years later, he spurned a possible film contract and journeyed instead to Bristol to join the Old Vic repertory company. The pay was low, $22.40 a week, and for the first year of his stay he had to mail back more than half of that to a landlord he had neglected to pay in London.

"Finding enough to eat in Bristol," he says, "was a constant challenge. I had to frequent little cafés looking for waitresses I could charm. The girls felt sorry for me and usually let me have spaghetti and tomato sauce when the headman wasn't looking. But that was all. Just spaghetti and tomato sauce."

Mein Papa was his break

Despite this Oliver Twist existence, O'Toole kept busy on stage. In three and one half years at Bristol he played 72 roles, ranging in depth from Hamlet to a comedy part in a Christmas pantomime. Finally in 1957 he got a chance to appear in the West End, London's equivalent of Broadway. The role called for an old man to sing *Oh, Mein Papa* and it was an unlikely vehicle for a young, ambitious, nonsinging Irishman. O'Toole accepted it anyway and rehearsed without pay. But just as opening night loomed, an income-tax collector came calling.

"That chap was going to confiscate everything I owned," O'Toole grins. "But all he could find was one guitar, two bongo drums, a moth-eaten overcoat, five shaggy shirts and twelve pairs of worn boxer shorts. He took one look at the collection, and that was the last I heard of him."

From that moment on, his luck seemed to change. In a drama called *The Holiday*, he met Sian Phillips, a young, doe-eyed Welsh actress who played the part of his sister on stage. "She knew I was straight from repertory theater," O'Toole explains, "so she presumed I would have no money. After a while she began taking me to dinner." Several months after the play went on the road, Peter and Sian were married.

His next West End play, *The Long and the Short and the Tall*, put him over the top. London critics, a normally frosty lot, applauded his interpretation of an uncouth soldier and gave him their Actor of the Year award. Encouraged, O'Toole snared a small part in the movie *Kidnapped* and finally signed on as a lieutenant of guards in Jules Buck's production of *The Day They Robbed the Bank of England.*

Buck, a portly, balding man who is now O'Toole's business partner, recalls that he wanted Peter to play the role of an Irishman. "But Peter said no. He was going to be that lieutenant or nothing at all. He didn't want to be known as 'Peter O'Toole—stage Irishman.'"

On the basis of that performance he received five movie-contract offers. Again he proved choosy. Turning down an estimated $100,000 in fees, he decided to spend a season at Stratford. "I needed the experience," he says now. But it was also likely that the prospect of becoming, at 26, the youngest leading man in the famous theater's history tugged at his ego. And it was from Stratford that he moved to *Lawrence.*

To his friends, the Peter O'Toole who returned from the desert is not the man they used to know. "No one," O'Toole retorts, "could spend months steeping himself in Arab philosophy, customs and history without changing. I would never do it again, but I would not have missed it either. It was an adventure, a campaign."

If he has quieted down and become more respectable, as his friends charge, O'Toole is nevertheless doing his best to maintain the old front. Even today with a relatively—for him—bottomless bank account, he dresses slovenly, spends money whimsically and tends to overdramatize stories about himself and his family. He never tires, for example, of telling how his father, an Irish bookie, evaded the law; how he himself ended up in jail after badgering a policeman, or how his ability for consuming ale set a record—two and one half pints in 40 seconds—at the Dirty Duck Pub. Most of the stories are no longer taken at face value.

"You can believe anything you want about his drinking," says Alec Guinness, "but Peter is a real professional. He threw no tantrums and hardly missed a single moment of rehearsal time. I can't say a thing beastly about him."

Since leaving Stratford, O'Toole has turned down 20 movie and stage roles. He is taking his time to make sure of his choices. Curiously enough, most of the roles he has accepted hardly threaten to increase his box-office stature.

At this moment, for example, he is starring on the London stage in Bertolt Brecht's *Baal*, a weird and far-out excursion in which O'Toole plays a guitar-strumming poet. He has signed for $500,000 to play King Henry II in Paramount Pictures's production of Jean Anouilh's *Becket*, and after that he talks of appearing in *Lord Jim* and in a low-budget film production of *Waiting for Godot*. Some of these roles are not what one might expect from a potential Oscar winner, but they do point to an O'Toole contention: "I'm not a leading man; just a character actor."

"Peter may think of himself this way," insists producer Spiegel, "but the fact is that he *exudes* lead. He combines sensitivity and virility as few actors have ever done before. The early Barrymore had it; the early Brando had it. Peter has it. If he avoids the pitfalls and does not succumb to the adoration almost certainly in store for him, he could become one of the great actors."

Says O'Toole himself, "I am a professional. If I wasn't sure I could deliver the bloody goods, I would get off the bloody stage." THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Get Lucky

The taste of a Lucky spoils you for other cigarettes. This famous taste is the best reason to start with Luckies...the big reason why Lucky smokers stay Lucky smokers. How about you? Get the taste you'll stay with. Get the fine-tobacco taste of Lucky Strike.

© A. T. Co.

Product of The American Tobacco Company — "Tobacco is our middle name"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. John's $85 turban takes three yards of silk.

"Lawrence" inspires the

A womanless movie turns designers to a new fad: chic sheiks.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ARAB LOOK

American fashion designers have been caught up in a new fad—the "chic sheik" look—which predictably will prove somewhat less durable than a shaggy camel in a Thoroughbred horse race. Oddly enough, the influencing factor is *Lawrence of Arabia*, a film in which a female form barely crosses the screen. Designers, eager to jump on any promotional wagon (or even a camel), make a practice of seizing fashion ideas from the movies. While Hollywood is grinding out spectaculars, Seventh Avenue is grinding out the merchandise that can be promoted with the films.

The Cleopatra Look saw light and died even before the Elizabeth Taylor film was finished. When Brigitte Bardot wore gingham, manufacturers used gingham for everything from bathing suits to nightgowns (The psychological transfer: If one dresses like Taylor or Bardot, there is hope one might be as attractive.) The French film *Jules et Jim* inspired the boys' caps that flooded women's hat bars for a short time last year. And the Marienbad hairstyle and ostrich feathers also had an ephemeral life. Even the old movies shown on television are a fashion influence. Tired designers, like everyone else, are reviving the fashion ideas from movies made in the '30's. (The wide slacks Carole Lombard liked are now available at Hattie Carnegie, and the Fred Astaire shirt is in John Weitz's new line.)

The Lawrence influence covers the fashion world as sand covers the Sahara. The Look: a fluid line borrowed from the robes worn by Lawrence, and the uniforms of British and Turkish officers.

Although bargain-basement copies are now being rushed to stores around the country, the Lawrence Look did not start on the mass-market level. Over a dozen top designers offered Arabic fashions, from beach to bedroom, when their spring clothes were previewed recently.

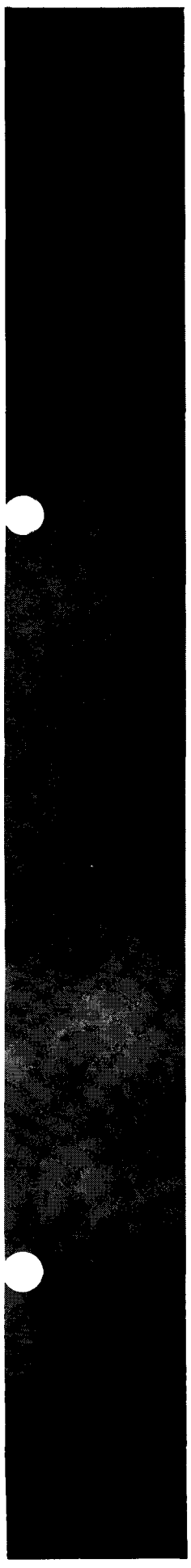
Fourteen of the top 50 spring hats claimed inspiration from *Lawrence of Arabia*. Among the best are Mr. John's turban (pictured left, above), Sally Victor's multistriped turbans and Lilly Daché's helmet (left).

Hair stylists followed the trend. Mark Sinclair, new chief of coiffures at Lilly Daché, sat through two four-hour screenings of the film and came away with ideas for two Lawrence hairdos. One is a turban of hair. The other features hair combed straight down at each side of the head to meet under the chin like a hood.

For sporting types, Rudi Gernreich designed a British colonial jacket (at left). Stella Sloat uses a bold-striped fabric for a beach coat, and for the junior sand set (sizes 2–6x) another manufacturer has a "Little Lawrence beach burnous." The mood for evening is early Marlene Dietrich—in her *Garden of Allah* period—complete with swirling crepes and gardenias. Scaasi combines them both in a gown he calls "Desert Sunset."

How long will the Lawrence Look last? About as long as it takes to make another film. The next epics on the horizon are *The Fall of the Roman Empire* and *The Greatest Story Ever Told*, which suggests that American women will soon fold their tent dresses and quietly pack them away.

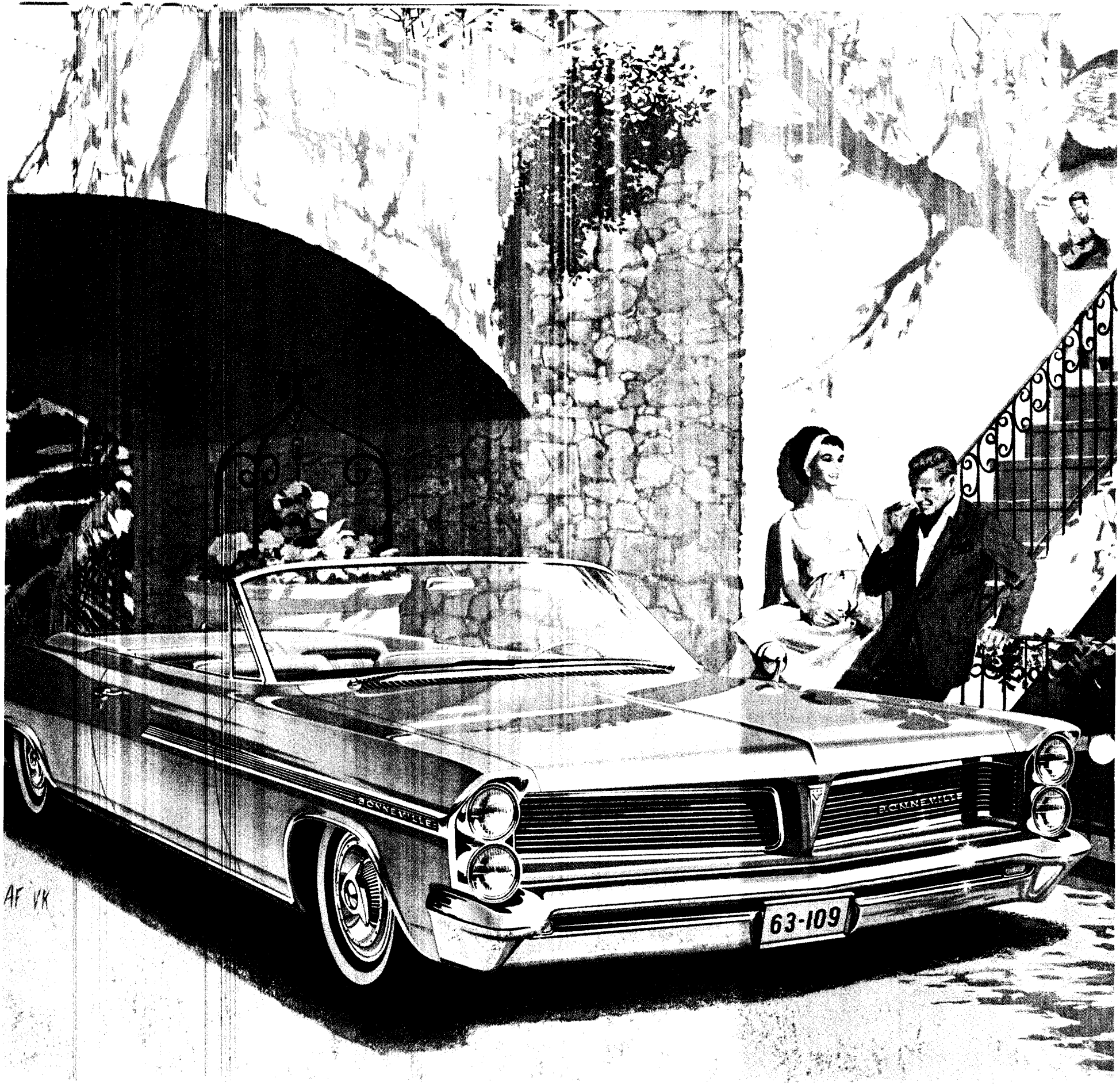
—JEANETTE A. SARKISIAN



Stripes were spiraled by Bill Blass to fashion $395 silk shaft, with stole used as hat.

Tan silk-linen British colonial jacket combined with beige linen pants costs $135. Straw pith helmet is $75.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Pontiac Motor Division • General Motors Corporation

Do you need any more reasons for wanting a '63 Pontiac?

(or are the looks alone enough to sway you?)

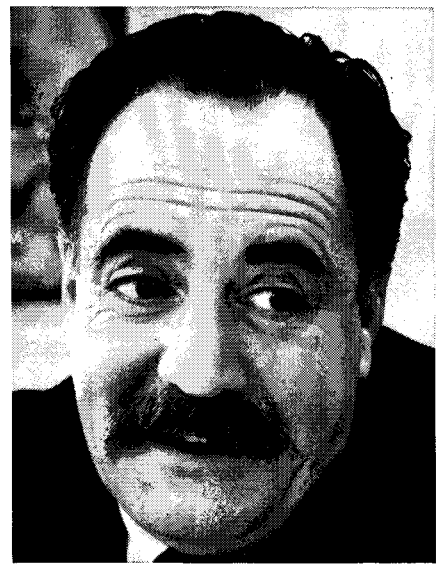
If you're stoutheartedly resisting the urge to buy a Pontiac just because it's so handsome, feel free to get into one for purely rational reasons. Why, some perfectly amiable people hardly care what this one looks like, they're so taken with what's underneath: Wide-Track stability, a thoroughly healthy Trophy V-8, a smooth, smooth ride, even such things as self-adjusting brakes. Really, the best view of a Pontiac is from behind the wheel. So our advice is, drop in to your dealer's and try out a Pontiac. We promise you a whole trunkload of reasons for buying one then and there. (And we won't even mention that styling.) **WIDE-TRACK PONTIAC**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POST FICTION

this week:

WILLIAM SAROYAN
Me



As a bonus for lovers of whimsey, The Post presents William Saroyan's first children's book, "Me." It is a delightful miniature characterized by typically Saroyanesque warmth and insight, and guaranteed to charm both the young of age and young at heart. The complete text and an assortment of exceptional illustrations by artist Murray Tinkelman appear here. In June, Collier Books will publish the hard-cover edition.

LOUIS AUCHINCLOSS
The power of appointment

A review of Louis Auchincloss' first novel, "The Indifferent Children," said, "Make no mistake, here is a writer of the caliber of Henry James. . . ." Similar comments have greeted his subsequent works. Auchincloss, a practicing lawyer, lives in Manhattan with his wife and two sons. The law is his nine-to-five job, Mr. Auchincloss says; fiction writing is a five-and-after job. "The Power of Appointment" is taken from a collection of short stories titled "Powers of Attorney," which Houghton Mifflin Co. will publish this year.

DOROTHY BAKER
No visitors till noon

Dorothy Baker's literary reputation was born in 1938 with the publication of "Young Man With a Horn," a best-selling novel that later became a hit motion picture starring Kirk Douglas. She has written three other novels: "Trio" (also a best-seller), "Our Gifted Son," and "Cassandra at the Wedding," which was published last year. Mrs. Baker lives with her husband and two daughters on an orange ranch in California.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HE WAS NO LONGER A LAWYER WITH A JOB TO DO BUT AN ACTOR WITH A PART.

THE POWER OF APPOINTMENT

By LOUIS AUCHINCLOSS

Sylvester Brooks had reached the age of 70 without making the professional blunder, the dread of which had darkened his life. The apprehension had started in law school, where he had learned to identify himself with those bungling practitioners whom his professors, in the meanness of their detachment, were never tired of excoriating: "Of course this case wouldn't have come up if the testator had hired someone better than a monkey to draw his will," or, "This company wouldn't have lost its charter if it had spent a few more bucks on its brand of counsel." Young Brooks, laughing with the others—and he always laughed with the others—nonetheless immediately saw himself as that monkey or as the author of that defective bylaw. Yet he managed through law school and, indeed, for the first 25 years of his professional life, both as an associate and later as a partner of his magnificent older cousin Reginald Tower, to keep his anxiety within reasonable bounds. Hidden away in his small, closed garden of accountings—accountings of trustees, of guardians, of executors, accountings of anybody accounting for anything—he was immune from the terrible decisions of the courtroom or the corporate board meeting. It was not until he was 50 and collided with a litigious widow who wanted to surcharge the Standard Trust Company half a million dollars that he lost his nerve and persuaded the client to a bad settlement. And then young Waldron Webb, his assistant, alerted the senior partner. The case was promptly taken out of Brooks's hands, the settlement quashed and the widow roundly defeated. The dreaded blunder had not been made; it had been averted. But Sylvester Brooks, who was never to recover his lost nerve, suffered a breakdown that kept him out of the office for a year.

When he returned, he was still in no condition to be in charge even of accountings, and he would have been lost but for the kindness and tact of his cousin. Tower, a huge, grumbling, waspish, exhibitionistic lawyer, who concealed genius under a splashing flow of platitudes, had a sense of responsibility, amounting almost to an obsession, for his family.

Brooks was the nephew of Tower's mother, and Brooks had to be looked out for. He conceived the plan of justifying Brooks to the other partners in the role of a business getter, or at least of a business holder, and he made him the firm's personal representative, placing him on charitable boards and committees of lawyers' associations, sending him to legal banquets and bar conferences and delegating to him the entertainment of clients. And Brooks, responding with the deepest gratitude, adopted as best he could, as the years in this new niche sped comfortably by, the appearance of what his cousin presented him as being, that of the perfectly charming and worldly-wise old gentleman. His figure was slim and dapper; his soft thick hair cut into his high forehead in a fine gray triangle, and his long, intelligent, handsome face bore spots but no wrinkles. Best of all, his friendly, twinkling, sky-blue eyes and fine aquiline nose gave the impression of a domesticated eagle that remembered the days of soaring above pine forests and rocky crags. When Brooks, in his pleasant, crackling, beautifully modulated voice, with a gesture here and there that seemed the replica of one made in oral arguments before Holmes or Cardozo, told the young clerks stories of old lawsuits and distant triumphs, they believed him. They believed him implicitly until they were disillusioned—which, alas, was only too soon the case—by their seniors of a few months.

"Mr. Brooks? A splendid old fraud. Something out of Dickens. The partners put up with him because of the boss. When Tower kicks the bucket, they'll send Brooks to the glue factory."

And, indeed, when the surrogate died, and the scramble for his clients began, poor Brooks could not even get his nose in the pot. The Standard Trust Company, prize of the collection, went, of course, to Tower's successor, Clitus Tilney, and the corporations to the other corporation partners. Even the individual clients passed Brooks by. Old Miss Johanna Shepard, with all her city real estate, went to Waldron Webb, and the Baxter family to Morris Madison. But the bitterest blow of all was when Mildred Tower, the widow, told the new senior partner that she would prefer to have her husband's estate handled by his nephew rather than by his cousin. And who was this nephew but the bungling Rutherford, whose gaffes in will drafting had more than once been covered up by Brooks before they were spotted by the stern avuncular eye? Where was there even a bush in this jackal-infested desert?

Clitus Tilney called Brooks in for a conference. He was as kind as he could be, as kind as old Tower himself, but he was not a relative. Had Brooks thought of retiring? Personally, he, Tilney, wouldn't have believed it had he not checked the records, but facts were facts, and Brooks *was* 69, four years over the mandatory retirement age in all the big banks. A pension of sorts could be arranged, perhaps half of Brooks's current drawing account. What about it?

"Oh, it's not the money, Clitus," Brooks said grandly, knowing full well Tilney was aware that he could barely get by on his present percentage, which was smaller than the most junior partner's. "With taxes what they are, a little more or less income won't make all that difference. But what happens to an old war-horse when he's turned out to pasture? Othello's occupation and all that? What would I do?"

It was indeed a question. Brooks had no life outside the firm, except for Mrs. Brooks and their

ILLUSTRATION BY NEIL BOYLE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COMMAND PERFORMANCE

FASHION NEWS
FROM MONACO

Ford's lively new look makes headlines!

Right in the middle of the automotive year... right in sports car-loving Monaco . . . Ford introduced the liveliest of the lively ones.

63½ Super Torque Ford Sports Hardtop At the left, in front of the Monte Carlo Casino, stands newsmaker number one. It's the hardtop that looks like a convertible... the sleek Super Torque Ford Sports Hardtop! Choose the XL model and relax in deep-foam bucket seats... with console-mounted shift at your fingertips. There's also a bench seat model . . . and your choice of Thunderbird V-8s up to 425 hp.

63½ Falcon Hardtop On the right is the luxurious new Falcon Hardtop. Its racy new roofline adds a new fashion flair to America's all-time Economy Champ. Available with bench seats—or in bucket seat models with console and optional 4-speed floor shift.

Ford's lively new look will be making friends everywhere . . . on Main Street as well as in Monaco. At your Ford Dealer's now.

America's liveliest, most care-free cars

FORD

FALCON • FAIRLANE • FORD • THUNDERBIRD

FOR 60 YEARS THE SYMBOL OF DEPENDABLE PRODUCTS

Ford MOTOR COMPANY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

polio-crippled daughter, Angelina, and the function of those two pale-browed, serene and uncommunicative women, besides keeping up the Gothic shingled house on Staten Island, was to provide, during long evenings of needlepoint, the appearance of an audience for his saga of the day's battles. The firm was his club, his fishing lodge, his cottage on the seashore; it was the source both of his gossip and of his intellectual satisfaction, a fountain of friends, in a sense of brothers and now of sons.

"I thought perhaps that in the evening of life, as they put it," Tilney pursued gently, "you might like to be free of the cares and troubles of practice."

Brooks, looking into those large, encompassing gray eyes, understood that Tilney pitied and sympathized. "But what is life without cares and troubles?" he riposted, maintaining the pose of the old soldier obliged to seek the assistance of the younger general, an assistance, however, that would be amply repaid by the old soldier's experience in days of yore. He knew that Tilney saw through it, but at the same time that he was grateful for it. It preserved the dignity of each.

"Is the game worth the candle otherwise?" he said. "Can a man really love if he doesn't know jealousy? My biggest kicks have come out of the things that have given me my biggest worries. And I hope it'll go on that way for a bit. Not too long, Clitus, but just for a bit. I'd like to die at my desk like my cousin Reginald."

Tilney coughed and looked down for a moment at a memorandum. When he spoke, it was in the harder tone that he used for definite propositions. Tilney never allowed discussion to be general for long. "I've always had a theory, Sylvester, that the office should have a final court of appeal to review the wills and trusts. One partner who should read them before they're executed to check for violations of the rule against perpetuities and so forth. He would put his initials in the margin of a special copy with the date of his approval, and that would be the green light to go ahead with the signing. Never before. To let a client execute a trust before those initials appeared on the copy would become a capital offense. How would such a job appeal to you?"

Brooks smiled warily. The idea had instant appeal, but he caught a whiff of danger, and he knew that now or never was the time to treat with Tilney. "I could review the instruments for any mistakes under the law of wills and trusts, of course," he answered and then cleared his throat cautiously. "That is, if I don't flatter myself. But I don't think I could be responsible for all the tax aspects. Tax law has gotten so complicated that it really needs a specialist. We old-timers can't be expected to keep up with every last wrinkle of regulation, that the commissioner dreams up."

Tilney moved swiftly to tie up his bargain. "I guess we can leave taxes out of it. But you will be the last word on everything else." Tilney frowned and shook his head ruefully. "Including typographical errors. Our girls get sloppier and sloppier. The new system will start on Monday. Oh, and Sylvester ——" Tilney always put his visitor in the position of being about to rush off and having to be detained. "I want you to take a ten percent cut next year. The young men keep crowding in on us, you know. Age must make way gracefully. A couple more years, and I'll start hacking myself down." He rose to walk with Brooks to the door. "Remind me if I don't, Sylvester. Remind me if I become piggy. We all have to remember that the young men are the future of the office."

Brooks, however, was too elated to do more than make a mental note that, as he would have no further traveling or entertaining to do, he could save money on clothes.

The new project was announced at the partners' Monday lunch. He had hoped that Chambers Todd would not be present, but this hope proved vain. Todd was the partner of whom he was most afraid. Todd made no secret of his conviction that everyone and everything in the firm that did not promptly pay should be ruthlessly eliminated. And the worst thing about him was that he was a total success himself, not only in the practice of corporation law but even in the field of Brooks's own supposed priority, that of business getting. Todd's methods made Brooks's—the easy chats on the golf course, the tactful charm at the dinner party, the conviviality of the fishing trip seem fruitless and out-of-date. Todd, at any social gathering, would go straight to the most important man in the room, flatter him in the crudest possible fashion and, more often than seemed decent, add him to the roster of Tower, Tilney clients. At the partners' lunch, when Tilney finished his brief statement, Todd quickly raised the point that Brooks had known he would not miss.

"What will be the extent of Sylvester's responsibility?" he demanded. "In wills, for example, will he pass on the accuracy of a marital-deduction formula?"

Brooks was too old a hand at concealing his panic to betray any of it in the apparently casual glance that he directed at the senior partner. He seemed merely to be yielding the floor to one who had the easy and obvious answer. But the marital deduction! He would have been hard-pressed to explain what it was.

"No, we thought that would be a bit too much for one man," Tilney replied. "I think the partner whose client it is must assume responsibility that the tax problems have been met."

"But, for Pete's sake, what does that leave Sylvester?" Todd persisted in his crude way. "Seeing that the measuring lives of a trust are all in being? Checking that the executors are exempted from bond? Any kid right out of law school who can't do those things should get the ax. Let's face it, Clitus: We live in a tax era. Everything's taxes. Whether a client wants to make a trust, or form a corporation, or get a divorce, or even go into bankruptcy, what's the first thing he asks? What are the tax consequences?" He looked around the table and gave a short, contemptuous snort. "I sometimes wonder what the hell lawyers did before the big taxes. Fuss around with the commerce clause, I guess, and try to break wills."

"Oh, come, Chambers; you're going too far," Tilney protested. "I think this emphasis on taxes today can be overdone. The old problems, like the poor, are always with us."

"*Are* the poor always with us?" Todd asked. "Where are they? I pay my cleaning woman more than old Tower paid me my first year in the office."

In the laughter that followed Brooks knew that the point of the discussion had been lost, and relief that his new job was safe overflowed his heart and seemed to bubble into every part of his being.

That had been a year ago, and now, at 70, he had still not made the dreaded error. The new job had started beautifully, with a memorandum issued by Tilney to all hands that described Brooks as the "supreme arbiter" of trusts and testaments. The young men called respectfully at his small office around the corner from the file room, with its neat, clean desk and spotless blotter and its white walls chaste except for a charcoal sketch of Judge Tower, and they would nod, with deferential smiles, as they asked, "May I bother the 'arbiter' with a small matter?" Happily, the first month had contained a number of routine wills and trusts with such simple provisions as, "To my wife for life, remainder to my issue," or, "All my residue to my widow, but, if she shall die before me, to Saint Andrew's Hospital." Brooks began to gain confidence as he read them, and when he had completed his study of each, he would call the draftsman on the telephone and say, after a preliminary throat clearing, "Oh, Tomkins, is that you? Brooks. I've finished this Catlin will. Could you drop in and discuss it with me a minute?" Of course he could have placed his initials, in large, blue, sweeping arcs, in the lower left margin of the document and tossed it into his "out" basket with the name of the draftsman clipped to the top. But this procedure would have been offensive to Brooks. He did not like the idea of confidential documents' being carried through the corridors by messenger boys. It was more consistent with the dignity of an estate-and-trust practice, and, obviously, with his own function as supreme arbiter, to have the lawyer seeking the approving "S.B." call upon him in person. It was the least, too, that Brooks's age and seniority should command.

"Have a seat," he would say when Tomkins appeared, leaning back in his chair and packing tobacco into his pipe. "I don't know that there's terribly much to say about your matter, but we'll see." He would then go through the form of fumbling through a drawer. There was no point in letting Tomkins know that his whole morning had been occupied by that will. "Ah, here it is. I see I've initialed it. Let me just recall it to mind." He would put on his glasses and scan the familiar first page. "Ah, yes. A good, sound, simple testamentary scheme. In my humble opinion there's too much unnecessary complication these days. Trying to beat the government out of the last red cent and forgetting the more basic things, like what a family really needs. We lawyers can be too smart for our own good sometimes. Do you know how long C. V. Babcock's will was? A document that disposed of a hundred million dollars?"

"No, sir."

"Three lines." Brooks would smile amiably at the young man and then slap the table. "Three little lines. Let me recite them to you, because I regard them as classic in the history of estate planning. Oh, I know they wouldn't fit every situation, of course, but it's a good idea to remember that they might fit more than you think." Here Brooks would clear his throat again, eye the young man with a steady, smiling stare and recite in a low, dulcet tone, "'I devise and bequeath all of my estate, real and personal, to my wife, Mary A. Babcock, and name her executor thereof, to serve without bond.'" He would strike the table again, but this time it would be only a tap. "Pretty good, you must admit."

"I suppose in those days, sir, things were simpler."

"But the fundamentals were the same!"

Brooks prided himself on being nobody's fool. He knew that the young men were anxious to get back to their work, that they begrudged the time taken out of a busy day to listen to his reminiscences. But still, he thought, it was good for them. Where else in the office could they catch the flavor of the past, and without

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"You must be kidding!"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a touch of that flavor did the law not become a mere jumble of tax regulations, to be practiced with a slide rule? He had always had a secret hope that survival would be his own method of triumph. He had loved to visualize himself, in daring moments, as the charming, discursive, admired old gentleman of Tower, Tilney and Webb, the partner whose common sense and broad experience were to prove in the end more valuable to the firm than the mere technical expertise of others, the man who was able to unite the generations, to explain Waldron Webb and Chambers Todd to the young, and the young to them. There was even a fantasy in which he saved the firm from a schism by raising his arms for peace over a sordid quarrel as to whose name should go first on the door, thus reuniting the warring factions with the skill of his diplomacy. Even Todd would have to recognize then that Brooks's love of the firm transcended all petty ambition.

"Well, thanks, Mr. Brooks," Tomkins would be saying as he got up from his chair. "And now, if I may take the will, I needn't intrude on your time any further."

"My time is your time, my boy. Any time an old man can be of help."

It did seem to be working out. Even the file clerks recognized that Mr. Brooks had a new importance in the office. Miss Gibbon had to see that no signed will was placed in the vault until a copy with Mr. Brooks's initials had been affixed to the record file, and she enforced the rule with her usual rigidity. Sometimes at partners' lunches he told stories now, to the general amusement, of typographical errors and curious clauses, and occasionally a group of two or three clerks, passing his door on the way to lunch, would ask him to join them. At home Mrs. Brooks and Angelina listened with a new attention as he described the personalities of the young men.

Brooks began to wonder, like Rabbi Ben Ezra, if the best was not yet to be. But the concept of "best" instantly suggested its opposite, and didn't his present situation provide just the atmosphere to materialize the ancient specter of his still-unmade blunder? Perhaps it had waited all these years to make its grim visit to Brooks, the arbiter.

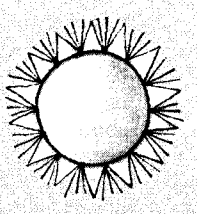
His craft had soon glided over the shallow waters of the initial documents to the murky depths of those succeeding. He was staggered by the "marital deduction" wills with their elaborate mathematical formulae, and found himself covering scratch paper with numerators and denominators and running to his old friends, the accountants, for help. Though not responsible for taxes, he had to be able to read the instrument. And then came a collection of interlocking trusts, created by a rich Hungarian refugee family. Brooks would never have believed that laymen could have imagined such a medley of contingencies, each one to be met with a different scheme. And on top of these trusts came a will whose residuary clause divided the estate into 200 parts, some in trust, some outright gifts, some gifts to charity, some to charitable trusts. He began to realize that the first two months of his apprenticeship must have been a period of unprecedented lull in the manufacture of the more usual Tower, Tilney documents.

He tried to conceal his fear of complexity behind a philosophy of simplicity. "It's one thing to write these wills," he would tell the young men who came to his office. "It's another thing to administer them. Have you thought of that? All right, suppose you *do* save a few thousand bucks in taxes. Aren't you adding it right back to the costs of administration?" But the young men did not seem to think so. They listened politely enough, but they would always insist that what the client wanted the client should get. Brooks had the uneasy feeling that they knew he found it difficult to keep up with them and knew, too, that they had only to appeal to the partner in charge if he refused to sign. And so, grumbling, he signed.

Once, however, he made a stand. It was over the will of an old maid who wanted to divide her estate among her nephews and nieces in such a way as to make them, taking into account the private resources of each at the time of her death, of equal wealth. The will was a prodigy of ingenuity, but repulsively difficult to read. It bristled with rules and equations. How much, for example, did one debit a nephew who had a trust fund, as opposed to one who was a partner in a law firm, or who ran a small business? Brooks took the will home to Staten Island over the weekend and puzzled in vain over its tortured language while the women of his family worked on their needlepoint. On Monday morning he gathered up the bits and pieces of his atrophied courage and flung them in the face of the frowning young associate who had prepared the instrument.

"I'm afraid I can't put my initials on your masterpiece," he said, with what he hoped was his nicest smile. "Perhaps you deserve an honorary degree from Harvard

Enjoy The Grand Manner of Matson to Hawaii



Royal pleasures await you on Matson's Pacific—sumptuous comforts, lavish considerations, charms and graces that have all but disappeared from life on land.

No Sultan could travel in greater splendor. Nor command more thoughtful attentions than you will know with Matson to Hawaii. Gay parties, glamorous diversions and a wondrous wealth of other regal pleasures will attend your every moment for 4½ days and 5 nights.

Yet the Grand Manner of Matson is not costly.

Service is all First Class, with accommodations available to suit any budget. Modest, lavish and anywhere in between. Economy staterooms, with bath nearby, are priced from $414, round trip. Staterooms with private bath start at $666, round trip. And the price of your ticket includes all of the countless niceties for which Matson's luxurious vacation-liners are renowned.

It's like no other vacation in the world. Matson's 80-year tradition of pampering passengers at sea makes it so.

Why not make this your year to cruise away with Matson to Hawaii?

See your travel agent or write Matson Lines, 215 Market Street, San Francisco 5, California.

Matson Lines

THE VACATION WAY TO HAWAII

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for creative imagination. It's a fantastic job you've done here, and I give you full marks. But I can't get away from the fact that it's an invitation to a lawsuit. I'll bet this will would have to be construed a dozen times!"

"But I maintain it's entirely clear, sir."

"*You* do, of course. But what about the nephews and nieces?"

The associate shrugged and left, and Brooks next heard of the matter when he was summoned to the senior partner's office. Tilney had the disputed will before him and a pad on which he had jotted some figures. He smiled as he looked up.

"This will of Miss Shepard's is something, isn't it? I've been checking it out, though, and it seems to work. Did you think it wouldn't?"

"I don't say it isn't accurately drawn," Brooks answered quietly, hoping by soft speech and firm manner to convey the impression that he, too, had been able to check it out. "But when you've played around with wills as long as I have, Clitus, you know that complexity spells trouble."

"I thought just the opposite was the case," Tilney insisted unexpectedly. "I thought it was the simple, home drawn will that ended up in court. There's nothing wrong with complexity if the draftsman knows what he's doing. And I suggest that this draftsman does. In fact, I intend to keep an eye on this young man. Now the wisdom of the will is another matter. But we can't control that. If Miss Shepard wants to do this kind of thing with her property, that's Miss Shepard's privilege. And why should we complain? She pays us. If every client wanted an all-to-my-widow will, they'd soon start using stationery-store forms."

"But even so, Clitus, it seems to me there are limits."

"Everything has limits," Tilney said in the sharper tone that he used when a subordinate failed to take the proferred "easy out." "I fail to see that they have been reached here. It takes time and effort to understand a document like this, but I think you will find that if you take that time and make that effort it will become clear."

Brooks rose quickly and took his pen from his upper vest pocket. "I *have* taken that time, Clitus, and I have made that effort. My objections were all in principle, but, as you're the final judge of that, I withdraw them." He smiled down at the senior partner as if they were adjusting a minor matter. "Let me put my John Henry on that document here and now."

As he leaned over to scratch his initials in the margin, he knew by Tilney's grunt that all was well again. He stifled a sigh. Well between them, perhaps, but he knew that all would never be well again inside himself. For he had, at last, placed the approving "S.B." on a paper that he did not begin to understand. It could be only a matter of time now before Nemesis struck.

He was never sure whether the change in his office status that followed this episode was real or imagined. Had the word got about among the clerks that old Brooks had been peremptorily overruled by Mr. Tilney and that henceforth one had only to cough significantly if Brooks withheld his initials? Or was it merely his own abashment at realizing that he had been caught out in laziness and timidity and had ignorantly approved a will that might as well have been written in Chinese? Were the associates frankly bored now when he stopped by their offices to chat or was he simply more conscious of those drumming fingers, that eye on the clock? Surely it was a fact that documents for his approval were now more often sent to his desk by messenger than personally delivered. And surely it was another fact that, when he was in a clerk's office and the telephone rang, the clerk no longer told his caller, "I'll ring you back." *Was* he more boring, more contemptible? Or was it rather that terrible thing about old age, that people expected one to be boring and hence one was? Just as they expected one to forget everything or to be deaf. (Brooks, whose hearing was unusually acute, suffered increasingly from a world that shouted at him.) But his only answer to the real or imagined sneers, the true or fictive yawns, was to redouble his efforts to be agreeable, to smile more broadly at the clerks, to laugh more loudly at the jokes at the partners' lunches, to put an occasional flower on the desks of the senior ladies of the staff. He began to be as jaunty and twinkly as an old vaudeville actor.

The outward expression, however, was no sign of any inward truth. Behind the rumbling laugh, the oft-cleared throat, the anecdote of the glorious past, lay the old dread, intensified, close to panic, relieved only by periods of damp, dull resignation. The mistake would happen soon enough; the laws of chance alone decreed it. A good third of the instruments that he now meekly initialed contained clauses that he no longer even pretended to himself he understood. When he asked a draftsman to explain, he would concentrate so hard on his own expression of intelligent listening that he would forget to listen, and when he asked questions he was apt to be silenced by the answer, "But, Mr. Brooks, aren't *you* meant to be the expert on that?"

At night he often lay awake, trying to visualize the different ways in which disaster might strike. It would be a will in which the percentage shares of the residuary estate were found to total more than 100. It would be a trust where the remainder vested in a dead person. There would be angry voices and pointing fingers, and the initials "S.B." on the guilty file copy would be the death warrant from which there was no appeal. Ah, well, he sometimes thought, as he wiped the cold drops from his forehead, it might even be a relief to have it over.

When disaster came at last, it came with an awesome simplicity. Old Titus Baxter died, and in his will he exercised a power of appointment, conferred upon him by the will of his long-deceased mother, to prolong a trust for the lifetime of his daughter. It was not one of the complex wills that Brooks had so feared; it was, on the contrary, one of the simple ones that he had applauded. The trouble was that the daughter had been born *after* her grandmother's death. This small basic fact, known to all—apparent, indeed, by the very recitals in Titus's will—had, incredibly enough, been overlooked by the drafting clerk, the senior associate, the partner in charge, and, in the end, by Sylvester Brooks. The exercise of the power had necessarily failed, and a quarter of a million dollars now tumbled, "in default of a valid appointment," into the lap of old Mrs. Baxter's unsuspecting but grateful pet charity, the Institute for the relief of Indigent Descendants of American Revolutionary Officers. The mistake was one that any law student working in the office for a summer salary would have been expected to pick up. There was indeed a grave question as to whether Miss Baxter did not have a suit against the firm for malpractice. Only the large bequests to her in other articles of the will might incline her to mercy.

Brooks first learned about the trouble on a Monday morning from Morris Madison, the partner in charge of the Baxter estate. The invalidity had been pointed out late the preceding Friday by the executor, Standard Trust Company, and Madison had spent the weekend in the office with a team of associates, frantically digging out the law to see if anything could be done to save Miss Baxter's trust. Nothing could. Madison seemed tired, but resigned.

"I thought you'd better hear about it from me before the partners' lunch," he told Brooks. "Of course we're all to blame, but the major blame is mine. Some harsh things will undoubtedly be said, and I suggest we sit together, and you let me answer the questions. I don't know how you feel about this sort of thing, but, frankly, I'm not inclined to be too apologetic. It's the kind of ridiculous blunder that might have happened to anybody. It's like an act of God. There's no point calling it careless. I don't happen to be a careless lawyer. Unless I'm to be judged by this and this alone."

Brooks had always regarded Madison as an aloof, superior person, too exalted on his peak of tax brilliance even to scorn such fumbling practitioners as Brooks. But now he decided that Morris Madison was the first gentleman of the office, and a dramatic vision of himself facing the partners with this gallant ally rose like a phoenix from the ashes of his career. The long-heralded crisis had come, but it found him ready. When he walked into the dining room behind Madison, he was even able to smile at the sullen face of Chambers Todd.

Yet Todd was as fierce as anyone could have feared. The man had so identified his personal ambition with Tower, Tilney that his agony at the Baxter debacle was as acute as if he had made the error himself. Despite Clitus Tilney's coughs and hints, he kept returning to the subject, long after the others had accepted Madison's brief, dignified statement.

"You say it was Jonas McClintock who prepared the original draft?" he demanded of Madison. "Then it was McClintock who made the error of using Miss Baxter as a measuring life?"

"I've already told you, Chambers, the responsibility is mine."

"Never mind this I'm-the-captain-of-my-ship attitude," Todd snapped with a rudeness that shocked the table. "This isn't a court-martial, and I don't give a damn for fancy concepts of responsibility. The point is that we can't afford to have juniors who make such gaffes. McClintock must go."

"He's a good man, Chambers."

"Oh, rats. He *was* a good man."

"You think an associate should be allowed only one mistake?"

"When it's a mistake like that, I certainly do! If each of them pulled that kind of boner, we'd be out of business in a year!"

"I think we've said about all that can be profitably said on the subject," Clitus Tilney intervened from the head of the table. "The committee on associates will consider McClintock's case. No doubt they will give Mr. Todd's suggestion the

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"There goes a great watcher."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

weight that it is due. Now may we pass on to other matters?"

Sylvester Brooks, however, was not going to be deprived of his minute in Morris Madison's finest hour.

"May I say one thing, Mr. Tilney," he began, and paused to clear his throat impressively. "If there's any firing to be done, I don't think it should be confined to associates. My initials are on the office copy of the Baxter will. Chambers Todd may not care about responsibility, but I do. I'm responsible for every clause in that document."

"We don't fire partners," Todd retorted roughly. "That would be firing ourselves. But if we can't read wills properly, we have to hire young men who can. And may I suggest one thing, Sylvester? If you'd spend less time telling the associates tales of the great past, they might have more time for work and make fewer mistakes."

There was a gasp around the table, and Tilney exclaimed sharply, "That will do, Chambers! You're going too far." He nodded apologetically down the table at Brooks. "I hope you realize, Sylvester, that the rest of us do not go along with that last remark. I shall now ask Bayard Kip to report on his very interesting conference with Commissioner Caplin on the tightening of tax deductions for business entertaining."

Brooks uttered not a word for the rest of the meal, but kept his eyes fixed, with a concentrated expression of sympathetic interest, on the gravely articulate Mr. Kip. He was reflecting, however, that the furies had claws as sharp as, but no sharper than, he had dreaded. The cruelty of Todd had been terrible, but anticipatable. Now it was over, and Brooks hoped that he had played his part in the fifth act as becomingly as any of them. There was only one more thing to do before the final curtain, and he did it, just after lunch, in Clitus Tilney's office, standing solemnly before the senior partner's desk.

"But, my dear fellow, I shan't *permit* you to resign," Tilney said immediately, waving his right hand in expansive protest. "No, no, no. At least not under these circumstances. This thing will blow over; don't worry. If, when it has, you still wish to retire—as you're entitled to at your age—that's another matter. But I won't have you quitting under fire after forty-five years in this office. Forget about Chambers. His bite may be worse than his bark, but I know how to muzzle him."

Brooks stared at him with the bewilderment of a supporting actor who finds the star suddenly extemporizing. "But if I stay on, what will I do? How can you use me?"

"Use you?" Tilney demanded in surprise. "Why, exactly the way we've been using you all along, as our esteemed arbiter of wills!"

"You mean you'd *trust* me?" Brooks demanded, almost in indignation. "You'd trust me again after this Baxter mess?"

"Of course I'd trust you. I'd trust you with anything, old boy. Now get out of here and go back to work, and don't let me hear another word of this nonsense!"

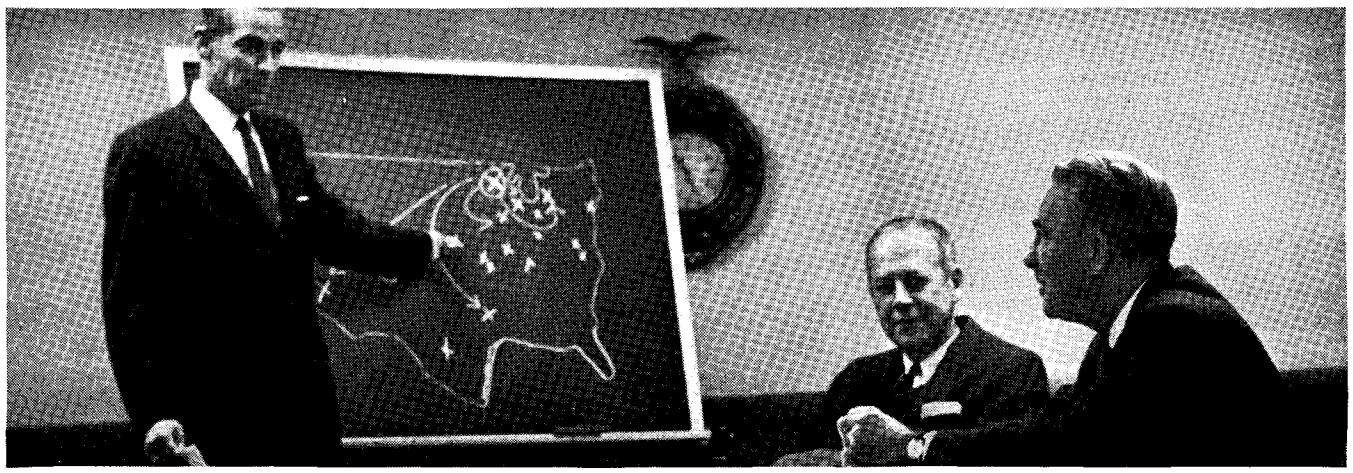
As Brooks walked down the long corridor from Clitus Tilney's large office to his own small one, he wondered dazedly if the final curtain would ever fall between himself and the audience of his own panic. There were no lines now, no play, no scenery even; he was speechless on a deserted stage. He stopped in his doorway. There was something in the middle of the clean white blotter on his desk. It was the carbon copy of a will, placed there for his inspection and initialing. placed there fastidiously, so that its sides were parallel with the sides of the blotter, placed there as if to mock him with its neatness and hidden dangers. And hovering over it, unseen but sneering, vaguely fetid, somehow ridiculous, he sensed at last the presence of his ancient specter and understood what it was.

"I've been made a fool of," he whispered, awed by his own discovery. "I've been made a perfect fool."

For the dreaded mistake had come and gone, and nobody cared that he had made it. He had been forgiven because there was nothing to forgive. His job was a form, an ingenious face-saver, conceived to keep an old body occupied. His initials in those margins were like revenue stamps on a recorded deed; they spoke not for the validity of the document, but for the power of the taxing state.

Sylvester Brooks, however, was not a man to draw out his crisis. He walked briskly to his chair and put on his glasses. For a moment he examined the will without reading a word, then he nodded, took off his glasses, reached for his pen and traced, with his customary care, the high, wavering, blue letters in the margin. If initials were required, initials would be supplied, right up to the last day of his partnership. His recompense to Tilney for what Tilney had tried to do for him would be to conceal his discovery of the stratagem. If the show had to go on, at least he had found his lines, and with lines an old actor could get through anything. THE END

Anywhere you do business, Employers Mutuals' National Accounts and local service men are on location when and where you need them.



J. N. Andrews (center) gets a full, first-hand report on the insurance program of Packaging Corporation of America. John Doherty (right) represents one of Employers Mutuals' 145 local offices. Bill Sallee, at the map, is the National Accounts Executive assigned to Packaging Corporation.

National Accounts executives get around! Here, Bill Sallee is at a pulpwood mill where he visits J. C. Morris, Senior Vice President of the Corporation's Paperboard Division. Bill's next Packaging Corporation call may be cross-country to another strategically located plant or mill.

PATCHWORK OR NETWORK? It's one or the other when the insurance plan must include 55 plants in 19 states

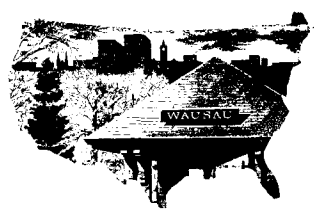
Wausau Story

by **J. N. ANDREWS**
Executive Vice President, Packaging Corporation of America, Evanston, Ill.

"A two-lane highway, more than 210 times the distance from New York to Los Angeles, could be covered with the paperboard we produce in a year. This—plus millions of cartons, containers, molded pulp and plastics packaging products—adds up to the complete service provided by our 55 plants and mills located in 19 different states.

"Insurance for these widespread operations could be a patchwork of separate plans. But Employers Mutuals helped us weld all the parts into a coordinated program. Employers Mutuals gives us an effective national network that combines and integrates the services of their home office in Wausau, their local offices, and their National Accounts Division. With National Accounts Executive Bill Sallee heading the team for us, coverages, claims, and safety and health services are coordinated with impressive speed and thoroughness. A good job, by 'good people to do business with' . . . everywhere we do business."

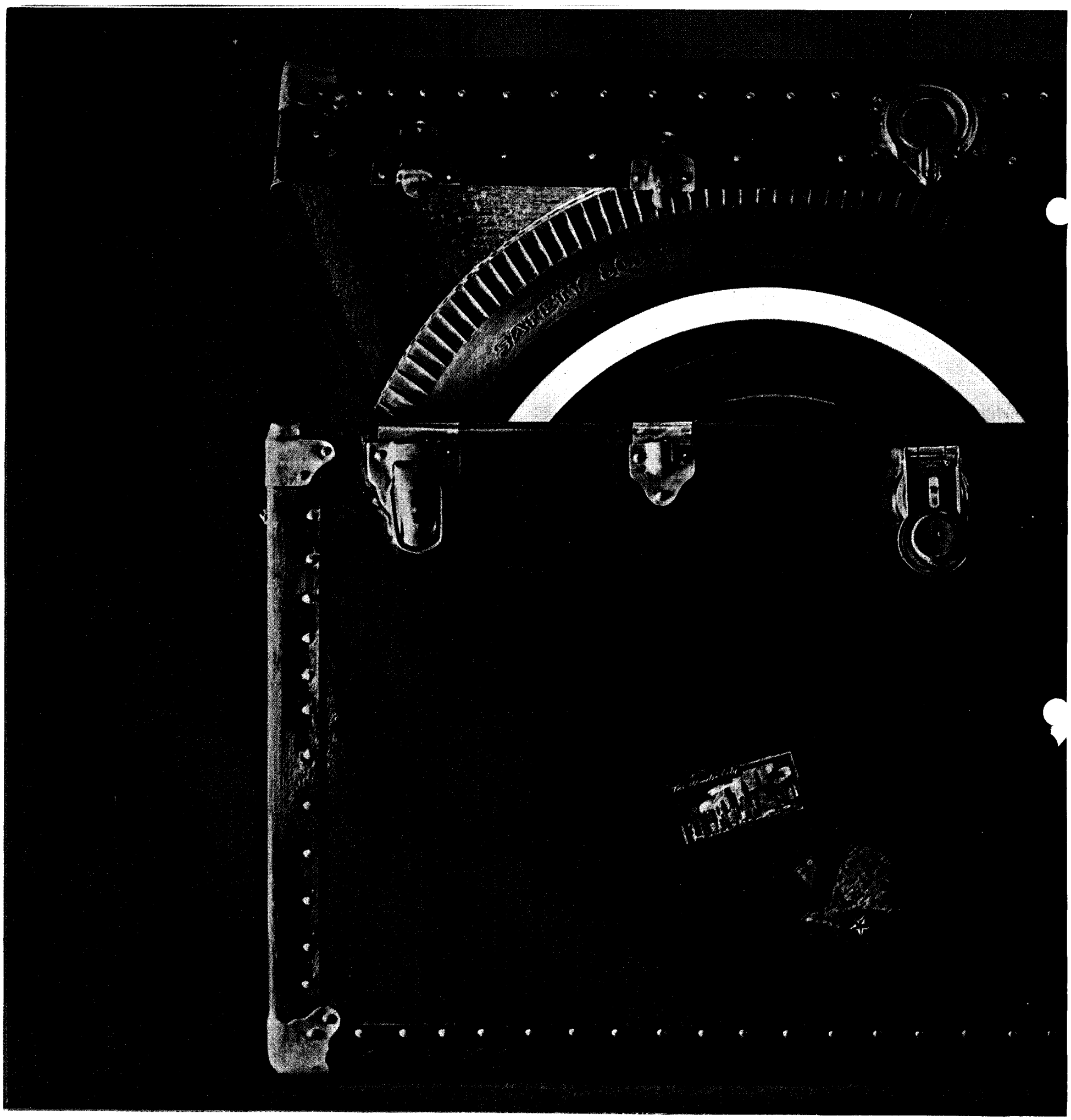
Employers Mutuals of Wausau, one of America's largest and most experienced underwriters of workmen's compensation, also writes group health and accident, fidelity bonds, and all forms of fire and casualty insurance, including automobile. See your telephone directory or write us in Wausau, Wisconsin.



Employers Mutuals of Wausau

145 Offices Coast to Coast
"Good people to do business with"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



New U.S. Royals are engineered to keep your spare in the trunk!

It's a natural thing. In the back of your mind, there is always the fear of trouble on the road. And even though it's comforting to know there's a spare in the trunk, you hate the trouble and bother of having to use it. With new U.S. Royals on your car, chances are your spare will stay in the trunk, except, of course, when the time comes to rotate it with the rest. You can ride confidently on

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

new U.S. Royals because of a special new bonding process called CVC™. This patented compound acts as an "invisible lock" to hold the key parts of a tire in an almost inseparable unit. CVC virtually does away with one of the major causes of tire failure—the tread ripping away from the body. Of course you should have a spare in your trunk. But new U.S. Royals are engineered to keep it there.

Engineered to keep your spare in the trunk

U. S. ROYAL® TIRES

IN CANADA, DOMINION RUBBER COMPANY, LTD.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dorothy Baker

NO VISITORS

That summer, somewhere along in July, Sibyl Armstrong, who was still the wife of Rex Armstrong, formed a habit of sliding the screens together—the house was of Oriental inspiration—and then pulling the curtains over them. She wasn't sure why she did it, particularly after she had stumbled twice over a little wicker footstool, once when it was where it belonged and once after she'd moved it.

Perhaps the reason, although she did not really seek it, was that summer gloom was in her blood. Her mother kept the house back in Davenport, Iowa, where Sibyl grew up, as dark as possible in the summertime on the theory that if you don't see the sun you don't think about the heat. It's an untenable theory, but here was Sibyl beginning to do things the way her mother had. A sign of age, or at least of maturity—of settling in with the ancestors.

It was hard to read in that house in Davenport, Iowa, in the summertime; Sibyl had not, in fact, done much reading. Summer was when she mostly sat in a big chair with one leg flung over a chair arm and thought about life—what she would be when she grew up, how she would look, what she would wear, and how deeply and imaginatively and stylishly her husband would love her after a wedding that could take, in her fancy, many forms, from a production in a church to an elopement involving the use of a ladder. She seldom, in the depths of the big chair, thought about what the children would be like or how many there might be, and this might in some way account for the fact that she and Rex hadn't had any. What you don't dream of you often don't get, not that you always get what you do, of course.

In that big chair Sibyl dreamed of being rescued and married and maintained in a style to which she became thoroughly accustomed, well in advance of reality, during the heat of those adolescent summers. It was very fancy dreaming she did in that chair, but it had worked out accurately—up to a point. The rescue had been effected eventually from college, not from home. It was an elopement, too: a no-ladder elopement, but authentic, dramatic and uncontested. And the marriage was, in its way, a living reenactment of the dream—with all that love, all that style, all that elegance: the king-size bed in the master bedroom, the double dressing rooms, the pool, the terrace, and beyond it the teahouse—the one they built when they were on an inner-peace kick—with the great flat imported stones to leave shoes on. That's how it was; name anything, the Armstrongs had one and knew how it worked.

Some churls always say of happiness that you can't buy it, and others will add that you can't take your purchases with you, and the truth is that nemesis, although it operates on a hit-or-miss system, manages frequently to hit some very happy people, among them now the Armstrongs—Sibyl with the screens pulled together and the curtains drawn, and Rex in the hospital with a no-visitors sign on his door, floating in a coma compounded of morphine and ultimate nonaggression.

The telephone rang, and Sibyl Armstrong, sitting with one leg flung over a chair arm, jackknifed herself up and out of the chair. Crossing

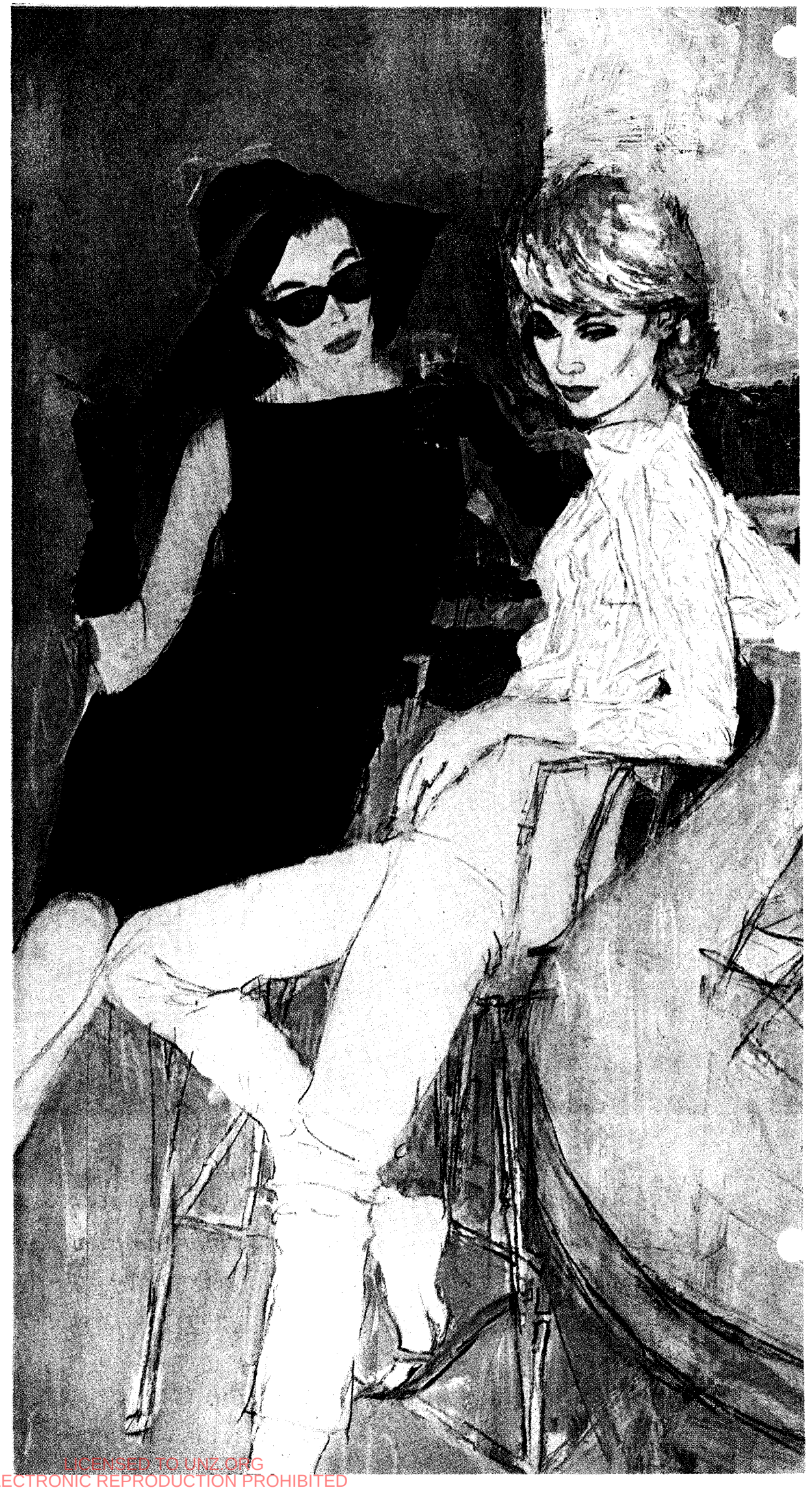


Illustration by Joe de Mers

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TILL NOON

Rules kept her from her husband. They couldn't keep her visitor out.

the room, she tripped over the footstool again, picked it up, took it with her, sat down on it and caught the telephone at the second ring. One way to keep track of a footstool is to sit on it, and sitting doubled up is one way to keep from shaking. She put the telephone against her knees, bent to it and said hello in a voice that cracked a little. She lived in fear, and her voice was untrustworthy. The other voice was cultured, female, nobody from the hospital. It asked, elaborately, for Mrs. Armstrong.

"Speaking," said Sibyl, to her own surprise. It was the first time in her life she'd answered "speaking," but at least she didn't say "shaking."

"Sib?" the other voice said, quite simply now. "Maggie Staples."

No bell rang. No bell very well could. Sibyl Armstrong's consciousness was taken up with one name only these days, in a very one-track way. She was excluded from the hospital room until noon, while the nurses did their things, but she was admitted at 12 and allowed to sit beside the bed until midnight or whenever somebody sent her home. And from six in the morning until noon she waited for the telephone to ring, hoping wildly that it wouldn't. Not today, please, not today, some other day, and not by phone. Let me be there.

The name "Maggie Staples" meant nothing, and when she said, "Oh, Maggie Staples," she brought so little conviction to it that her caller offered a short refresher course.

They'd lived straight across the hall from each other for three years at Biddle College (for Women) before Maggie Staples lit out and went on to higher things in the region about Times Square and Broadway. Maggie Staples kept it brief and said it quite gracefully, but Sibyl recalled that they'd both failed to graduate, and for much the same reason, except that Maggie's marriage had been to a career. When you're offered a meaty role on Broadway, you don't tell the producer to wait until you've been handed a diploma and can therefore switch your tassel from one side of your silly hat to the other. You accept the role. You go.

"I know," Sibyl said. "I think I saw a thing on you in one of the magazines."

"Oh?" the voice said. "When was that?"

"Ages ago," Sibyl said; "twenty years at least."

If at this moment the hospital was trying to call her, they would be getting a repetitive sound indicating that the telephone was in use.

"It couldn't have been *that* long," Maggie Staples said, "because, goose girl, we've only been out of college seventeen years."

"Fifteen, then," Sibyl said, "or twelve. I never have had much sense of time. Anyhow, I remember we were very proud."

"Bless you," the voice said, most sincerely. "I've tried to live up to it—that pride. In a way it's the actor's first obligation."

"Maggie—I'll have to say it—I'm in a predicament."

"Yes, dear," the voice said quickly, "tell me."

"It's just that I'm expecting a call."

"Oh. If it's important, I'll hang right up."

"It is. But call again sometime."

"That I'll do," the voice said. Bravely. And hurt. "That I'll certainly do."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Prove it yourself—RISLONE babys your car's engine as nothing else can!

Want better gas mileage? Lower oil consumption? New car pep? Add RISLONE® every oil change, or when you're down a quart. Cleans out power-robbing gum and sludge . . . restores quiet, efficient engine operation. Nothing like it to maintain lubricating efficiency of all motor oils, including the new long-life types. Now, with longer intervals between oil changes, it becomes more important than ever to use RISLONE regularly. Your money back if RISLONE doesn't improve engine performance. At your service station or garage. $1.50 per quart. Slightly higher in Canada.

Free Proof of Performance Booklet: Record your RISLONE performance statistics . . . get valuable driving and money-saving tips. Write to: The Shaler Company, Dep't. SE-3 Waupun, Wisconsin.

Now Possible to Shrink and Heal Hemorrhoids Without Surgery

Only Preparation H Contains New Healing Substance That Can Shrink Hemorrhoids Without Surgery And At Same Time Relieve Itching and Pain.

A world-famous research institute has discovered a new substance which now makes it possible to shrink and heal hemorrhoids *without surgery*. It stops itching and relieves pain in minutes, then speeds up healing of the sore, injured tissues all while actual reduction (shrinking) takes place.

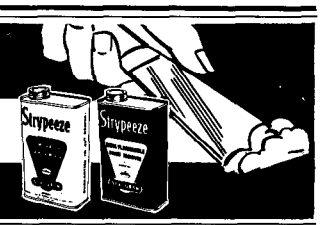
Tests conducted under a doctor's observations proved this so. And most amazing of all, this very striking improvement was maintained over a period of many months.

In fact, results were so thorough, sufferers were able to make such statements as "Piles have ceased to be a problem." Among these sufferers were a very wide variety of hemorrhoid conditions, some of 10 to 20 years' standing.

All this was accomplished without the use of narcotics, astringents or anesthetics of any kind. The secret is the remarkable new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®) which quickly helps heal injured cells and stimulates regrowth of healthy tissue again. It is offered in *ointment* or *suppository* form called Preparation H®.

In addition to actually shrinking hemorrhoids, Preparation H lubricates and makes elimination less painful. It helps prevent infection which is a principal cause of hemorrhoids. Just ask for Preparation H Ointment or Preparation H Suppositories (easier to use away from home). Any drug counter.

SAVOGRAN **Strypeeze**
SEMI-PASTE OR NON-FLAMMABLE
Strips Paint Fast
AT PAINT OR HARDWARE STORES
THE SAVOGRAN CO., NORWOOD, MASS.



The 'All-Purpose' Oil For Home Workshops
Cleans · Lubricates · Prevents Rust
3-IN-ONE® OIL
REGULAR — OIL SPRAY — ELECTRIC MOTOR

DISCOURAGE **Thumbsucking and Nail Biting**

just paint on fingertips. 70¢ at your drug store.

THUM TRADE MARK

NO VISITORS

"Look, Maggie." Sibyl said. "Where are you staying? I'll call you when I can."

"It's an unlisted number," Miss Staples said, "and I'm not there, and I can't remember it. I've been out here six weeks only, and my mind's a whirlpool of terribly important numbers, one of which is mine—but which one?"

"Then you call me," Sibyl said, "sometime. It's nice of you to remember me after so long."

"Nonsense. 'Bye, dear."

Click. And if the hospital had tried to call during the course of this unpredictable conversation, it would call again. It was 9:30 now. Two and a half hours more and she could push open the door with the no-visitors sign on it and try to share the coma.

Nine-thirty was an odd time for an actress to be up and about, communicating with old college classmates uncommunicated with for how many? . . . 17? . . . years. A girl named Maggie Staples *had* lived straight across the hall from her for three years. But girls who lived across the hall that long ago tend to blur and become confused with a lot of other more or less memorable girls from across the hall. Right now, for instance, Sibyl Armstrong found it hard even to recall the face of her roommate of those three years. Her memory limited itself to collecting memorabilia directly connected with Rex Armstrong, and it served her lavishly with all manner of bits and pieces and larger reconstructions. It brought her details—significant, insignificant and mixed—the insignificant becoming significant. The mole, for instance, on the bottom of his left foot, flat and smooth, more like a freckle, but large, the size of a quarter, and of a handsome brown color. When did she first know he had it?

Well, reconstruct.

He was lying in the sand, on his stomach, with his feet toward the ocean. West, that is, of course, and she, Sibyl, the reconstructor, was lying at right angles to him, at his feet, with her head facing Santa Barbara. She was gazing with fascination at his feet and thinking profound thoughts about man, not men, but primates all the way from apes to fellows—how the backs of their hands are hairy, but their palms are smooth and so are their feet. Then she was off the general and onto the particular, as usual, and lost in admiration of these particular bare soles, and it was then that she discovered the particular distinguishing mark. It was on the bottom of the foot farther north, the one closer to Santa Barbara. She remembered thinking that if you had to have such a large handsome freckle, the sole of the foot was a brilliant place to have it. And that night they had dinner in Santa Barbara with shoes on—a night that was all stars and no moon.

She lifted the telephone from her knees to the desk and stayed where she was, on the footstool. She was still sitting there, reconstructing, when the doorbell made the flat impersonal summons which Armstrong Associates—and Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong also—preferred to chimes. She sat where she was and ignored it, impersonally. She could do this for three summonses, but not for the fourth. She got up and walked across the living room into the entrance hall and opened the door during the fifth buzz.

There was a woman standing there, and when the door opened, she withdrew her gloved hand from the button she was pressing. She wore dark glasses and a floppy black hat and a black linen dress. An obvious example of a witch in gloves, and she spoke in a voice she knew the use of, a cool light breeze of a voice.

"When I took my bearings," she said, "it turned out I was so near that I came along."

She stepped in, still speaking, and said what she meant, very directly—that she knew a great deal about trouble and that she'd heard the sound of it—unmistakably just now on the phone.

"You're Maggie Staples. Already?" Sibyl Armstrong said with a logic of her own.

"Just like that," said the light voice, and Maggie Staples snapped a gloved middle finger against a gloved palm. "Just like that, I came where I was needed."

She walked past Sibyl to the far end of the entrance hall and turned back to say, "Or if I'm *not* needed, something quite obviously is. Can you tell me what?"

Sibyl closed the door and leaned back against it with her hand still holding the knob.

"Can't you, Sibyl, make a try?"

She turned, tentatively, toward the living room, and Sibyl walked across the

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I don't think you'll find anyone in the medical profession who holds that surgery is indicated in the treatment of pigeon toes."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hall behind her. They went in together.

"Be careful of that stool," Sibyl said, "that one in front of the desk." She drew some curtains and separated the screens, and Maggie Staples stood in the center of the room and looked at the room from floor to ceiling and from wall to wall and gave a sigh of profound admiration.

"Marvelous room," she said. "Absolute room."

Sibyl looked at it too. It was the first time she'd seen it for a long, long time.

"An architect's house has more or less of an obligation to be good," she said.

"It lives up," Maggie Staples said. She started toward a chair and then stood still and said, "Show me the kitchen, will you, Sib? That's the test of a house."

The kitchen also lived up. Gourmet to the very whisks was how Maggie Staples put it, and speaking of food, she was a little weak. She'd missed breakfast, for complicated reasons, but the custom of the country would suit her perfectly, if there happened to be any vodka in the house and any California orange juice toward the making of a screwdriver. Or better still, some tomato juice toward that other breakfast favorite out here—the Bloody Mary. Foolish custom of a foolish country, and how adaptable can you get? But she'd go back to soft-boiled eggs in New York. Meanwhile vodka, like the Romans when in Russia.

"Maybe we'd better go into the saloon," Sibyl said.

"Saloon?"

"Well, it's not a family room." Sibyl led her in, and Maggie Staples laughed behind her all the way and found it beautifully stocked and wonderfully restful.

"Great relief from those bars all hung over with Toulouse-Lautrec. Aren't you having one?"

"No, thanks," Sibyl said and felt foolish, not for the decision but for the thanks. She had never liked to drink, except with Rex. When he stopped wanting to, she stopped wanting to. She looked at the telephone hanging low under the bar, touched it to ask it not to ring and then went around to the other side and sat on a stool beside the breakfast guest.

"What are you doing out here?" she said. "Television?"

Maggie Staples responded with a restrained double take. She heard it, couldn't believe it, heard it again and appeared to choke slightly on the Bloody Mary.

"Do I look like television?" she asked. "Do I give the impression of being both adult and Western?"

"I don't really know much about it," Sibyl said. "Ours blew up and we never remember to have it fixed."

"Good policy," said Maggie Staples. "It's the kind of sawmill I don't care to get tangled up in. And whatever else you can say for me or against me, I haven't." She took a drink, set the glass down and added with emphasis, "Ever."

The next question should be, logically, a narrowing down (Then what is this job? What are you doing?), but Sibyl's guest answered it, in an oblique way, before she was asked.

"I'm trying to do a little good in a world where anxiety arrives and serenity departs." She looked into her glass, saying it, and rattled the ice cubes like dice in a cup.

"I'm told your husband is very ill," she said.

Sibyl jumped as suddenly as if she'd touched an open wire. She got off her stool and went around the counter to make certain the telephone was hanging properly on its hook.

Maggie Staples misinterpreted the move. Pushing her empty glass across the counter, she said, "Thanks, I will. You know, most women can cook passably, but very few can mix a decent drink. Why do you suppose that is?"

Her hostess, behind the counter, didn't offer a guess. She found a small can of tomato juice and opened it, looking deeply preoccupied. Finally she looked up and said, "But how ——"

"How did I know? Sixth sense, I suppose. I knew you married a man named Rex Armstrong—as a matter of fact, I danced with him once when he came up to one of those dumb Biddle dances we used to go through every spring. Now he's an important man. People hear about important men."

She took off the dark glasses, and Sibyl saw her eyes and was seen seeing them. "Smog," Maggie Staples said. "One more reason for me not to stay out here."

She put the glasses back on and said quietly, "Sibyl, I hope you know I'd never presume on a college friendship, nor on my reputation, nor your husband's, for that matter. How serious is it—do you know?"

"Do I *know?*" Sibyl said, but only to herself. She pared a sliver of peel from a lemon, gave it a twist and let it drop into the glass. It was quite a while before the answer came. And Maggie Staples waited for it, decently, with respect.

"The classification," Sibyl said very slowly, "is *terminal.*" And she went on, faster: "Terminal's the term, and it doesn't mean where you change trains—it's where you get off and stay off."

She felt around for the tray of ice cubes, but it had gone somewhere. "End of the whole bumping line," she said.

Maggie Staples watched her hunt for the tray and waited for her to find it before she spoke. It was a trained voice—calm, kind, compassionate and dispassionate at once.

"It goes without saying," she said, "that with your combined intelligences you've done everything that can possibly be done," and Sibyl answered a little breathlessly that, intelligent or not, they'd tried first things first, and then, one after the other: the rays, the pills, the shots, the chemical approach.

"But nothing new is new enough. By now there should be a cure, but the geniuses all go into physics to help us get into a great big game of Russian roulette. Any number can play."

"Don't talk that way or think that way, Sibyl. It's wrong, wrong, wrong."

"What's so wrong, wrong, wrong about it?"

"Bitterness won't help. That's really what I came to say—that you've got to learn to accept this and then prepare yourself for it. In spiritual ways and in practical ways."

Sibyl put a glass in front of her, and Maggie curled her hand around it. "This for me? Shouldn't you have one?"

"I had breakfast," Sibyl said, "at six o'clock. That's when the switchboard operator comes on duty. They close the board at midnight and open it at six, and if anything significant has happened during the night, after midnight and before six, they'll telephone." She folded a towel, dampened it and pushed it along the counter, with the grain. "At least they say they will," she said, "and it gives me

New Merc 650/65 hp/4 cylinders

One part on a Merc is designed to wear out

*This is a trim tab. It may be adjusted with a simple hand tool to offset engine torque for easy steering. This year, it has been designed to wear out. Here's why:

Up to now, outboarders using bronze propellers in salt water had a corrosion problem. When two unlike metals, such as bronze and aluminum, are submersed in salt water, an action is set up called galvanic corrosion. It is the reverse of plating one metal with another, causing one of the metals to be eaten away.

Mercury's new trim tab is cast from a special self-sacrificing alloy. In salt water, it allows itself to be slowly "eaten away"... thereby protecting the other metal parts of your motor. When your motor begins to steer hard, it's time to replace the trim tab. And, a new one costs only a buck. In fresh water, it lasts like aluminum.

A small thing, perhaps...but another example of the tender, loving care in design, proving, and production to give you *more* RUN for your money with Mercury.

MERCURY
100, 85, 65, 50, 35, 20, 9.8 and 6 hp outboards

MerCruiser Stern Drive Power Packages • 310, 225, 190, 140, and 110 hp gasoline 100 and 39 hp diesel

© 1963, KIEKHAEFER CORPORATION, Fond du Lac, Wisconsin
Subsidiary of Brunswick Corp.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

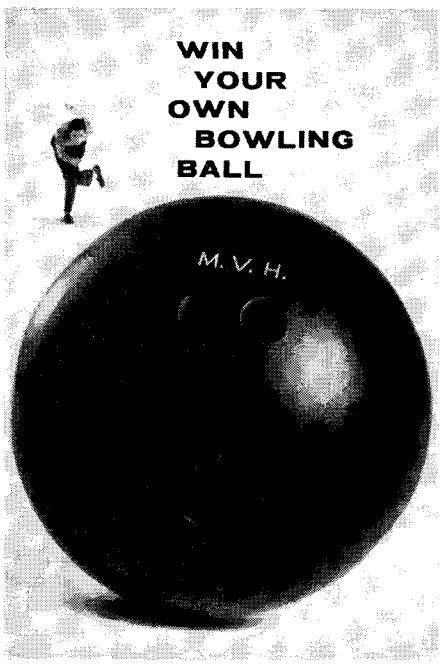
ASK FOR IT EITHER WAY both trademarks mean the same thing

VIOBIN
Wheat Germ Oil
HELPS HEART ACTION
GIVES MORE STRENGTH
• STAMINA • VIGOR •
PROVED 10 years — 600 persons
University Experiments
REFUSE SUBSTITUTES—
only VioBin Oil PROVED helpful.
Send NOW for FREE book #7
PROMETOL—8 to 1 vigor factor concentrate VioBin Oil. Same benefits—NO fat calories.
Liquid & Capsules
VIOBIN MONTICELLO, ILLINOIS

Best $ you can spend on your car
HASTINGS
PISTON RINGS
OIL FILTERS
CASITE ADDITIVES

CORNS
also Calluses. Quick, easy, and economical. Just rub on. Jars, 40¢, 70¢. At your druggist. *Money refunded if not satisfied.* Moss Chem. Co. Inc., Rochester, N.Y.
removed by
MOSCO

Now! An 'All-Purpose' Oil For Home Use
Clean • Lubricate • Prevent Rust
3-IN-ONE® OIL
REGULAR — OIL SPRAY — ELECTRIC MOTOR

WIN YOUR OWN BOWLING BALL


You can easily earn within a single week one of these nationally advertised Bowling Balls, bored to fit your hand.

Just send us four 2-year (90 issues) *Saturday Evening Post* subscriptions at $10.95 each and we'll rush your bowling ball to you. All subscriptions must be sold to persons outside your own home at the full price. Both new and renewals count, but not your personal or personal gift subscriptions.

Write subscribers' names and addresses on plain paper and mail with your own name, address and full remittance. As soon as your order has been processed, we will send you the bowling ball. Be sure to specify weight desired.

This offer is good in the U. S. only, until May 31, 1963. Sorry, no bowling balls may be sold for cash.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
715 Independence Square
Philadelphia 5 Pennsylvania

NO VISITORS

something to think about in the two minutes it takes me to eat my three-minute egg every morning at six o'clock."

"You talk exactly the way you did in college."

"Well, I don't feel the way I did in college—exactly." Sibyl hung the towel on a hook. "You're right, I'm bitter as all gall."

The dark glasses turned directly to her now, and the rich, light voice told her how to think of it. "Think of it this way." The voice grew more rich than light. "You've had much more than most people ever have. You've had a wonderful life together. It's been an *achieved* relationship."

Sibyl Armstrong, behind the bar, picked up an ice cube, closed her hand on it and looked truly puzzled. "Has it?" she said.

"Hasn't it?" Maggie Staples said, just audibly.

"Oh—achieved and a half," Sibyl said, "but I didn't know it had been written up in *Variety*."

"You *are* bitter, Sib. Listen, girl, tell me about it. Just talk. Say anything. Believe me, it helps."

Sibyl took the towel off the hook and folded it precisely, corner to corner. "What would I say if I talked? That he's six feet three and a quarter inches and that he's now edging a hundred and ten pounds? Does that help?"

"Doesn't it? To get it off your chest—to an old friend?"

"No, it doesn't. Not one ——" Not one what? Whit, jot, bit or smidgen? "No, it doesn't help at all," she said.

She unfolded the towel, twisted it, snapped it and looked at Maggie Staples's glass, a third full. She drank fast, there was that about her old friend Maggie Staples. Sibyl looked at her closely, then at her watch and said, "I don't remember you very clearly from college, to tell you the truth."

"I'm sorry. Vain of me, but I supposed you would."

There was now a fourth of the drink left and a little over an hour left before it would be time to go to the hospital.

"You were in the plays—the class plays and the Masquers."

"Was I not!" said Maggie Staples. "All the way from Hedda to Jocasta through Sabina. I worked in those days, slaved. I still am, of course—still do, I mean."

She laughed suddenly. "Am, do, be, was, been. Take your choice, it's all the future imperfect or action completed in the past." She laughed again.

"I hate to do it," Sibyl said, getting it in fast, "but I'm going to have to close the bar and get ready to leave. First, though, I'd like ——" She started it bravely enough, then stopped, unsure, and then said it. 'I'd like to know what you want."

Maggie Staples heard the question, drained her glass and pushed it across the counter. "The same thing, only this time a little less tomato juice and a touch heavier on the vodka, if you can stand a suggestion. Lots of people can't."

My own fault, Sibyl said to herself. *I should have said, "Why did you come?" not, "What do you want?"* But she mixed the drink, in line with the suggestion, and then she dried her hands on the towel, hung the towel on the hook and put both hands on the counter and both elbows out, an Irish stance, and said it clearly: "What do you want? You wanted to see me—for a reason. But you haven't made the reason clear."

Maggie Staples took it slowly. Yes, she *was* here for a reason, and she'd stated it earlier. She was here, knowing the trouble, with an offer of help. But this was not one of those vague let-me-know-if-there's-anything-I-can-do offers. No. Not one of those. Her offer was a specific one, pragmatic, practical, and it meant that when the time came there would be no panic or indecision; distressing details would be taken care of, intelligently and with the utmost delicacy, by a staff of men and women skilled in solving problems of this sort. There would be no taking advantage of grief and distraction to drive a bargain.

"Though I fully realize," Maggie Staples said, "that money is not a problem here, still it's a matter of pride with me to be representing a group that I, personally, respect."

Sibyl Armstrong's voice became untrustworthy again, and when she said,

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"My husband gives at the office."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"You represent a group?" the "group" came out falsetto.

"The best," Maggie Staples said, and she sipped her drink while Sibyl Armstrong looked, rather stupidly but with fascination, at a brochure which now lay displayed on the counter before her.

She didn't know how it got there; she didn't touch it, but she did see it, more or less, and in a moment she said, "Why do they call it Crestview? Is there a view of a crest?"

"I don't really know," Maggie Staples said. "I've only been with them three weeks. Most of the staff is new."

"But skilled, I believe you said," said Sibyl, who suddenly had to sit down.

"Oh, very skilled, very highly," Maggie said. "What's the idea sitting on the floor? All these stools."

"I like it here. It's where I landed and I like it here. Let's hear the proposition."

There was no answer from above.

"How did you get my name?"

Still no answer. Silence at the bar.

"Go ahead, represent your group. How did you get my name?"

"Not yours. Your husband's."

Sibyl Armstrong heard that word, looked fast at her watch and saw that there was still a little time. She stood up, got a glass, poured herself a measure of bourbon and looked into it while she thought out the answer. Out loud. "Somebody gets to somebody who gets to an orderly who gets to a nurse who keeps informed on prognosis. And sells you the worthwhile names?"

It felt like a long speech, and when she'd finished it she drank off the bourbon and set down the glass.

"That make you feel any better?" Maggie Staples said.

"I didn't drink it to feel better. I only needed something to toast one of Biddle College's distinguished graduates."

Maggie Staples started to get off the stool and then stayed where she was. "You're forgetting. I didn't graduate. I went on to higher things."

"Yes."

"How do you mean, yes?"

"I mean yes, higher things, yes you bet," Sibyl said, and this time Maggie did get off the stool.

"All right, but it wasn't always like this," she said. "I was good. You read the notices, you saw the spread. I started strong."

She took off the dark glasses and let her eyes show—red—and then she half sat on the stool again and said simply, "I don't know. I don't know what happened."

She picked up the brochure, shoved it into her bag and laughed—a short one.

"I even had to tell these ghouls who I am—I mean who I was."

She put the dark glasses in the bag and felt around in it and brought out the black gloves and drew them on, finger by finger. She looked for a moment at what was left of her drink, then turned her back on it and started toward the kitchen, the way they'd come in.

Sibyl followed her. In the kitchen she said, "Maggie, I don't really have to leave for another half hour, if you'd like another drink. Or something."

Maggie Staples reached up and touched one of the wire whisks hanging from the hood of the stove. "I'd like to have eighty-nine other drinks," she said. "Or something. But in eighty-nine other places."

"Don't feel that way," Sibyl said. "Don't be bitter."

"That's *my* line."

"I know," Sibyl said. "I got it from you."

They crossed the living room, and Sibyl Armstrong opened the door, and Maggie Staples stepped out onto the bricks and felt in her bag for her dark glasses.

"Call me sometime, will you?" Sibyl said.

Maggie picked her way across the stepping-stones. "Let's say this," the voice called back from under the hat. "I won't unless there's absolutely no need to."

"Either way," Sibyl said.

She closed the door and stood looking at it and then moved to one side of it, opened a louver and looked out, and watched Maggie Staples in her floppy hat and black dress and black gloves taking the stepping-stones until there was none left to triumph over. At the curb she stopped to look first down and then up the street. There was no car parked in the block. Sibyl saw her raise her hands to her waist in a gesture that very delicately suggested the tightening of a belt, and then move off to the right. She walked well on flat ground. Anyone who has learned to walk across a stage, no matter how long ago, can walk down a street as far as the corner. And turn the corner and be out of sight.

In Rex Armstrong's house the telephone rang. Sibyl Armstrong heard it, knew what it meant, closed the louver and heard it ring again. Then she took a deep breath, touched her hands to her waist in a gesture she'd seen somewhere, and crossed the room, fairly steadily, to answer it.

THE END

Tiny Meat Loaf Shape

MAKES THE BIG DIFFERENCE IN

NEW Burgerbits®

PACKS MORE FLAVOR

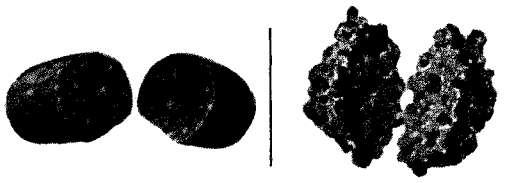
MORE NUTRITION

MORE CRUNCHABILITY

New Burgerbits | **Other Chunks**

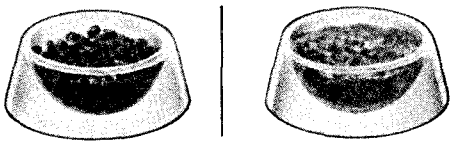
SMOOTH | JAGGED

More flavor because the smooth meat loaf shape lets every Burgerbit be completely coated with delicious natural meat fat.



CONCENTRATED | POROUS

More nutrition because, bowl for bowl, tasty new Burgerbits with vital meat and bone meal have more proteins, vitamins, minerals.



CRUNCHY | MUSHY

More crunchability because Burgerbits stay crisp longer in liquids, to give extra chewing exercise for healthy teeth. And, leave no sticky residue, no messy bowl.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

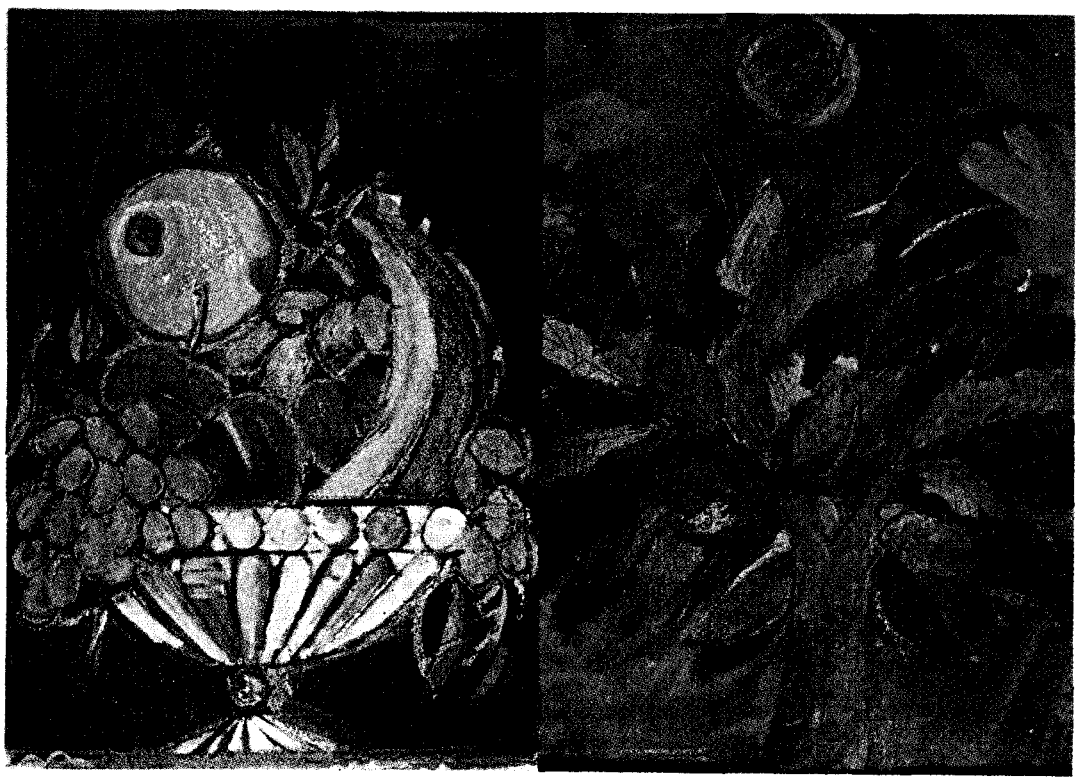
me

by WILLIAM SAROYAN

Once upon a time there was only one word–me.

If you wanted to say here I am, you said–me.

Illustrated by MURRAY TINKELMAN

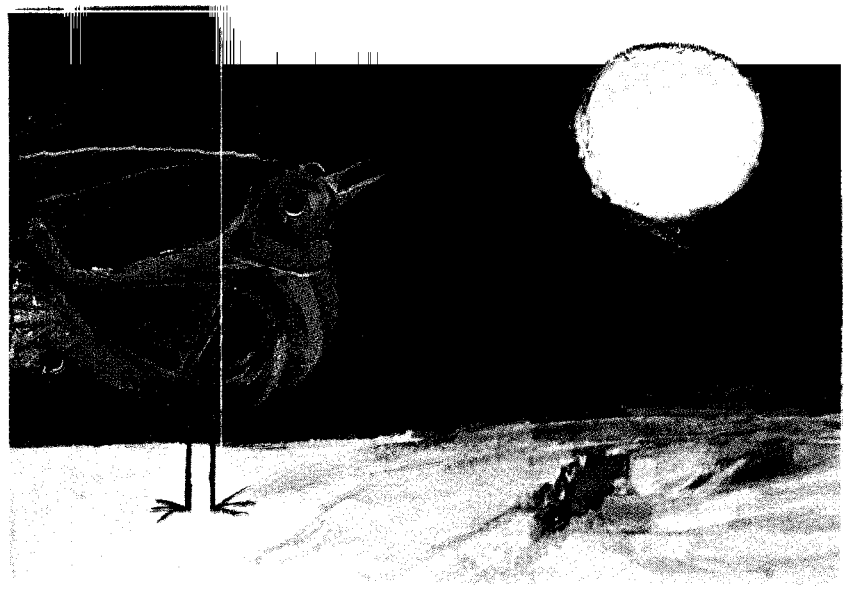


And that's how it was when you wanted to say give me the orange, or look at the tree,

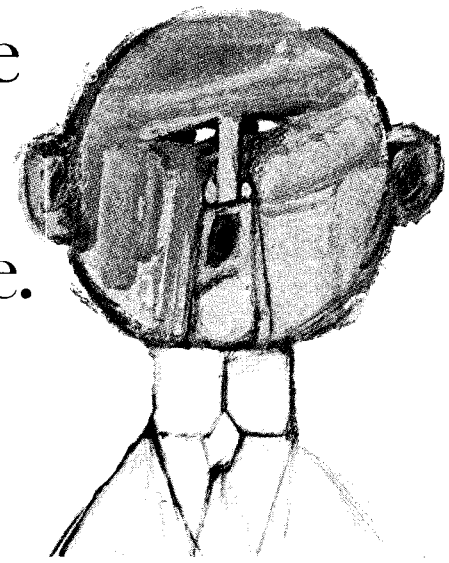
© 1963 by William Saroyan

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

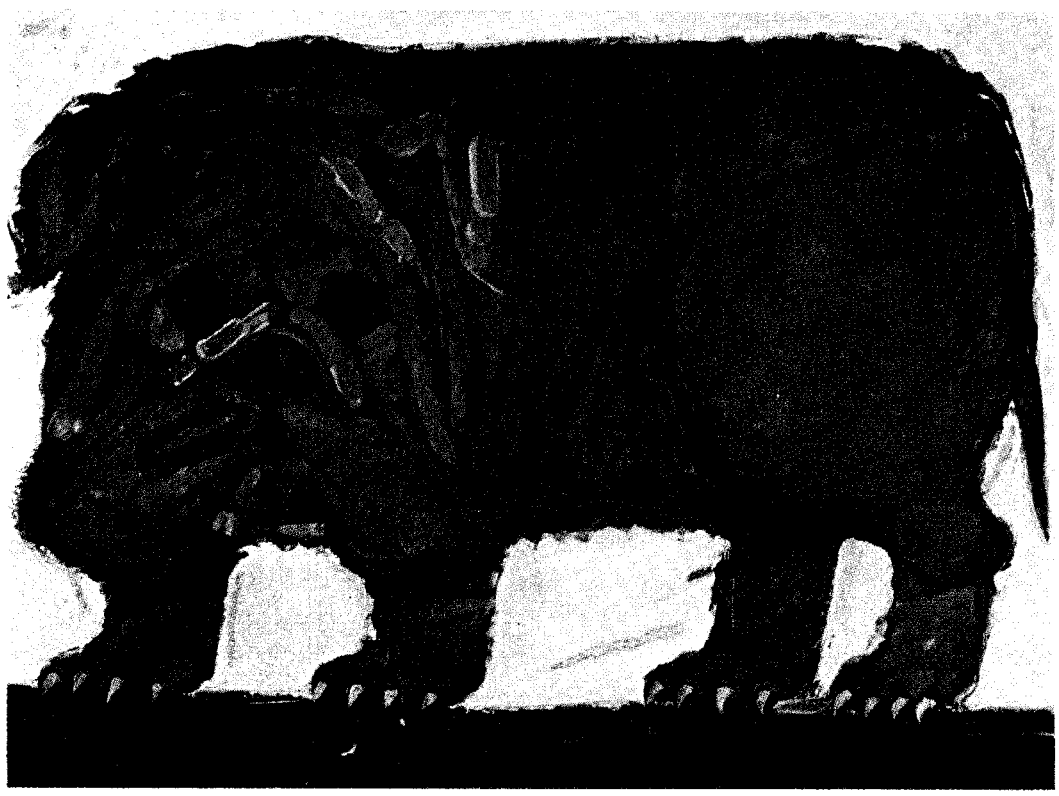
or listen to the bird,
or what is the moon.
It was the only word
anybody ever heard.



Some people said it in a loud voice;
some people
said it in
a soft voice.



Some laughed, some cried. Some giggled, some sighed.
Only people said it. Animals said other things.



The dog said
bark bark, take me
to the park park.

The cat said
purr, purr, I am the
Queen, be kind
to her.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

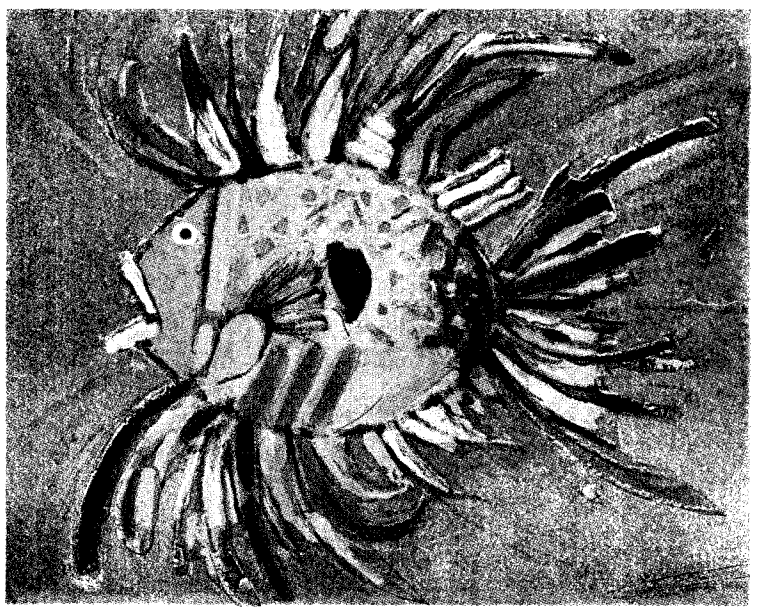
The cow said moo, moo, I am a cow. What are you?
The horse said ha ha. There is my Ma,
and there is my Pa.

The pig said hunk a chunk of pumpkin pie, you can watch me get fat but you will never see me fly.

The caterpillar said I was never a cat and I never saw a pillar.

I'm a soft green feller with a belly full of filler.

The butterfly said what I was I'll never know. Watch me stop, watch me go, in and out of light and shadow.



The fish said hush in the water. I'm waiting for a letter from my only daughter.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Father or mother, each of the animals said something or other. Other things said other things.

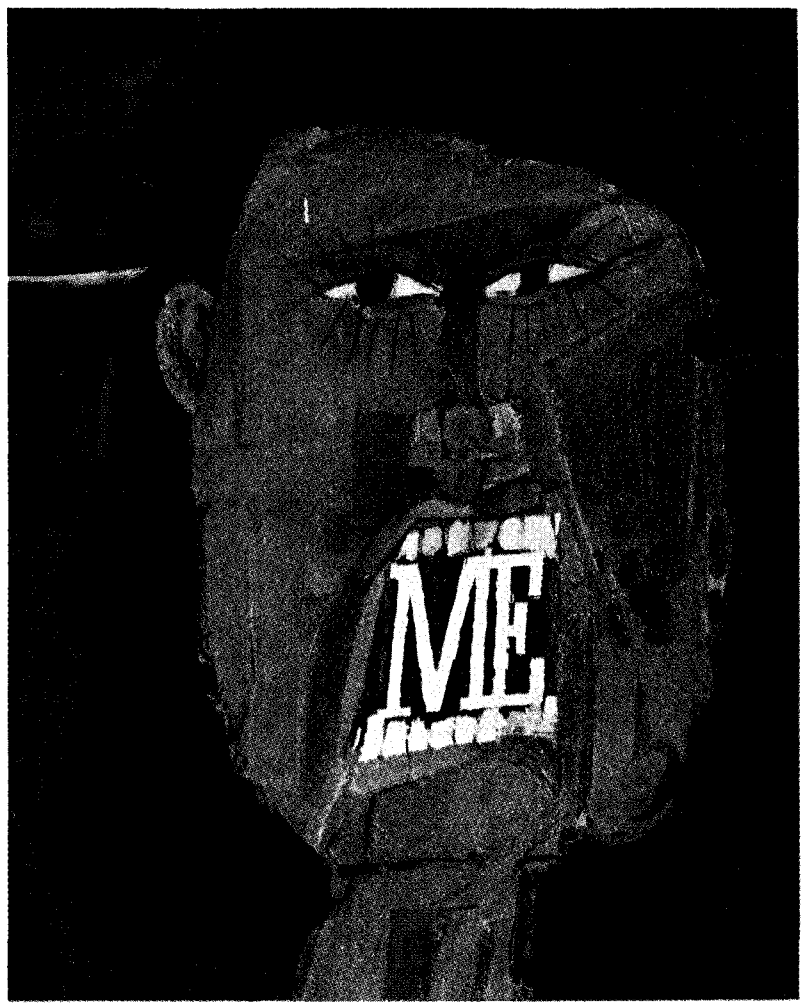
The rose said I think in pink.

The lamp-post said I'm the most from coast to coast.

The train said watch me go to Buffalo...

But people went right on saying the only word they knew how to say—me.

Whenever everybody said the word at the same time it sounded like me me me me me me me me.



And then me me me me me me me me all over again.

A few people began to get a headache from hearing me me me me me me me me all the time.

The people with headaches wanted a new word to say, but they didn't know what the word ought to be.

At last one day a man with a very bad headache discovered a new word.

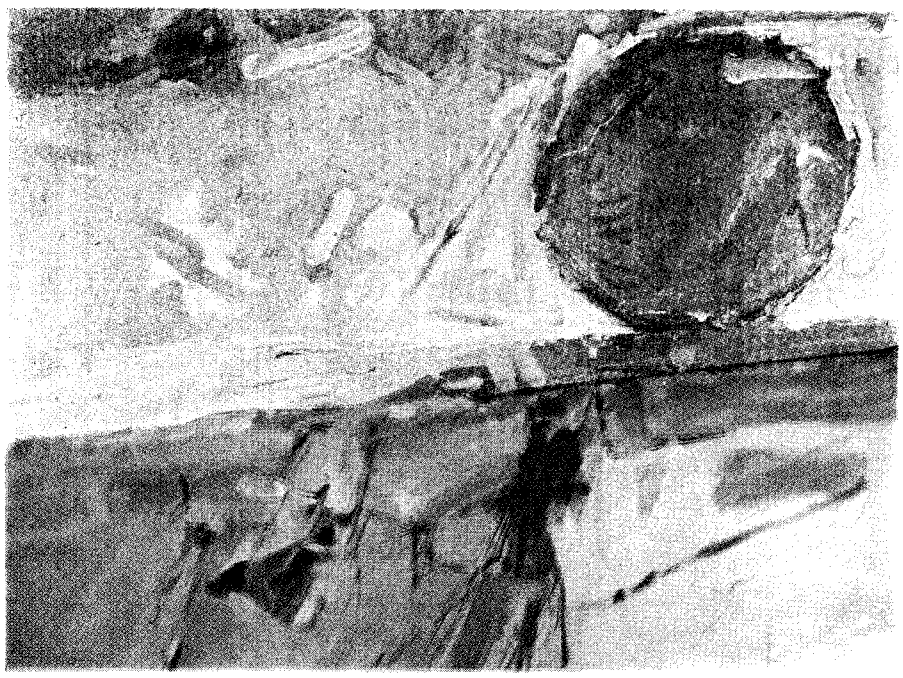
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The word was—no.

Late one night
he said the word
with all his might.

The next morning

there was this new word in the world—no.



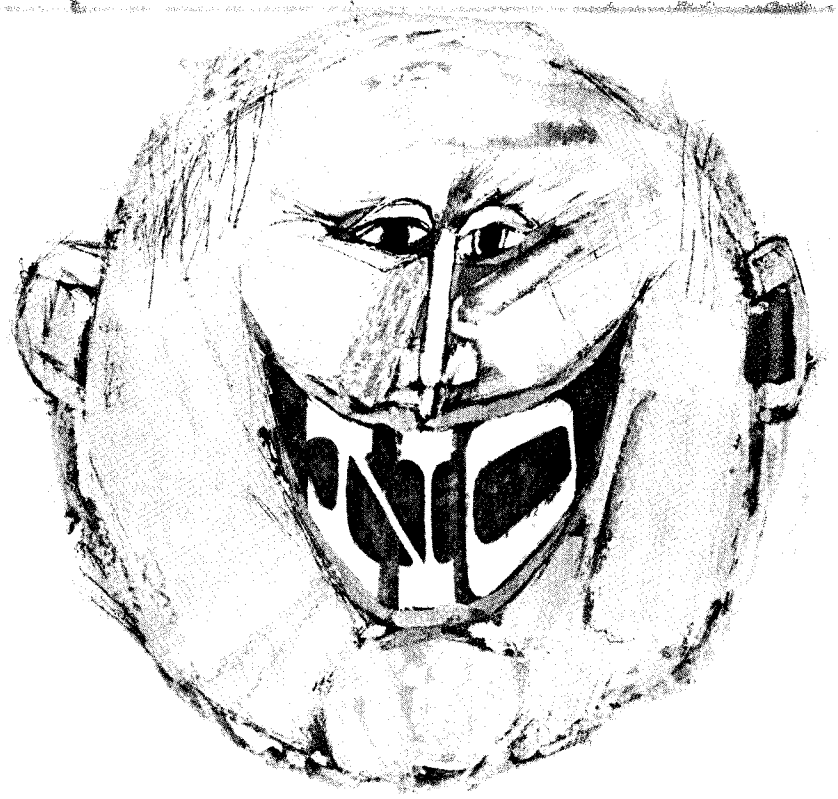
After that the people
with headaches
would walk among
the people who
were saying me me me
me me me me,
and they would say
no no no no no no no.

At first the sound of this new word was hard,
and most people didn't want to hear it.

Whenever they did hear it, they stopped saying
me me me me me me me, and tried to think.

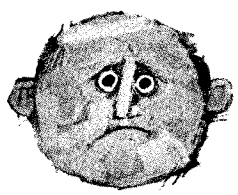
After a few days everybody knew the word,
and many liked to say it.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

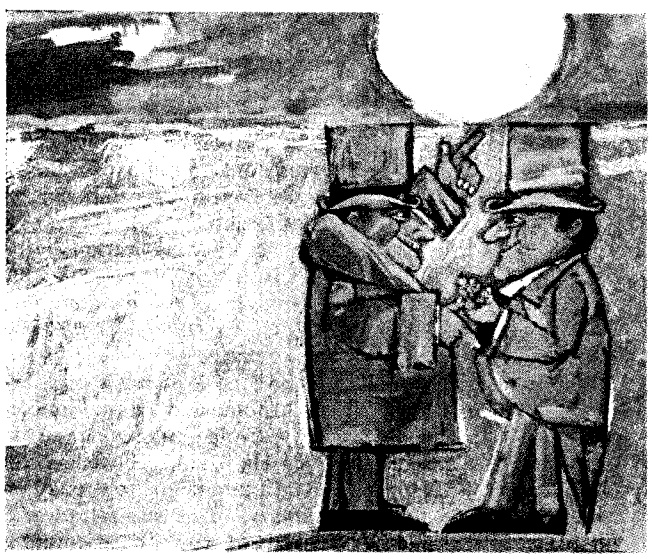


It was a good word.

Saying it made the head feel round, which a head ought to feel.

It also made it feel large, which is a better size for a head than  small.

Now there were two words to say and hear. Well, if there were two words, why couldn't there be three? And if there could be three, why couldn't there be four? There was no reason why there couldn't be four —or more. If there could be me, there could be you.



If there could be no, there could be yes. If there could be hot, there could be cold. Hard and soft, far and near, wet and dry, high and low, right and wrong, good and bad, open and shut, fast and slow. Soon people were speaking to one another. They were asking and answering questions. They were finding out what it is all about.

They are still finding out.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Den mother to the Clubwomen

Peggy Arnold makes Washington rounds.

Her chin brushing an outsized orchid, a pink-sheathed matron pounded the podium with a white-gloved fist and exhorted some 250 Georgia clubwomen to "bear aloft the proud device 'Excelsior' and lead our men onward and upward!"

Specifically she was pushing for action to free 5,000 delinquent and neglected children lodged in jails throughout the state. "The girls" were challenged to "go home and start talking—Lord knows we're better at that than anything!"

The call to action was specific: "Nothin's gonna happen unless you make it happen. You go home and get with whoever's runnin' for the legislature and tell him you aren't going to vote for him unless he supports this bill. And when he gets elected you hold his feet to the fire and tell him we want qualified people to head this youth department—now, girls, don't forget that—qualified people!" Within two weeks the girls had talked gubernatorial candidate Carl Sanders into coming out for a State Department of Youth Services, a stand which he says helped cinch his election last fall.

And they're talking not only in Georgia, for there are more than 11 million clubwomen who belong to the General Federation of Women's Clubs, the largest and one of the oldest of national women's organizations. These women are all busy working and talking in the "civic interest," whatever that happens to be in their community, from an intense study of Communism in Boise, Idaho, to waging clean-up campaigns in the villages of Guam.

If the clubs lack civic inspiration on the local level, it is always readily available from the Washington, D.C., headquarters of the G.F.W.C., to which nearly 16,000 organizations belong.

Today, under the leadership of Margaret Long Arnold, a dynamic, ample-figured, 48-year-old housewife from Concord, New Hampshire, the federation is embarked on a campaign "to strengthen the arm of liberty." This calls for a world literacy movement and an orientation program for U.S. aliens. Local clubs are lining up speakers to talk on underdeveloped nations, mapping out U.N. forums, raising money (from bazaars, fruitcake sales and teas) to send to CARE, UNICEF and Radio Free Europe, and looking ahead to exchange visits with NATO clubwomen this June.

This may sound like heady stuff for "the girls"—Helen Hokinson's overblown, rigidly corseted clubwomen in flowered hats whose hopeless struggles with egg diets and the complexities of parliamentary procedure provoked snorts of unchivalrous laughter from cartoon addicts.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Many a stunned congressman learns that hell hath no fury like that of an angry feminist in hot pursuit of her cause.

By BETSY FANCHER

Tea at Pakistan embassy is typical duty in one of Mrs. Arnold's 15-hour days.

Long the prevailing image of the clubwoman, Miss Hokinson's girls are not entirely gone. At many local meetings feminists in lavish flowered hats, wearing nameplates pinned to size-40 bosoms, talk about calorie-counting as they munch slices of angel-food cake.

Out of all their bustling activity—the shrill committee meetings, the bristling phone calls and the tight-lipped resolutions—it sometimes seems that "the girls haven't done anything but paint a few pine cones and give each other blue ribbons," as one embittered Southern woman leader puts it.

But clubwoman Margaret Arnold, who has visited clubs throughout the free world, insists that the old Hokinson image is dead. Her description of the average federation member: "She's in her early forties, wears a smart, dark, medium-priced suit, a gay little hat and good, comfortable shoes. She walks with a spring, is mentally alert, has ideas but doesn't impose them on other people and is more concerned with Kennedy's Administration than with Caroline's antics. She has a more-than-ordinary concern for her family, feels a great need for self-improvement and self-fulfillment, and she likes to work in tandem with men."

Free women pay their way

Margaret Arnold herself is the thoroughly domestic wife of the superintendent of schools in Saugerties, New York. (Until February he held the same job in Concord, where Mrs. Arnold maintains her legal residence.) She became interested in club work during World War II. "My young nephew's father was in the service, and we bought a globe so Jackie could keep tabs on his father. One night he fell asleep with the globe clutched in his arms, and when I tried to take it away he woke up and said, 'Aunt Peggy, what are you doing with my world?' That stunned me, and I decided a woman had to expand the walls of her house to include the community. You have to pay rent for being a free woman in a democracy, and volunteer work is the way you do it," she says.

"My husband was in the North Atlantic commanding a minesweeper, and we had no children. After a stint with the Junior League I devoted my energies to the Concord Woman's Club—it's the only place in town where Jewish, Catholic and Protestant women can pray together," she notes proudly.

As a fledgling clubwoman, Margaret wrote a study course on the U.N. which brought her to the attention of federation leaders, initiated a block campaign which won the G.F.W.C. 2,000 new members, and was responsible for the first New Hampshire Governor's Conference on Aging, which earned her a medal from the University of New Hampshire as the state's most distinguished citizen. In the past decade she has run for club office in 12 elections, opposed only once. "No one ever wanted to run against me except once, and she should have stood in bed. I won two to one," says Mrs. Arnold.

As G.F.W.C. president, Margaret Arnold oversees the steady stream of study materials and publications sent to clubwomen in 50 states and 53 foreign countries and territories, and she serves as the federation's hostess, spokesman and liaison woman with officials of other nations—all on an annual budget of $304,500, collected from dues.

Since she assumed her two-year, unpaid office last June, Washington leaders from top New Frontiersmen to hard-core Eisenhower Republicans have called to welcome her to town. Peace Corps Director Sargent Shriver says the current popularity of the corps "is due to the early and active support of women's clubs." "We welcome clubwomen to the head table," says Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall.

"They give me the V.I.P. treatment," says Mrs. Arnold. "Maybe they're nice because I represent 11 million women. But that doesn't bother me as long as women are counted."

Federation leaders shrink at the idea of lobbying. "Why, heavens, no; we don't come to them—they come to us," explains Mrs. Grace Nicholas, executive director of G.F.W.C. And come they do, in an endless file to plead their causes in the federation's chandeliered drawing room. But though they use euphemisms for the word "lobbying" the ladies aren't above power politics. If a congressman's pet bill is in key with a federation resolution, Mrs. Arnold will see that "the girls know all the facts." Once they are ready to act, she goes in person to "the Hill" or merely places a call from the pink telephone in her sitting room "to let them know how the girls feel." The call is not apt to be taken lightly.

Many a stunned congressman has discovered that hell hath no fury like that of an aroused clubwoman. One Friday the federation got wind of an upcoming bill that would allow a sewage-disposal plant to be built near Mt. Vernon. By Monday legislators were reeling under 17,000 pieces of mail from outraged women, and the bill was never introduced.

The clubwoman who heads a state-federation legislative committee can—and often does—wield her articulate constituency like a sequin-studded club over the heads of balking legislators. One beleaguered Georgia congressman registered under an assumed name and holed up in an Atlanta hotel room for a week to escape crusading clubwomen.

Serving as the leader of such doggedly determined women comes easily to Margaret Arnold, who attacks problems with pep-rally enthusiasm. One newswoman describes her as "a female Eisenhower. She makes all those clubwomen feel good. By just beaming on large groups beneficently she seems to unify them, and she has honesty and integrity."

The response from the clubwomen proves the point. The headquarters typing staff has been tripled to handle the mail from female dynamos who make requests for study materials at the rate of 10,000 a day. Invitations to speak come in every mail, a third of them from men's civic groups. "It's our program; it's snowballing," says Mrs. Arnold, whose administrative symbol is the Statue of Liberty's torch-bearing arm.

President's Arnold's day may start with a call from a delegation of Tunisian women, continue with an official luncheon and more visitors from around the world, and end with a speech at a women's club. By 11, when she settles down in a bouffant pink negligee to watch the late news on television and scan the *Congressional Record*, she has worked 15 hours.

Weekends she flies home at her own expense, settles into an apron and darns her husband's socks, whips up a new hat, cooks and freezes enough dinners to get Doctor Arnold through the week.

Cooking up specific ideas for club activities occupies the rest of Peggy Arnold's week. She has asked all member clubs to become involved in the literacy problems of the world and to increase their local scholarship work. High on the list are community-improvement projects to be submitted to national headquarters in competition for a $10,000 award. "And I asked every club to have some kind of a cherry-dessert lunch during the week of Washington's Birthday and study the values of America," says Mrs. Arnold. "I want them to send me an evaluation form telling us what they're doing, individually and as a club, to strengthen the arm of liberty."

Club members are being asked to contribute funds for a memorial to women who died in wars. Mrs. Arnold says, "I think it would be wonderful to have a memorial bell tower at the Cathedral of the Pines in Rindge, New Hampshire. You know the altar is of all three faiths and is made from a stone from each of our states."

Pursuing the feminist cause wherever possible, Mrs. Arnold has chosen the Arthritis and Rheumatism Foundation as a cause this year "because this really is a woman's disease by three to one." Members were asked to sponsor a benefit breakfast on March 6 and contribute the funds to this charity.

Since the scrupulously bipartisan federation swept into American life in 1890 it has had a fine-gloved hand in many progressive ventures on a national level, from child-labor laws to the birth of the U.N., from legislation making it possible to prosecute deserting fathers in another state's jurisdiction to enshrining Susan B. Anthony in the Hall of Fame. Today the G.F.W.C. is pushing for uniform marriage and divorce laws, revision of the Electoral College system and the preservation of outer space for peaceful purposes.

Pushing all these causes along are the strong, feminine arms of Margaret Arnold, speaking for 11 million women who believe in paying their share of rent on this planet. THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE UNSOUND AND THE FURY

by H. ALLEN SMITH

Pigeons, corn-rippers and orchids have one thing in common. All can provoke cold anger.

Flaming, hackle-rousing, toe-curling anger is good for you. It stimulates you physically by hurling gallons of homemade Adrenalin through your body, making it easy for you to lift a horse over a hedge or whip Sonny Liston. Moreover, it often benefits your mental processes. Anger, Francis Bacon quoted Queen Elizabeth I as saying, makes dull men witty. We all know, too, that a wild tantrum, properly timed, can be a good thing for democracy: A man enraged at a butterfingered shortstop is likely to forget about that scheme he had for bombing City Hall.

All this being so, it is pleasant to contemplate the vast number of things that have been put into the world for the purpose of provoking cold fury in the human breast. And it is almost startling to note that a thing that is a luminous vexation to you may not bother me at all. I have an even-tempered sister who makes an effort to love all humankind, plus animals and birds. Yet there is one thing that will throw her into a high swivet. Let someone put a bottle of milk on the table, and she will shudder and clap a hand over her eyes and then maybe scream.

For some years I have been accumulating little notes concerning these peculiar things that enrage individuals. Columnist Franklin P. Adams, for example, spent years crying out in pain because of certain inconsistencies in the system of numbering houses along the streets of New York. And Lucius Beebe waxed wildly wroth about people who walk on the left-hand side of the sidewalk. I have read somewhere that a lady named Rachel Peden suffers deep irritation at the sound of someone eating an apple, but she really gets the shudders from the sound of someone trying to eat an apple *quietly*.

It has been reported out of Seattle that fight manager Deacon Jack Hurley goes into a sulk when he encounters a man smoking a pipe. Deacon Hurley is on record as saying, "Never trust a guy who smokes a pipe. They sit around and look thoughtful, but all the time they're figuring out how they can steal a hot stove."

Unreasonable peevishness? Consider the case of the late James Agee, a southern writer of great talent and strong humanitarian instincts. He harbored such a hatred of orchids that he had to be led out of their presence lest he flip his lid. Arthur Godfrey loses his equilibrium when people, as they often do, mistake the Tahitian hula for the Hawaiian hula. James Street, who was a warm friend of mine for many years and who wrote distinguished historical novels, flew into a rage every time he saw an automobile with a low number or the owner's initials on the license plate. Mr. Street believed this to be the most ridiculous of all human conceits.

Then there is Jim Moran, the whiskered entertainer and publicity man who once hatched an ostrich egg. Moran, who has become as famous for partygiving as he has for his cockeyed exploits in natural history, is the soul of graciousness until a guest puts a drink down on a book. This throws Moran into such a rage that he is likely to belt the offender with a four-foot, gem-studded mace that once belonged to an Inca chieftain.

Cursing the TV announcer

I know a businessman who has developed such a hatred for a certain baseball announcer on television that he has unwittingly lost interest in the fine points of the game itself. He tunes in the ball team that was once his passion and delight, but spends all his time cursing the announcer, charging him with ignorance, mopery and bum English.

Most of us are subject to acrimony of this particular kind and can be bitterly critical of public figures. Yet Robert Ruark, a man with more than his share of violent opinions, reserves his harshest words for pigeons. He is overweeningly proud of the fact that he once kicked a pigeon on the sidewalk in front of St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York. And there was a newspaper copyreader I once knew who would kick the metal cabinet containing the world atlases whenever he saw the word "ergo" in a piece of copy. We used to insert the word deliberately just to see him fly apart.

Then there is the case of Dinah Shore, a model of serenity in the most difficult of situations. Miss Shore throws a cat fit whenever one of the men in the orchestra fails to resolve his seventh. I have no idea what that entails, but it must be a frightful thing to do, or to not do. Once at a rehearsal the music came to an end and I observed that Miss Shore grew rigid and uttered a fairly dark oath through her clenched teeth. I asked the man next to me what was bothering her.

"Some fool in the orchestra," he said, "didn't resolve his seventh. It is the only thing that can kick her off her rocker."

There is a literary man named Richard Wormser in New Mexico who makes a hobby of acquiring inferior novels (of which there is a greater surplus than of wheat in our land) and venting his spleen against all persons connected with their publication. It seems that during the Hitler war Wormser spent several years as a forest ranger in the flammable hills of Southern California. He learned to revere trees, and today he evaluates bad books in terms of board-feet of lumber wasted in making paper for them.

Whenever he reads one of the cruddy novels he explodes statistically like this: "You realize how many beautiful trees had to be cut down to print this horrible hogwash? I'll tell you. Hundred and twenty thousand hard-cover copies . . . two paperback printings of umpteen thousand each, two hundred and ninety-five pages. . . ." Here he begins working at a formula of his own devising to convert the literature back into lumber and the lumber back into forest: ". . . It comes to four thousand, eight hundred and ninety second-growth longleaf pine trees cut down so a rabble of fatheads can drool over this tripe."

If he is in the mood, Mr. Wormser will expand his statistical survey to take in loss of wildlife, percentage of erosion, tons of topsoil sliding into the Colorado River, silt buildup at the mouth of the Mississippi, estimated volume of berry bushes destroyed, and dead and wounded amongst the nation's heroic lumberjacks.

I know a young man in Michigan who closes his eyes tightly and grinds his teeth when he sees another man wearing the collar of his sports shirt outside his jacket. I know a young married girl in North Carolina who becomes furious when she gets a busy signal on the telephone; she considers this to be a personal affront, blames the party she is calling and spitefully refuses to try the number later (unless it happens to be the Fire Department). I know an attractive young woman who cannot bear to have a dance partner look her in the face, insisting that the proper posture is for him to look beyond her shoulder. If he insists on staring into her face she stamps on his foot.

Perhaps the most querulous person in this whole gallery is a man quite prominent in the entertainment world who hates the Budapest String Quartet. He believes that all four members of the group are hambones without equal anywhere in show business. "It has eaten its way right inside of me," he says. "One look at those four musicians and I feel like screaming. It's the way they wobble and wag and jerk their heads and their torsos. I tell you it's not only hammy—it's cornball!" He has asked that I not use his name for fear that he will be waylaid and beaten up four times in rapid succession.

These people all confuse and bewilder me, for it is not in my makeup to achieve a wrathful state of mind over such trivial irritants. My wife, for example, cannot abide men who wear rings on their fingers. I am not like that. On the rare occasions when I do grow fretful there is always sweet reason and pellucid logic behind it. In the summertime there are many roadside markets operating in my neighborhood. The women shoppers stand at the corn table and rip open the ears to inspect the product before purchase. This does infuriate me—it is an act of insolence, discourtesy and plain female villainy. I have got into the habit of going to these roadside markets two or three times a week and buying corn, which I never tear open, just so that I can glare angrily at the women rippers. It has become a sort of compulsion with me to stand and glare malevolently at them through slitted eyes.

My wife says the women rippers pay no attention to me and that if they notice me at all they simply conclude that I am having stomach cramps. My wife also says that I am behaving in a most unreasonable manner. She has directed my attention to the fact that during a courtroom drama on television recently a woman noted that she was a housewife. "Housewife, hell," I growled. "You're a dirty corn-ripper."

In the matter of the corn-rippers I do not consider that I am in a class with the rather shortsighted people I have been mentioning all along. I feel that I have been doing a public service. In minor situations I always manage to keep a checkrein on my emotions. Oh, well, I might just as well tell about this one thing, or my wife will accuse me of being dishonest. It happens that I am an amateur chef and quite touchy about anyone interfering with me in the kitchen. There is one occasion when I lose control of myself completely. If my wife comes up behind me and asks if I don't think a concoction needs a little more salt, I'm likely to whirl and scream, "Mother*rrrrrrr!* I'd rather do it MYSELF." THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LELAND A. DOAN
General Mgr., Western Division
THE DOW CHEMICAL COMPANY
San Francisco, California

"Our Western Division believes the Credit Union provides a useful and valuable service to both employees and The Dow Chemical Company.

"It encourages a regular savings program through the convenience of payroll deduction; provides prompt, understanding loan service when needed and at reasonable rates; contributes to a higher efficiency of our operation by better employee morale. And those who serve the Credit Union in an official capacity gain valuable and practical training in management of a corporation."

"...the CREDIT UNION provides a useful and valuable service to both employees and The Dow Chemical Co."

In California there are 1,736 credit unions with more than 1,469,867 members. Most of these credit unions are in places of employment. Employers have found through the years that credit unions improve workers' morale by relieving them of pressing financial problems. Credit union loans banish worry of bill collectors and garnishment actions. Credit union savings give employees a convenient way to save regularly with safety and good earnings. Employees *do* recognize the interest of the employer who co-operates in establishing a credit union.

Life Insurance Increases Savings and Cancels Debts — Most Credit Unions furnish life insurance to eligible members at no extra cost through the insurance society of credit unions — Cuna Mutual Insurance Society. With few exceptions, it pays the loan balance if a member dies or becomes disabled. In most cases this life insurance matches his savings, dollar for dollar.

CREDIT UNION NATIONAL ASSOCIATION • CUNA MUTUAL INSURANCE SOCIETY • CALIFORNIA CREDIT UNION LEAGUE

YOUR EMPLOYEES WILL APPRECIATE A CREDIT UNION

Mail this coupon for full details without obligation. Starting a Credit Union in your plant or office takes no great amount of time or effort.

WE HELP EACH OTHER • JOIN US!

CALIFORNIA CREDIT UNION LEAGUE
2910 Lakeshore Ave.
Oakland 10, California

Tell me more about what a Credit Union can do for me.

Name.....

Title.....

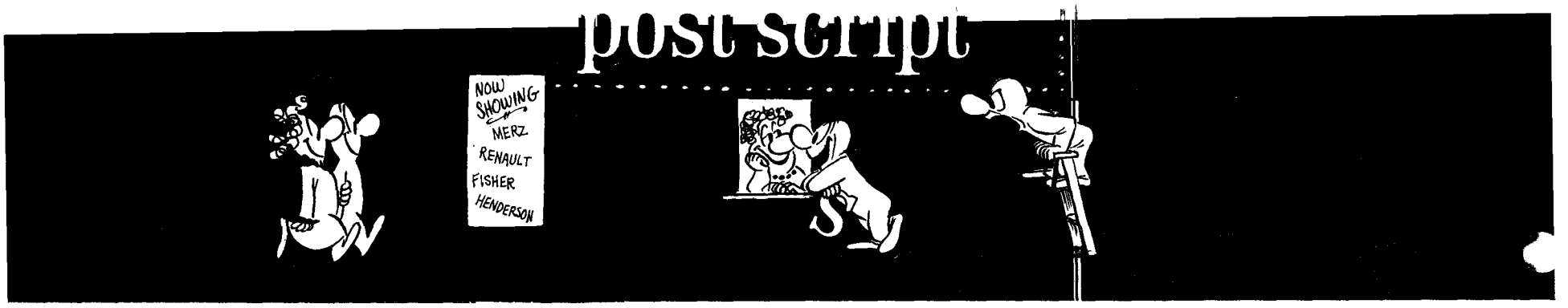
Firm.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State..... 3

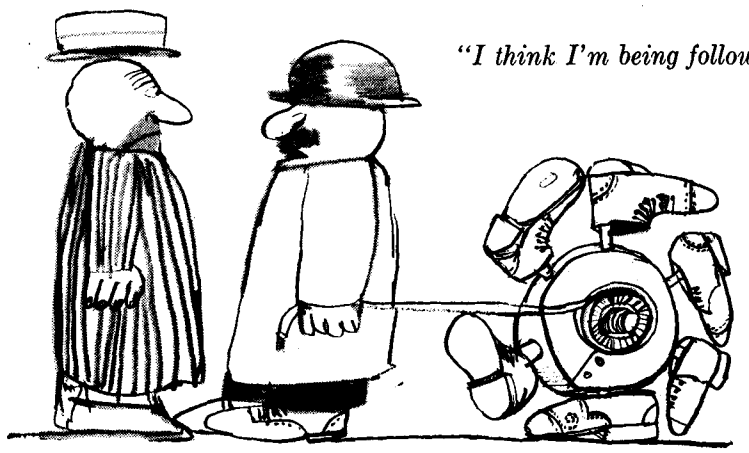
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

post script



"Well, there was this big hole in the dike, see . . ."

"I still think we'd do better in the long run by just putting up toll booths."



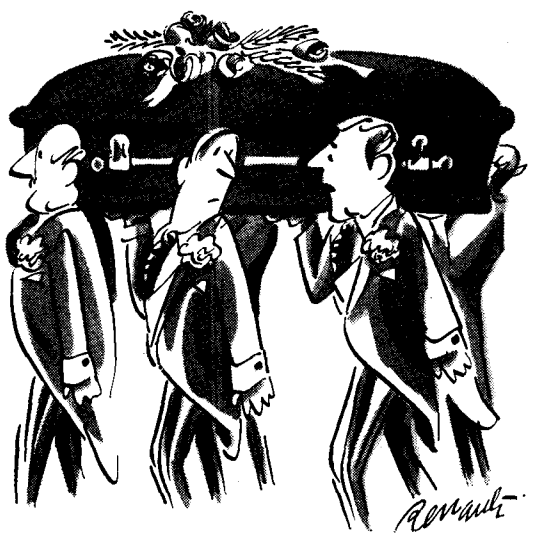
"I think I'm being followed!"

THE MUD PACK

No matter how much I scrub and comb,
No matter what high hopes I start the day with,
My kids always look like the kind of kids
I wouldn't want my kids to play with.

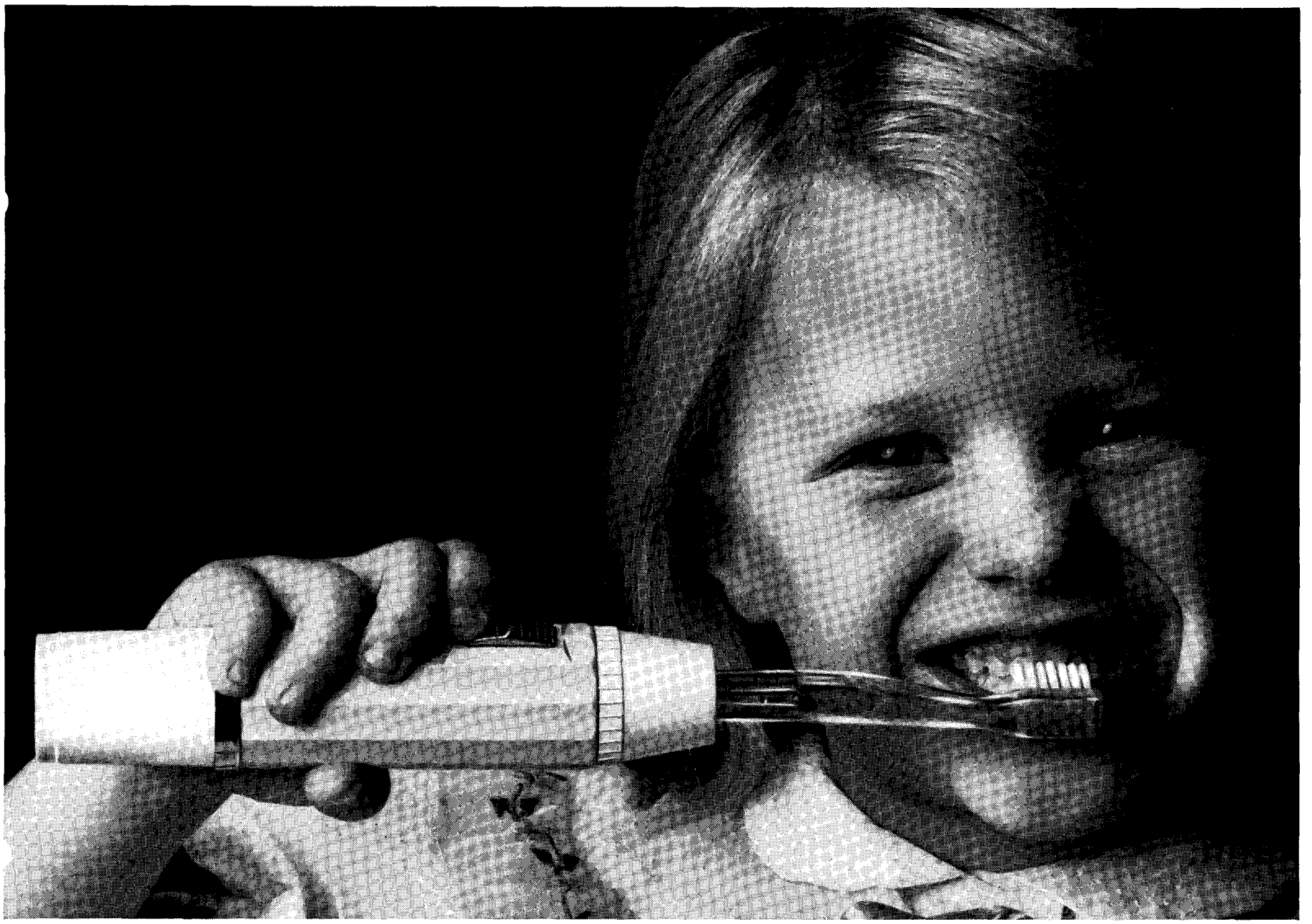
SUZANNE DOUGLASS

"Say, you're right—I do need a haircut."

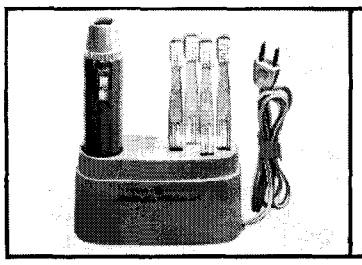


"He kept saying his feet were killing him, but no one believed it."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



General Electric's Automatic Toothbrush gives the whole family cleaner teeth, plus healthful gum-care



And it's *Cordless*

Brush handle recharges in holder!

We designed, tested and perfected the General Electric Automatic Toothbrush—devoted years to research, and have made the largest grant of money ever invested in toothbrush evaluation—for just one purpose: to assure you and your family the best home dental care in the safest possible way.

Every dentist in America has been given a survey of technical reports and is kept informed of our progress. In fact, over 24,000 dentists have already purchased the toothbrush. And five out of ten people who bought it tell us it was recommended by their dentists.

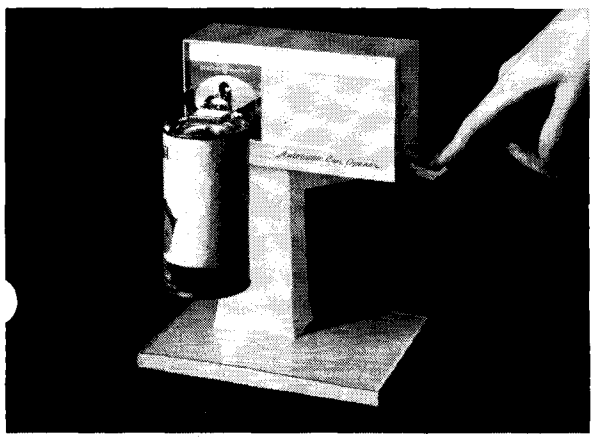
We are continuing our research in such vital areas as the control of tooth decay and gum disease.

The General Electric Cordless Automatic Toothbrush comes with recharging stand and four toothbrush inserts. We leave it to you to decide if your family's teeth are worth the cost. Or you can ask your dentist.

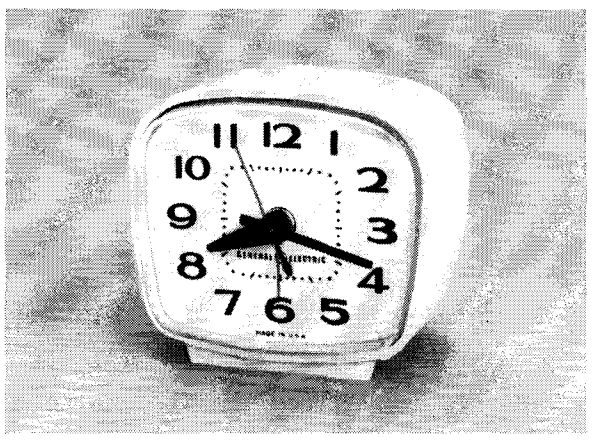
General Electric Company, Housewares & Commercial Equipment Division, Bridgeport 2, Conn.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

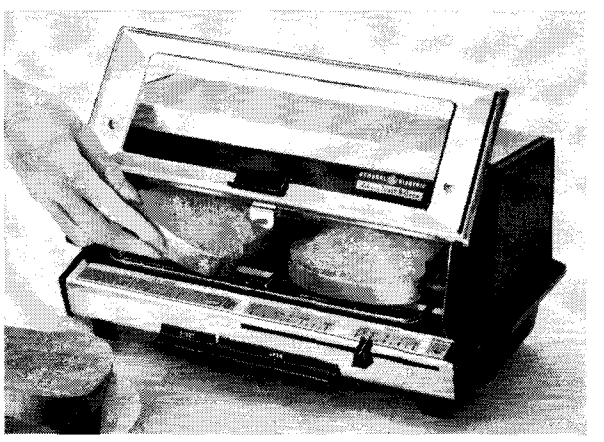
GENERAL ELECTRIC



Automatic Can Opener! Opens cans safely, cleanly, at a touch. Removes or hinges lid. Governor-controlled motor helps prevent spillage.



New "Oval-ette" Alarm Clock. Barely 3 inches high, the antique white case is miniature styled to fit the smallest bedside tables. Miniature price, too!



This Toaster bakes. This deluxe General Electric Toast-R-Oven* loads from the front, toasts bread, bakes cookies, pastries. **Trademark of General Electric Co.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Branch Rickey rides again: The return of

THE MAHATMA

By Frank Graham Jr.

Branch Rickey, who inherited blight and created champions at St. Louis, Brooklyn and Pittsburgh, is back where he started. The great Cardinal team he left behind at St. Louis in 1942 has decayed—only Stan Musial remains—and Rickey has been called from retirement to be "consultant" to the latest in a series of younger men who have tried to fill his shoes. That the younger men believe they are close to a championship does not make the St. Louis situation any easier.

"It is difficult for an eighty-one-year-old man," Rickey says, "to serve in the capacity of a consultant and not be suggestive."

Branch Rickey, the grandiloquent, oracular, affluent Mahatma of baseball, makes his home in the Pittsburgh suburb of Fox Chapel. His office is in a cottage on his estate, which rises and dips across 100 acres of wooded hills and farmland. Photographs, cartoons and plaques, souvenirs of 60 years in baseball, crowd the office walls. (The cottage bathroom is papered with yellowing copies of *The Sporting News*.) Though Rickey's hair is dark gray, his bushy eyebrows, reproduced in extravagant detail in all those cartoons around him, are now absolutely white.

"I'm writing a book about baseball," he said on a chilly afternoon recently, patting a mound of plump folders on his desk. "I'll read you some of it later if you like. But now you have some specific questions. Let's get this on tape."

He wheeled a portable Dictaphone into position beside him. After a series of button-pushings and wire-tuggings, he sat back and scratched his head. "This thingamajig is supposed to spin. Curious. I'll have to call Arch, the boy who works for me around the place. Arch is very clever about fixing things. He's really a kind of inventor." Rickey opened his mouth and bellowed, "*Arch!*"

From somewhere outside there came a faint answer. In a moment a young man in working clothes appeared at the doorway.

"Yes, boss?"

"Fix this thing, Arch."

Arch, smiling tolerantly, walked over, picked up the plug and inserted it in a socket. Then he retired without a word. "See," Rickey said, "he's really a kind of inventor."

But a cigar in the hand—Rickey chews them—is more comfortable than a microphone. Soon the gadget was pushed away, and he squandered his words on the air and his present visitor. His mind flashed from subject to subject, his voice was spirited and resonant:

ON TY COBB: "His genius was a kind of insanity . . . a compulsion to beat you at anything in any way he could. Cobb wasn't known as a power hitter, but he never lost a home-run hitting contest. Of course, he checked first to see who else was going to enter. He always knew what contest he was in."

ON LEO DUROCHER: "This is hard to believe, I know, but Leo is an organization man *de luxe*. If you have a program designed to bring along young players, and you explain it carefully to Leo, he'll follow it better than any other manager I know.

"But Leo needs an alert coach like Charley Dressen. He follows the action on the field with such concentration that he doesn't look *forward*. He ignores his bullpen completely until the moment he wants to bring in a new pitcher. Somebody else has to make sure that the pitcher is *ready*.

"I once said of Leo that he has an infinite capacity for stepping into a bad situation and immediately making it worse. That's what happened, of course, at Los Angeles last season. An intolerable situation was created when Leo was permitted to second-guess his manager. The team's morale at the end of the season was an absolute zero."

A third league for baseball

ON BASEBALL EXPANSION: "A third league is a necessity. Baseball is menaced by professional football, and true expansion can be its salvation. We must beat football into the new areas in order to control the stadiums. There is not a single official in baseball who is satisfied with the present unwieldy ten-team leagues, and it is unthinkable, absurd, to go to twelve teams. But that is what baseball will do, at least temporarily.

"Three eight-team leagues is the ultimate answer. Then the World Series, a round robin among the three pennant winners, will gross *twice* what today's Series does."

Seated, Rickey once expended the antics and energy sufficient to sustain a three-ring circus. Then, two serious coronaries and the death of his only son dealt him blows from which his friends did not think he would recover. Today, though perceptively restrained in gesture, his mind and body rove as far afield as ever.

"I have been out of baseball, but I have not been inactive," he said. "I've talked to all sorts of groups. Recently I made a speech before 600 ministers in Lakeside, Ohio." And then he added, not so much as afterthought, but as an ominous opening thrust in a new direction, "I was contemptuous of the church's role to date in integration."

If Rickey's convictions about baseball are stated with confidence, those about integration are stated with evangelical fervor. They are implicit in his conceptions of Christianity, humanity and Americanism. The man who broke baseball's color line in 1946 by signing Jackie Robinson ("I deserve no credit for that. If a man has a woolly face and long pointed ears, and yet can play ball like Robinson, I'll sign him without flinching") has only begun to fight.

"Did the ministers like your speech?"

"*No!*" Rickey roared. "They did not. Ministers, on the whole, are like other people. They want to go slow on integration. They're moderates. In fact, I can think of no major white figure in America today who *isn't* a moderate.

"They call you an extremist if you want integration *now*—which is the only morally defensible position. Weren't our American forefathers extremists? Wasn't John Brown an extremist? All moral people were for abolition a century ago. The Negro then was in rags and chains. He was a slave. How much more important to be assertive now when he is a citizen!"

Rickey's voice fell, but it was merely a change of pace, setting up his visitor for the fast ball.

"To advise moderation is like going to a stickup man and saying to him: 'Don't use a gun. That's violent. Why not be a pickpocket instead?' *A moderate is a moral pickpocket.*"

There was a silence, that silence which allows a listener to soothe his jostled soul. Finally a question was framed about an immoderate man: "What did you think of James Baldwin's comments on the Negro?" [In a recent *New Yorker* essay, Baldwin, a prominent Negro novelist, urged Negroes to become far more militant.]

Rickey's eyes widened. "That boy's writing is venomous. He has a mind as sharp as steel, but for him *now* was ten years ago. Today is too late. Baldwin is embittered and he tells the white man that we waited too long. No, Baldwin is anti-Christian—antidemocratic, really."

At this point the office air bristled with faint static, and a woman's voice came out of the walls: "Dinner's ready, Daddy."

Rickey pushed a button on the intercom which connects the cottage with the main building. "We'll be right there." Both he and his visitor noticed for the first time that it was dark.

Outside there was snow and ice on the ground, and Rickey took along two canes to help him over the treacherous 50 yards to the house. He had no overcoat, but he put on a black fur hat

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

At 81 Branch Rickey still walks his brave and independent way.

He's back with the Cardinals where once he built champions

with flaps to pull down over his ears. It was a Christmas present, which he refused to wear away from his estate until he saw two men wear them with nonchalance into the lobby of the Pittsburgh Hilton. His thick white eyebrows seemed a contrasting appendage to the hat.

Walking toward the house, he picked his way through the bad spots and went on talking about baseball, mentioning George Weiss ("George doesn't know a ballplayer from a billy goat, but he's a great team-balancer") and Babe Ruth ("Power! Power!"). Rickey often falls back on simple statements; it is the simplification which comes at the end of a long, observant life and which disappoints the complex young.

The house, a rambling white colonial building of 18 rooms, was crowded with Rickeys. Three of his five daughters, and an indeterminate number of his 19 grandchildren, were visiting him. Mrs. Rickey was a pleasant hostess and the Rickey girls (they are all married and have different names now) told stories about their father.

"Daddy" can be difficult

"When Daddy was so sick in the hospital," Jane Rickey Jones said, "he had a nurse who used to wait until he'd fallen asleep and then she'd go in and wake him up to take his temperature. One night we were all waiting in the hall when we saw the nurse go in to wake him. A couple of seconds later she came out of there in tears. I looked at my sisters and nodded, and we all laughed. Daddy was well."

At the head of the table Rickey beamed and went on eating his fruit salad.

Later everybody sat in the big living room and the talk was once more of baseball. Rickey, deep in his armchair in front of a crackling fire, an aging cocker spaniel at his feet and a cane resting on the chair's upholstered arm, basked in Pickwickian comfort. But when the name of a well-known baseball man came up, he frowned.

"That boy does not like to lose. He must win at all cost. Why"—nearly spluttering now as he pointed to Mrs. Rickey—"he even cheated *Mother* at gin rummy!"

"Oh, Branch," Mrs. Rickey laughed. "He didn't *cheat* me."

Rickey looked at his wife in astonishment. "He didn't *cheat* you? Why, when you dropped your card on the floor, he leaned over"—here Rickey himself leaned over, eyes round as saucers, and lifted an imaginary card from the thick carpet—"and glanced at it like this . . . sly, you know . . . and then handed it back to you."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BRANCH RICKEY

"Oh, that's not cheating, Branch. That's just being clever."

Rickey sat back in his chair and clamped the cigar in his mouth. "*I* call it cheating."

When asked by a reporter a few years ago what his greatest thrill in baseball had been, Rickey replied, "It hasn't happened yet." He lives in the future (a key to his success) and, unlike other baseball men, does not confine himself to the coming season. He spoke only briefly of the 1963 Cardinals, of their older players, and of the recent addition of Dick Groat, a 32-year-old shortstop.

"The boys are building for 1963, because they believe they can *win* in 1963," he said. "The boys" he had referred to are Cardinal general manager Bing Devine and his assistants. "They didn't like it when I said that they couldn't win, but I must be honest. The Cardinals have neither depth nor experience on their pitching staff."

Controversy is inevitable when an outsider is brought in to advise proud young men. It is compounded when the outsider is Branch Rickey, who stirs strong passions.

"It's absurd to think that I'm after anybody's job," he said, apparently recalling rumors he had heard. "I don't want to be in a position where I have arduous or responsible duties, especially those of a general manager. I'm too *old*.

"My new duties, as I see them, are to call attention to things, to point out players who may be able to help us. Why, I've seen comparatively little baseball in the last few years, and right now many of my opinions are based on the information I have been given by trusted friends."

Rickey seemed to realize that this was an unusual statement for him to make, for he added, "I hope to see a great deal more baseball this year. If I get exposure to ballplayers I inevitably form opinions. Then I think I can be helpful."

An organization manager

Rickey selected a fresh cigar from a pile on the small table beside his chair and brandished it to make his points.

"You've always held strong opinions about managers," his visitor said. "What about the man who's managing the Cardinals right now—Johnny Keane?"

Rickey smiled. "Johnny's one of my boys, you know. Came up originally through the Cardinal organization. He thinks the Cardinals can win *now*. I like that in a manager. A manager has to think that way. In the front office we must be a little more honest with ourselves."

The Cardinal organization has not been honest with itself for a long time. Rickey, during the 1920's and 1930's, built the first and most extensive farm system in baseball. ("We owned 732 players at its peak," he says. "Odd—732. That was the number of my hospital room after my first heart attack.") Rickey produced dozens of great ballplayers, and when one of them wore out there was always another young player coming up to take his place. Musial, Enos Slaughter, Terry Moore and Howie Pollet were some of the stars he left the Cardinals when he moved on to Brooklyn. But his successors frittered away the legacy. The Cardinals won their last pennant in 1946.

Rickey, meanwhile, had gone to Brooklyn to fashion an "enduring" team, and then to Pittsburgh. It was a long job there. Yet, before his retirement as vice president and general manager in 1955, he impressed the peculiar stamp of his genius on the organization. The players he had scouted and signed formed the nucleus of the Pirate team that won the 1960 World Series.

"Why are you going back to St. Louis?" his visitor asked him now in the long, firelit room.

"Well, Branch Jr., is dead, and my daughters are all married. So Mother and I decided that this place had become too big for us. We went back to St. Louis to look for a smaller house. We didn't find one right away, but shortly after that Gussie Busch asked me if I wanted to get back into baseball. [Busch, a St. Louis brewer, owns the Cardinals.] 'I'd make a lot of demands,' I told him.

"'What kind of demands?' he asked.

"'Well, I'd need a car and a driver to get around,' I told him. 'And I'd have to bring my secretary, Ken Blackburn.'

"'Is *that* all?' he laughed. And then he named what I consider a very generous salary, and I took the job."

Rickey, in a sense, has written the book on building championship teams. His visitor wanted to know how he, if he had the authority, would go about rebuilding one in St. Louis.

"The key words," said Rickey, who relishes words, "are production and duplication. If you have good scouts, and they sign a large number of young players, you've got production. Don't be finicky. Scout with a *broom!*

"It stands to reason that if you sign ten prospects intelligently you'll be better off than the fellow who signs two. Especially in signing young pitchers—they'll fool you. Last year the Cardinals signed only 14 players. Houston—listen to this—Houston signed 120! Now you tell me who cornered the free-agent market in 1962."

"Houston," his visitor ventured.

"You've hit the nail on the *head!*" Rickey roared, as if a great truth had been unveiled. (And perhaps it had.)

"But with the decrease in the number of minor leagues, isn't it the practice now to cut down on your scouts?"

"I would say the present direction in scouting is to reduce your overhead by reducing the number of full-time, high-salaried scouts. Retain a limited number of scouts who can actually determine how good a young player is and how much he's worth. That kind of scout is rare, you know. *Now* you're able to take on more bird dogs and cover the country more thoroughly."

HAZEL, starring SHIRLEY BOOTH, may be seen on NBC-TV Thursday evenings.
HAZEL by Ted Key
"Friend of yours?"
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Rickey, chewing his cigar like a carrot, explained that a bird dog is a part-time scout.

"Once you're well into the *production* of young players you've got *duplication*. When my farm systems were functioning properly I never had to go to others seeking players. The organization replaced its own worn-out parts, and I sold the residue and got 'boot' to put back into the signing of free agents."

"Boot" is a Rickey euphemism for cash, while "farm system" is a term he still handles gingerly. ("I never liked the term, but I have come to accept it," he says. He probably means he disliked the way former baseball commissioner K. M. Landis mouthed the words as he sniffed suspiciously at Rickey's manipulation of minor-league players.)

"It is important to sign as many boys as possible before they enter the high-bonus market. Sign ten for $5,000 apiece rather than wait and sign two for $50,000. We have room for them. Our minor-league organization is down to six teams but, counting the Cardinals themselves, there is room for about 140 players."

"What part does buying or trading for key men play in building a team?" his visitor asked.

"You can hardly buy yourself into a pennant today. As for myself, I don't know that much *about* money."

"The Yankees, for instance, have always helped themselves with trades."

Rickey waggled his cigar furiously. "Ah, the Yankees—yes. But a second-division team can no longer build a winner by trading. Oh, I know I have the reputation of being a 'horse-trader,' but I've seldom traded man-for-man. It's just a matter of luck who gets the better of a deal like that. I've always traded so that I obtain an extra man who may be able to help me—a three-for-one trade, for instance, *and* boot besides."

Suddenly he shifted in his chair, waving hand and cigar at the wall as if clearing it for a new purpose. "Suppose you've painted a great portrait—a masterpiece! And then somebody comes along with a stick and pokes the eye out of it. Now, you have the *makings* of a masterpiece, but until you replace the eye you're simply not going to win the blue ribbon.

"That's how the Yankees, or another solid team, can improve their position by trading. They may lack only one player, and so they take their duplicates and go out and make a trade. They put the eye back in the masterpiece."

"The Dodgers should win"

"Will you give me a rundown on the teams you think will be contenders this year—and how the Cardinals will stack up against them?"

Rickey leaned back in his chair again. His statements were positive, like those of a man recounting the events in some pennant race already played: "The Cardinals? Fifth place. Their infield rates with any, but they have only two good men in the outfield—Curt Flood and George Altman. The Dodgers should win. Unless the Giants have pitching I don't know about, the Reds will finish second."

It was late, and his visitor prepared to leave; there was time for one more question. He reminded Rickey that when he took over the Cardinals during World War I they were penniless, and so he perfected the farm system and produced great teams. When he took over the Dodgers during World War II they sagged with age, and he made two more unconventional decisions. He tapped the Negro leagues, which had been shunned until then, and he increased his wartime scouting staff (his rivals cut theirs), so that for several years he collected the finest free agents in the country.

"Are you bringing any secret weapon to the Cardinals now?"

Rickey frowned. "I think I can best render service to the Cardinals by forgetting my age and past titles and getting down to hard work as a scout."

And then his great white eyebrows went up like a shade. "But you're asking me do I have any *surprises* up my sleeve. If I say 'no,' I might not be honest. If I say 'yes,' your next question is 'what?' So I'd rather not say." Branch Rickey, like an earlier extremist, keeps pace to a different drum. THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Viceroy's
got
the taste
that's right!
VICEROY
Filter Tip
CIGARETTES
SMOKE ALL 7
Smoke all 7 filter brands and you'll agree: some taste as if they had no filter at all... others filter the fun and flavor out of smoking. But Viceroy tastes the way you'd like a filter cigarette to taste!
not too strong...not too light...
Viceroy's got-the taste that's right!
©1963, Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

educational television:

help for busy teachers
hope for crowded classrooms

Today, education in America faces a severe challenge. An accelerating world requires new and broader curriculums. An expanding population begs for more teachers, more classrooms.

Many communities have turned to Educational Television as an imaginative way to expand course subjects, to bring effective teaching techniques into the classrooms without sacrificing personalized instruction.

Because of our long experience in the research and development of telephone, television, and defense communications networks, it was natural that the Bell System was called on to develop facilities for one of the first ETV networks in the country, in Hagerstown, Maryland.

We have since helped pioneer the first statewide, closed circuit Educational Television system, in South Carolina.

In doing this, we have developed a transmission service that is low in cost and makes use of the service and maintenance facilities of local Bell Telephone Companies in communities of any size.

Helping communities like yours find the answer to better learning through ETV is just one more way of putting Bell System research and skills to work serving you and your family.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Owned by more than two million Americans

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CRIME TOWN USA

by John Kobler

Youngstown has had 75 bombings, 11 killings in a decade, and no one seems to care.

Because Charles Cavallaro loved big, showy cars his fellow racketeers dubbed him "Cadillac Charlie." But apparently his fortune was shrinking, for he now limited himself to a 1956 Ford sedan. On the morning of last November 23 it stood in the garage behind the two-story red brick house he shared with his wife Helen and their four children in Youngstown, Ohio. Besides assorted gambling rackets, Cavallaro operated a legitimate business, wholesaling wine grapes to local vintners, and he owed his supplier $940. Shortly before noon the chunky, bullnecked man of 60 climbed into the Ford, intending to drive downtown and pay the debt. He was accompanied by his two youngest children, Chuckie, 12, and Tommy, 11, whom he had promised to drop off at football practice.

As Cavallaro turned the ignition key, a bomb exploded, blowing the car to bits. Rushing out of the house, Mrs. Cavallaro heard Chuckie screaming under a pile of smoking rubble. When police extricated him, they saw that his left hip had been torn away. They found one of Tommy's hands in the driveway and the upper part of his body in the neighbors' yard. The lower part they never recovered. The blast had also ripped Cavallaro in two.

It was the 75th bombing in or near this grimy, racket-ridden steelworkers' city since 1951. It brought the number of victims killed to five and the maimed to seven. Chuckie Cavallaro will never again walk normally. In addition there have been numerous threatened and attempted bombings. Nine people have been shot, six fatally. Who planted the bomb or pulled the trigger is, in several instances, a moral certainty. But of those 84 crimes only two stand officially solved.

A sardonic Youngstowner, writing home, addressed his letter MURDERTOWN, OHIO. It reached Youngstown.

The Youngstown area exemplifies the truism that rackets cannot survive without two basic conditions—the sanction of police and politicians, and an apathetic public. Here those conditions have combined to produce a breakdown of the democratic process. Buffoons and incompetents succeed to important civic posts. Officials hobnob openly with criminals. Arrests of racketeers are rare, convictions rarer still and tough sentences almost unheard-of.

Gangland bombing that ripped this automobile to pieces killed Youngstown racketeer Billy Naples.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Detectives Paul Mallery and Peter Venorski show police reconstructions of TNT and dynamite bombs used in killings.

The public here expects you to take money.

I recently roamed the Youngstown area, trying to fathom the causes of its 11-year reign of terror. I talked to city-hall officials, chiefs of police, lawyers, to victims of bombs and bullets, and to some of the gangsters suspected of engineering the violence. No single motive can be ascribed to all the mayhem and murder. Labor strife, vendettas, juvenile vandalism account for a lot of it. But scores of the bombings reflect the perpetual conflict among rival gangs for control of the area's rackets.

The numbers game, or, to use the regional term, "the bug," remains the most lucrative racket. You bet on the three-digit figure to be derived, through a complicated calculation, from the day's pari-mutuel totals at a given racetrack. If lucky, you collect from 400–1 to 700–1. The mathematical odds against a win are 999–1.

The bug appeals mainly to small bettors, the workingmen of Slav, Italian or Greek extraction who comprise the bulk of the area's population. They seldom venture more than a quarter. But with thousands of them buying bug slips, the aggregate may exceed $3,000,000 a year, a prize the racketeers consider worth killing for.

The richer gamblers favor *barbut*, a high-stake, fast-action dice game, originally Turkish, adopted by the Greeks and introduced to the steel belt during the early waves of immigrant Greek labor. The game floats from city to city according to the available police protection, and it infects its devotees with a virulent form of gambling fever. As many as 300 players may crowd eight-deep around the felt-covered table, lingering there far into the next day. Frequently $5,000 to $10,000 rides on a single pass. The house risks no loss. For providing the facilities, regulating the play and keeping the cops under control, it exacts 3 percent of every dollar staked.

Cavallaro owned a share of a *barbut* game that netted $5,000 a week. According to the underworld grapevine, he was erased for preempting another racketeer's cut.

The other principal rackets, bringing the potential yearly loot to at least $15,000,000, include bookmaking on baseball, football and basketball games as well as on horse races; "cheat spots" that furnish liquor after legal hours, gambling and girls.

Until the Cavallaro bombing brought a special team of FBI agents to "Murdertown," thereby impelling the racketeers to operate more discreetly, you could play the bug or back a horse at newsstands, cigar stores and taverns in the shadow of the county courthouse. About 70 cheat spots enlivened the city and its environs. In Struthers, two miles south, domain of the rackets overlord, Charles (the Crab) Carabbia, the biggest of the cheat spots flourished a few steps from the police station. The nearby city of Campbell, where the Crab also swings weight, attracted the *barbut* addicts.

Complacent judges help perpetuate the sources of illegal profit. Few racketeers could afford to operate a cheat spot if every time a liquor-law violation was proven the court imposed the maximum penalties—up to $1,000 fine and six months in jail. "Since January of 1962 we reported 177 violations and arrested 280 moonshiners," the area's State Liquor Control investigator, James H. Barber, informed me. "The usual rap was a fifty-dollar fine and ten days' jail, suspended."

Five years ago Youngstown's city council enacted an ordinance making promotion of the bug game a felony punishable by a jail term of up to three years instead of, as theretofore, a mere misdemeanor carrying a fine. Under the new ordinance, and a later similar enactment by the state legislature, there has been only one conviction to date.

Neither the police department nor city hall has a total lack of able, honorable men. But the climate of corruption is so pervasive that the average citizen, with cynical indifference, assumes all officials to be venal. "When you're in politics here," says Frank X. Kryzan, Democratic mayor from 1954 to 1959, "the public expects you to take money."

Testifying recently on the extent of local gambling operations, Traffic Sergeant Paul H. Kress, who was chief of police under Kryzan, recalled, "Several dozen officials I knew, including policemen, were mixed up in bribery." With the weary, bitter despair I noted in many Youngstown authorities, Kress told me, "We have the government we want. I don't care anymore what happens to the city. Let them blow it all up."

The present Republican mayor, Harry N. Savasten, admitted to me, "I've been approached. Every mayor has. But take a dollar, you're in their pocket. That's what they want: to own you."

A mild, soft-eyed, chubby man whose previous civic experience was as court bailiff, Mayor Savasten made some curious appointments to his cabinet. For city law director he chose Russell G. Mock, an attorney with a large clientele among the underworld elite. Savasten's chief of police, 66-year-old William R. Golden, was convicted in his youth of embezzlement.

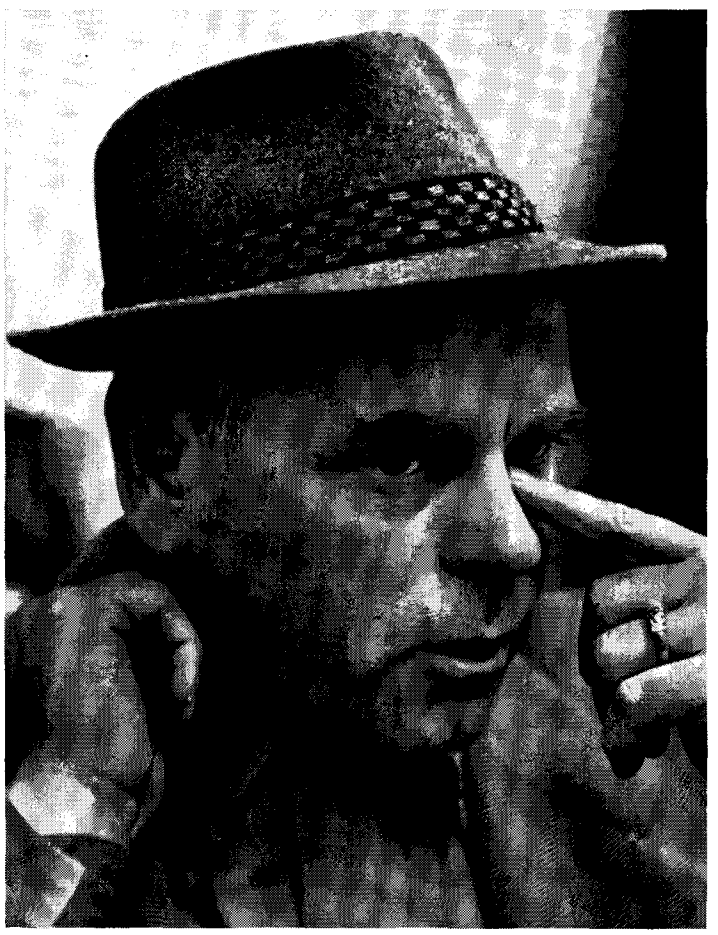
Proclaiming all-out war on crime, Chief Golden began his tenure by disbanding the nine-man vice squad and replacing it with what he named the Intelligence and Security Section, comprising 15 presumed incorruptibles. The vice squad, he explained to me, had racked up only 39 gambling arrests in a year, and he had reason to believe that some members were contact men for the mob. All nine, however, are still on the force as patrolmen or detectives. The head of the vice squad, George Millovich, who resigned, was reinstated last December. His brother, John (Tar Baby) Millovich, is a gangster. Such an embarrassing relationship is not unique in the annals of the Youngstown police department. The sister of a former officer ran a bordello.

A bomb for the chief

Eight bombings have thus far troubled Savasten's regime. A capsule of black powder, enough to start a fire, was hooked to Chief Golden's own car but failed to ignite.

Appalled by how discouraging the area's reputation must be to prospective new industries and families thinking of settling here, several civic groups have been struggling to arouse the public to a sense of responsibility. Youngstown's League of Women Voters sponsors forums on community betterment and political morality. A recently organized

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Richard Stanley shows path of bullet aimed to silence him.

"Fats" Aiello got dozen white roses, warning of death.

committee of businessmen, clergy, service-club and Chamber of Commerce members instituted a public education program. The local radio station introduces programs with an earsplitting *bang*, followed by the slogan, "Ban the Bomb in Youngstown." But as yet no noticeable awakening has occurred, no rout of the entrenched political powers.

The *Vindicator*, Youngstown's only newspaper, which continually clamors for reform, is widely denounced for giving the city a bad name. According to the stock apologia I heard, "We're no worse than other cities. Look at Chicago."

Until the Cavallaro bombing, the common reaction to gangland violence was a shrug. "Let 'em knock each other off. It's no concern of us law-abiding folk." The pleas of clergymen to their parishioners to resist gambling fever and thus eliminate a major field of racketeering fall on deaf ears. As County Sheriff Ray T. Davis put it to me, "They're sporting-blood people around here. They don't realize that the nickels and dimes they bet finance the gangs."

It took the death of one Cavallaro child and the crippling of another to shake "Murdertown" out of its apathy. Letters of horror and disgust flooded city hall. Mayor Savasten flew to Washington to consult the Department of Justice. Bombings do not fall under Federal jurisdiction unless the explosives were transplanted across the state lines. But on the tenuous assumption that such may have been the fact in the Cavallaro bombing Attorney General Kennedy authorized the FBI to act. Under the direction of Edward A. Hargett, who heads the FBI's Cleveland office, 20 agents reinforced the five regularly assigned to the Youngstown area. Hargett vowed they would keep digging until they solved the crime. They are still digging. They face two formidable obstacles:

First, no murder method leaves slimmer clues than the one that obliterated Cadillac Charlie. The identical method was used in the three preceding murders of Youngstown racketeers, raising the question: Were they all perpetrated by some gang of specialized professional killers, a kind of Dynamite, Inc.? Yet anybody familiar with explosives and electricity, as thousands of people who inhabit this mining region are, would know how to wire a bomb to a car. A twist of the ignition key will generate the juice needed to detonate the charge. The victim thus chooses the moment of his destruction. By then the killer may be hundreds of miles away. Rarely can a particle of the bomb be recovered to be analyzed.

The second obstacle hampering the FBI is a wall of silence. Among the friends and relatives of the slain racketeers, fear transcends loyalty. Few will give information. With her husband and Tommy dead before her eyes and Chuckie close to death, Mrs. Cavallaro ran back to the house and barricaded herself against the police. One morning last summer, racketeer Billy Naples answered a phone call at home. Shortly Mrs. Naples saw a man cross the lawn. Billy went out to greet him and they stood talking. Then they drove off in Billy's car. The next Mrs. Naples heard of her husband he had been blown up alone in the car. She mentioned the man on the lawn to the police, but swore she could not describe him. Her priest pleaded in vain.

Is this terrified silence a tribute to an American Mafia, as Chief Golden, among others, contends? Does the Sicilian bandits' code of *omerta* (silence or death) prevail here? Golden subscribes to the notion that the Mafia controls organized crime throughout the country. The FBI agents differ. They consider the Mafia merely a word covering a body of gangster traditions transplanted from Italy. In accordance with one of those traditions persons slated for death receive a dozen white roses. They may be real roses or only an allusion to roses transmitted by phone or letter. At the same time the assassins circulate a rumor predicting the murder. The marked man may step warily, but often months elapse between sentence and execution and sooner or later he relaxes his guard.

White roses delivered

No prospective victim exercised greater caution than Vince DeNiro, top dog of the Youngstown rackets for almost a decade. He would change cars several times a day. He owned six of them. DeNiro's greed as boss of a *barbut* ring possibly explains why, in 1961, he received a "dozen white roses." By local custom *barbut* profits are drawn upon to buy general racket protection. Before the No. 1 man splits the house take with his associates, they allow him to reserve a portion for that purpose. How much depends on the current political line-up. But there is a limit, and DeNiro doubtless overstepped it when he claimed he needed 50 percent.

On the evening of July 17 he parked a Chevrolet coupe outside a pizzeria and chatted awhile with the proprietor, an old friend. Then, leaving the coupe, he got another friend to drop him at a girl's home where he kept an Oldsmobile convertible. He later drove the convertible to a steak house and rejoined his two friends. While dining he was called to the phone. A voice he could not identify warned him to stay clear of the Chevrolet; the starter was wired to a charge of dynamite. Toward midnight DeNiro returned to the Oldsmobile. But it was that car which concealed a bomb. Hardly enough of DeNiro was left to bury.

DeNiro's death occurred during the eccentric administration of Democratic Mayor Frank R. (Ferf) Franko. The bombing, together with flagrant racketeering, drew a scorching rebuke from Ohio Governor Michael V. DiSalle. "The people who have the responsibility," he declared, "had better throw away their powder puffs and choose weapons strong enough to drive these individuals as far away from this community as possible."

Ferf Franko had been a crony since boyhood of Billy Naples's brother Sandy and of Sandy's associate in gambling and vending-machine rackets, Joe Alexander, whose police record includes hijacking a truck. Sandy Naples enjoyed such prestige that while serving a six-month sentence in the county jail he was chauffeured to and from his girl's house on weekends by a deputy sheriff. Alexander operated the plushy Sands Lounge & Restaurant with his brother Nicholas, despite the statute which bans persons convicted of a felony from any activity in an establishment that sells liquor. At the outset of Franko's administration Naples died with his mistress from a shotgun blast, and the following week the Sands was bombed.

A lawyer of Slovak descent and originally a Republican, Franko got his official start in 1948 when the then Republican mayor appointed him city police prosecutor, hoping thereby to secure the support of the traditionally Democratic Slovak community. He was elected municipal-court judge in 1954. Two years later he decided to run for county prosecutor. Figuring he stood a better chance as a Democrat, he switched parties. But the rules required a candidate to have been a member of his party at least two years. So he ran as an independent. He lost.

In 1959 the state bar association disbarred Franko, and the state supreme

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In Youngstown, arrests are rare, convictions rarer still.

court ousted him from the bench. Among the unethical practices charged: campaigning for county prosecutor while still a judge and fixing his own parking tickets. Undaunted, he filed for the Democratic mayoral nomination and won it. The main plank in his platform appealed to steelworkers: He denounced the *Vindicator* and the big steel interests as archfoes of progress. His campaign writer was a pervert whose vice has since brought him a penitentiary sentence. Of 78,527 eligible Youngstown voters, 13,631 waived their privilege. Franko got in by 6,195 votes.

Joe Alexander threw a party for the mayor at the Sands, and later accompanied him on a holiday jaunt to Miami and Cuba. Regularly thereafter mayor and racketeer met for midmorning coffee.

Echoes of Governor DiSalle's gibe—"powder-puff law enforcement"—helped deprive Franko of a second term and elect Savasten. Franko then announced for Congress. That effort barely got off the ground. At present the ex-mayor, a bachelor of 42, leads a reclusive life with his ailing mother. In our talks he dwelled on what he considers the community's crass materialism. "We've got technicians here, not thinkers," he complained, looking thoughtful himself. "Unless you make money, you don't count." Was he through with politics? "I never give up," he replied. At last reports he was petitioning again for the Democratic mayoral nomination.

I did not have to move far in Youngstown to observe specimens of its underworld fauna at play and under stress. The A Lounge (one of their favorite watering holes), police headquarters and the courthouse all stand within a minute's stroll of one another. My stay coincided with a historic event in the court—the first local conviction of a bug-game promoter as a felon. The culprit thus distinguished was Joseph (Little Joey) Naples, youngest of the Naples brothers. The previous July (the same month Billy Naples went up in his dynamite-rigged car) police had raided Joey's home and uncovered, in a secret basement room, machine guns, stolen small arms and a quantity of bug slips and bug tally sheets.

The haul exposed Joey to three separate charges, the first of possessing machine guns without a license, the second of receiving stolen goods and the third of promoting the bug game. He was acquitted of the first, but found guilty of the second. As the third trial approached, the word spread through town that Joey would pay $2,000 for destruction of the incriminating bug documents. The quotation steadily rose, reaching, by the time of the trial, $10,000. The chief exhibits vanished from the courtroom.

A police lieutenant, however, had taken the precaution of Photostating the evidence. The trial was resumed. Joey got a one-to-ten-year penitentiary sentence to run concurrently with a one-to-seven-year sentence for the earlier conviction. The judge granted a stay, pending appeal, and Joey can probably look forward to a good many more months of freedom.

The *A* in A Lounge stands for Aiello. Though one John Bombolis is the licensee, Joseph Jasper (Fats) Aiello, a felon, dominates the place. Aiello jovially styles himself "unofficial host." His real status, supposedly won from Bombolis at *barbut* in lieu of cash, is that of partner. According to investigator Barber's citations to the State Board of Liquor Control a year ago, Bombolis agreed to pay Aiello $100 a week with gradual increments up to $250 plus 10 percent of the net. The board did not get around to a hearing on this violation of the liquor laws until last January. It dismissed the citations.

Of the numerous felonies charged against Fats Aiello, the most sensational occurred in Warren, the area's second-largest city after Youngstown. In 1959 a former Warren patrolman, Richard Stanley, serving a one-to-fifteen-year sentence in the Ohio State Penitentiary for burglary, decided to make a statement to the Warren prosecutor.

Four years earlier, Stanley deposed, while he was still a patrolman pounding a midnight beat, a gang recruited from nearby cities approached him to act as a lookout man in some Warren robberies they were contemplating. Stanley's original contact and the brains of the gang was Fats Aiello. The others included Ronnie Carabbia, "the Crab's" brother, Donald (Bull) Jones, Willie Napoli and James (Jimmy Z) Zimmerman—the last two, skilled safecrackers.

Between 1955 and the summer of 1958, by which time Stanley had been dismissed from the force for "keeping bad company," he took part in the robbery of two department stores, a dairy and a state liquor store. The booty totaled about $60,000 in cash and goods. Stanley's share came to $5,000. Three other Warren patrolmen received $600 each for their services as tipsters and lookout men.

The gang brought off their master coup, the liquor-store heist, on the night of June 14, 1958. While Stanley kept watch outside, Napoli climbed a rainspout to the roof of an adjoining soft-drink plant, found a window open and crawled through. Unlocking a back door, he admitted Zimmerman, lugging his burglar's kit, and Carabbia. (Aiello had masterminded the foray but this time did not go along.) With crowbars they broke a hole through to the liquor store. Spotting the safe, Zimmerman produced a blowtorch. To reduce the danger of burning the cash inside, the others fetched a roller-wheel rack from the soft-drink plant and moved the safe on it to the washroom, where Zimmerman applied the blowtorch while they splashed water. They pocketed $5,000. They then passed through the hole cases of liquor worth $16,000. They loaded them on a soft-drink truck and sped off. A cheat spot bought the liquor at half price.

Six months later the police caught Stanley with Zimmerman's safecracking tools stored in his car and booked him for burglary. Out on bail, he got an offer from the gang: If he took the rap, they would support his wife Doris while he was away. He pleaded guilty.

The concluding words of Stanley's statement explained why he had agreed to serve as the state's star witness. "Doris was to get $100 a month, and that girl ain't getting no money. She needs shots. She's underweight."

A grand jury indicted all six gangsters for one or more of five robberies. Aiello was to be tried first for the stickup of one of the department stores. Ten days before, on the morning of March 24, 1961, an anonymous phone caller promised Stanley $15,000 if he would not testify. Confiding to a newspaper friend at noon the same day, he said, "That's a lot of money, but I think I'll stick with the prosecutor."

At eight o'clock that night, as he answered a knock on the glass-paneled door of his apartment, a gunman fired a .45-caliber automatic twice through the glass. The first bullet hit Stanley's face, passing out the back of his head. The second hit his right shoulder. But after a week in the hospital he survived to testify.

Considering Stanley's record, the prosecution feared it would need corroboration. It found none. The department-store employees all swore they could not identify the armed robber because he wore a stocking over his face. The jury, unwilling to credit the wounded ex-patrolman, acquitted Aiello.

Threats to the jury

The next defendant, Zimmerman, did not fare so well. In his trial the prosecution obtained corroboration from Doris Stanley. Zimmerman, she said, gave her a little money to placate Stanley. The safecracker was sentenced to the penitentiary for one to five years.

During the third trial, that of Ronnie Carabbia, two jurors excused themselves after receiving threats. Moreover, a discrepancy in Stanley's testimony shook his credibility. The jury acquitted Carabbia amid the cheers of his cronies.

The county prosecutor, Lynn B. Griffith Jr., chose not to proceed with the remaining indictments, although he assured me, "I believe Stanley told the absolute truth." The three policemen Stanley implicated were not indicted. Lie-detector tests satisfied Warren's chief of police Manley English that "my boys are innocent." One of them has since been promoted to detective. The two others continue as patrolmen. Stanley, paroled after 18 months, works for the city, cleaning public parks and playgrounds. Until neighbors with children objected, he kept two ferocious German shepherd dogs as bodyguards.

The only gangsters Stanley testified against to wind up behind bars were Zimmerman and Bull Jones, whom a Pennsylvania court convicted for attempted burglary. Willie Napoli died of natural causes. Ronnie Carabbia is back in a sumptuous house in Struthers, attending, like his brother "the Crab," to various gambling enterprises. Fats Aiello presides grandly at the A Lounge.

The nickname "Fats," I learned when I dropped into the place, is a misnomer, a hangover from his overweight infancy. Today he cuts an elegantly slender figure, enhanced by cravats with jeweled stickpins. He is locally renowned for his original use of English. "I called my client [lawyer] to ax him a question," he once remarked, "but he's always in concert [conference]."

Aiello proved sullenly uncommunicative during my initial visit. But he warmed a bit when I showed up again with Ferf Franko. "Anybody's a friend of Mayor Franko must be OK," he said to me. As we discussed Youngstown politics, he expressed admiration for Chief Golden. "Y'know why? Because he made a mistake years ago and so did I. Now he's straight and I'm doin' nobody no harm."

Was it true, as I heard, that he had received a dozen white roses? "Yeah, I'm supposed to get it too," he said, and added philosophically, "Do I look worried? What happens happens."

Tinsel festooned the A Lounge the last time I entered it. A jukebox was blaring and two girls were twisting. At the bar a girl with a platinum beehive hairdo sat, chewing bubble gum, between two men. One was John Paul (Jack the Ripper) Zentko, who prefers to be known as John Lane; the other, Carl (Lucky) Venzeio. In dress and manner Zentko parodies the movie gangster: sleek black hair, dark glasses, black hat, yellow gloves. Venzeio was proffering the girl money and muttering thickly, "Here's two bits, honey. Put it in the jukebox and play *I Love You.*" Not long ago Venzeio tried to win the Democratic nomination for city-council president. He actually mustered more than 1,500 votes.

When I left Youngstown the FBI team had made scant progress toward a solution of the Cavallaro bombing. But in the effort they were probing every aspect of regional racketeering and its possible link to national organized crime.

Gambling activity was not dead, only quiescent. Everybody I talked to expected a resurgence before 1963 was very old. "The racketeers and the crooked politicians have no other way to exist," a tax agent pointed out to me. "It's simple economics." Already you could place a bug bet, if you had been a steady customer. In Struthers, insiders could find a *barbut* game.

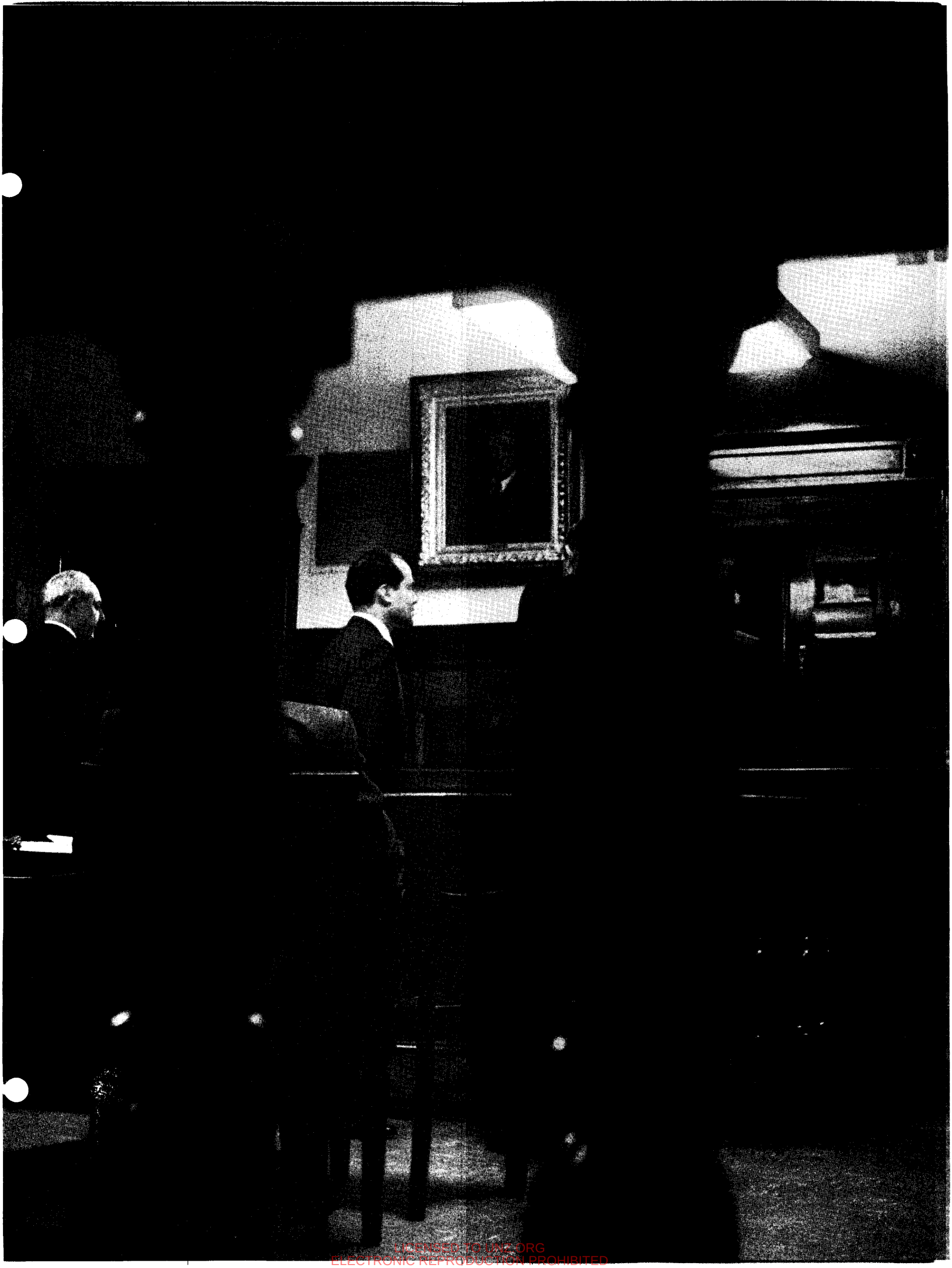
And rumors of bombings to come were flying thick and fast. The list of those believed to have received a dozen white roses included—besides Fats Aiello—Joe Alexander and the Carabbia brothers.

The prospect had inspired a good deal of gallows humor. The Youngstown barbers, people were saying, will cut your hair for two dollars, and for three they'll start your car. THE END

"Joey" Naples (center) faces court on "numbers" charge. Though evidence vanished, he was convicted.

Photographs by Art Shay

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wake up, America

There's a very successful advertising man who likes to tell a story about a farmer who bought an extremely stubborn mule and took him to a mule trainer. The trainer started by whacking the mule on the head with a sledgehammer. "For heaven's sake," cried the farmer, "I hired you to train him, not to kill him." "Sure I'll train him," said the trainer. "But first I've got to get his attention."

That, as Eldon Griffiths explains in the lead article in this issue, is roughly what General Charles de Gaulle has done to our old habit of taking allies for granted and thinking we can somehow govern the world as we see fit. With a couple of hammer blows de Gaulle has made it clear that Washington's "grand design" is little more than a daydream. To him, our talk of "Atlantic economic partnership" means nothing but Americans making money out of Europe, and our talk of "Atlantic defense" means nothing but Americans holding a monopoly on atomic bombs while Europe provides the infantry.

It is easy for Americans to look on this as ingratitude or even insanity. After all the men and money we've put into Europe, shouldn't Europeans thank us and do what we say? The simple answer, from the European point of view, is "no." Some other questions that we often ask deserve equally blunt allied answers.

Aren't we protecting them from the Russians? Yes, but we are doing it mainly to defend ourselves.

Aren't we supporting them with our foreign aid? No, the Europeans are rich, and the French, for example, are giving more aid, per capita, to the underdeveloped world than we are.

Don't they need our goods and our business? Yes, but no more than we need theirs.

The basic fact is that the war-ruined world of the 1940's no longer exists. There is not just one center of power—nor are there just two, as Nikita Khrushchev is discovering in his struggle with the Chinese. There are many. The Europeans—and the Canadians and the Japanese and, for that matter, the Indians—are not our poor relations but independent people with independent interests. Just as the Indians care little about the Berlin Wall, and the Germans care little about the Kashmir dispute, none of our allies cares much about any American "grand design" *unless it coincides with its own national interests.* In our preoccupation with cold-war ideology we have ignored this fact of national interests for too long. We have acted as though everybody should see things our way or could be made to see things our way. De Gaulle has rejected such hypocrisy with a simple "*non.*"

Does this mean that the Western alliance is wrecked? Not at all. NATO remains as strong (or as weak) as ever; transatlantic trade continues; Britain will eventually work out some kind of arrangement with the Common Market; Charles de Gaulle is as staunch an anti-Communist as anyone in Washington, and there are very few responsible people in Europe who do not value American friendship and support. But while we often tend to gloss over allied differences with smooth talk about "Western unity," many Europeans, proud of their new power, see that national interests can and do differ—in Cuba, in the Congo, in Berlin, in Southeast Asia.

The essence of an alliance is the agreement to act in a common cause. We have much in common with the Europeans, including not only the containment of Communism but the goal of a united Europe. Our task now is not to denounce Charles de Gaulle but to imitate him—to determine our own national interest and to pursue it.

Social notes

Remember Igor Cassini, alias Cholly Knickerbocker? He was a Hearst gossip columnist (now on "leave of absence") who used to boast that 20 million people read his giddy chronicles of what he called "the jet set." We told you about him in an article by contributing editor Peter Maas in our issue of January 19. It reported for the first time the full story of how the clients of Cassini's public-relations firm kept getting puffs in his gossip column and how he wrote extraordinarily kind words about the late dictator Rafael Trujillo of the Dominican Republic. Now Cassini is under a Federal indictment, charged with failing to register as a publicity agent for the Trujillo regime. Cassini says he is innocent, and he will get his day in court. But we do think that Cassini has made some mistakes. One of them was to try to pressure *The Post* into killing Maas's article. He frightened us so much that we rushed the article into print—but only after rechecking our facts. We found them OK. So did the Justice Department.

To the people of Youngstown, Ohio:

A few months ago in Youngstown, Ohio, a big-time racketeer walked out of his house and climbed into his car. His two young sons were with him. He flipped the ignition key. A bomb exploded. The racketeer and one son were blown to bits. The other child was crippled for life.

Since 1951, seventy-five bombings have taken place in the Youngstown area. Five persons died. Seven others were maimed. Six more were murdered by more conventional methods. Mayhem runs rife as mobsters vie for control of the city's $15,000,000-a-year gambling rackets.

Post contributing editor John Kobler recounts Youngstown's troubles, beginning on page 71. He reports that the acquiescence of police and politicians there makes corruption possible. More important, so does public apathy. "The climate of corruption is so pervasive, the tradition of the rake-off so ingrained, that the average citizen, with cynical indifference, assumes all officials are venal," says Kobler.

The FBI has a watchful eye on Youngstown. The Internal Revenue Service is seeking evidence of tax fraud by local mobsters. And such watchdogs as the Chamber of Commerce, the League of Women Voters and the Youngstown *Vindicator* have shown deep concern.

To the people of Youngstown we say: Such steps are good, but you have just begun. The time now has come for action on the part of the whole citizenry. Until each honest man is aroused, the cesspool will remain. And Youngstown will remain a shame to the nation.

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

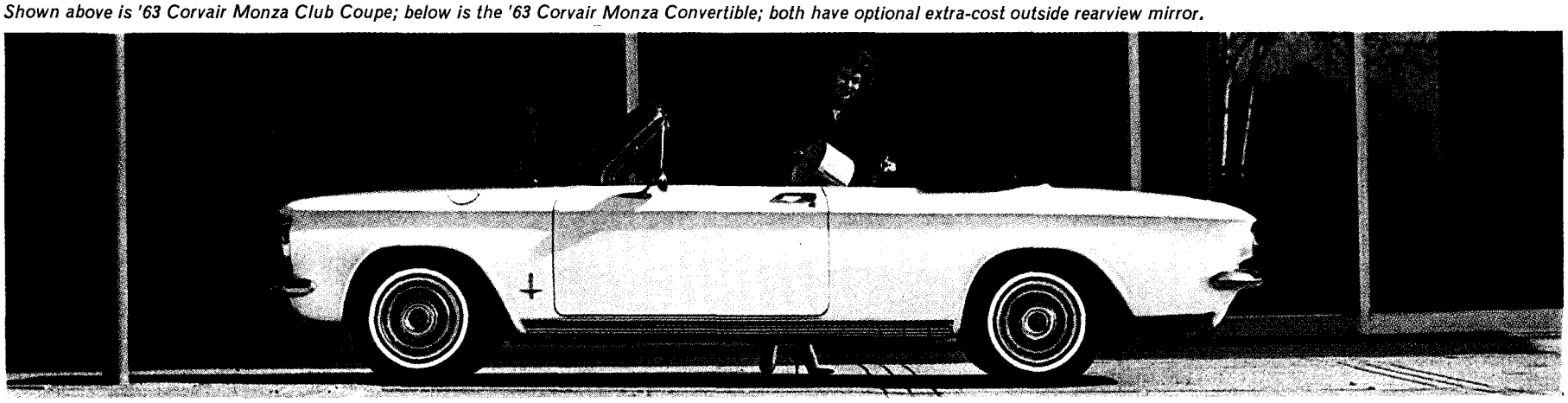
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

goes around curves like a corner in town

The '63 Corvair Monza will dig in and go through just about anything but your pocketbook, whether you're on maneuvers in the country or just making the rounds in town. It delivers more traction because the engine's in the rear (and this makes steering feel a lot lighter, too). Another nice feeling: the bumps don't get past Corvair's stable independent suspension with a husky coil spring at each wheel absorbing anything a road can throw at it. In fact, all you ever do feel is great. Practical, too, because Corvair's air-cooled six-cylinder engine needs no water or antifreeze, and its self-adjusting brakes save you time and money. There just isn't another production car made in this country quite like Corvair. Try it at your Chevrolet dealer's just for fun. That's what we built it for, bucket seats and all! . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Mich.

CHEVROLET
Keeps Going Great

Shown above is '63 Corvair Monza Club Coupe; below is the '63 Corvair Monza Convertible; both have optional extra-cost outside rearview mirror.



Betty Skelton (above) is internationally famous as a pilot and car driving record holder, but she still appreciates how the Corvair turns heads as readily as it handles curves, and the way it parks so easily. Cross-town or cross-country, a Corvair Monza can brighten every corner in your day.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COPYRIGHT © 1963, THE COCA-COLA COMPANY. "COCA-COLA" AND "COKE" ARE REGISTERED TRADE-MARKS WHICH IDENTIFY ONLY THE PRODUCT OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY.

Don't miss RAWHIDE and PERRY MASON, weekly on CBS-TV

The Pause That Refreshes...The spirited taste of Coke that's always just right, never too sweet...only Coca-Cola adds that special glow to your hours of fun and fancy.

Coca-Cola

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED